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MAY 19, 1954

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE 9d

FOR TEENAGERS—New Monthly Supplement

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MAY 19, 1954 — Vol. 21, No. 51

LONG LIVE THE HANDSHAKE

THE death-knell of the handshake has been sounded in England.

This universal greeting of the white race has been described as a "silly, dirty habit" by English doctor G. Chesney.

Painting a fearful picture, he told delegates to a health conference that one-third of England's forty millions were going about with infection on their hands.

Pointing out the English and Australian habit of shaking hands on every occasion, he said:

"If polio is about, they can have the infection of polio virus on their hands."

Undoubtedly Dr. Chesney is wise in his remarks. Nevertheless, living with infection thick in the air, it seems a shame that such a graceful gesture should be sacrificed to asepsis.

And it will take the males of the white race a long time to divorce themselves from this greeting.

Women, perhaps not so direct, use it far less and employ an inclination of the head — a token bow — in its place.

But men down the ages have used the greeting not only formally but as a declaration of their word and bond.

"Giving their hand on it" means more in many cases than a signed and sealed contract.

Originally, the greeting was devised as a gesture of faith—to give tangible proof in the moment of greeting that the sword arm could not be used.

It is in this tradition that men champion the handshake.

A more sincere gesture will have to be evolved than the Asian pat on the forehead suggested by Dr. Chesney to replace the handshake.

In the face of infection, men may well go back to the eighteenth-century habit of "making a leg."

It is more likely, though, that the glad hand will be replaced by the Australian habit of a pat on the back.

Our cover:

● The romantic young couple on our cover this week illustrate very charmingly the old theme, boy meets girl. We chose the picture because the happy young pair on a party date make an ideal cover to introduce the first of our teenage supplements.

This week:

● Teenagers come into their own with their special supplement, which is the first of a series to appear once a month. Also in this issue is a page in beautiful color giving a preview of New York spring millinery. The hats are all unusual, but none of them equals the models shown at a similar parade last year, when one girl wore a plastic cake-cover containing a live skunk.

● Jewellery made of sea-shells is still high fashion. A story on page 16 and color pictures show how two people are using the lovely shells they find on North Queensland beaches to make jewellery of this type.

● We open in this issue an appeal for funds to send girl athletes to the Empire Games in Canada.

Enthusiasts will welcome the chance to show their interest in a practical way.

Next week:

● A special snow-sports issue next week will have lots of information and advice for skiers who are planning to spend their annual winter holiday in the Australian Alps. Color pictures on pages 24 and 25 show the snowfields in N.S.W. and Victoria, and the new trend in accommodation for skiers. Instead of staying at a luxury chalet, members of ski clubs now live in lodges, where they "do" for themselves. This communal living makes for a more enjoyable and cosier holiday and is certainly cheaper. On pages 16 and 17 a story and color pictures tell about the "ghost town" of Kiandra, which has been rediscovered by skiers and is now a popular winter resort.

Mary Hordern has a selection of ski fashions, illustrated in color on pages 32 and 33, which are practical and comfortable as well as high fashion.

● Next week's lift-out novel, "Just Let Me Be," by Australian author Jon Cleary, has a Sydney background. It is the dramatic story of an ex-serviceman, Joe Brennan, who innocently becomes involved in a murder and underworld vengeance.

Letters from our readers

I AM tired of hearing criticism of everything Australian by visitors and new settlers alike. They claim we have no culture, but at least there is not the squalor and poverty here that is found in most of the old countries, including America. Our education standard is equal to any other country in the world. Undoubtedly newcomers have difficulties to overcome, but if they think they are hardly done by let them compare their difficulties with the hardships suffered by the pioneers of Australia.

(Mrs.) H. Griffith, Clovelly, N.S.W.

THANK you for giving us Marlene Dietrich on "How To Be Loved." It was splendid advice. However, in one essential it falls to the ground. This is in regard to the husband—any husband. Miss Dietrich's envisioned man is an ideal creature of exquisite sensibility. We women have husbands. She doesn't allow for this, nor for the fact that the adult male has a simple, factual mind and eyes that see only what he wants to see. Adjust your mood to his as readily and selflessly as Miss D says and you'll have a husband who either takes you for granted or frivols off after a capricious, hard-to-please man-eater—or both. Now and again any wife has to turn on her husband to remind him she's alive.

(Mrs.) Kathleen Fitzgerald, Hamilton, Victoria.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

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PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 401G, G.P.O.

TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

YOUR correspondent Mary Cummins, of Brisbane, appeals to Australians for funds to assist the British Museum through a financial crisis. She must have an ostrich complex to ignore the condition of Australia's mental hospitals, old people's homes, the plight of old age and invalid pensioners, the people needing — but unable to obtain — hospital treatment for TB and cancer through lack of funds. Instead of advocating finance for the British Museum, Mary Cummins, why not finance for living Australians?

Alva Thompson, Newcastle, N.S.W.

WHEN are we going to be able to use atomic energy for domestic purposes? Why not concentrate on this development of this great power? I do not see why every new scientific discovery should be exploited only for destruction.

(Mrs.) G. Santolin, El-Arish, Nth. Queensland.

SHOP TALK by Addis

KEEP "COMPACT" ON THE JOB!

Keep teeth spotless in office hours, or before "after five" dates with an Addis "Compact" toothbrush! Neat case forms a handle, folds up to nothing! "Compact" hides easily in handbag or drawer! It's an office *essential . . . yours* for 2/3!

"Handy" handbag hairbrush!

"Handy" hairbrush by Addis fits into any size handbag, make-up kit, case! Give hair that smooth, "shining-clean look" often! Keep "Handy" in the office—it works as well as a brush twice its size! Stays fresh in plastic cover, too! 6/6 buys "Handy" at all chemists and stores.

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BRUSHES by Addis

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The Fallen Petal

...she knew that somewhere in the future other roses would bloom even more sweetly than those she had cherished.

By CATHLEEN ROGERS

SHE had been watching him for quite a minute before he looked up and saw her. A thin young man in a good suit that hung about his shoulders, as if it had been made for him when he was a stone heavier.

She began to move away . . . and then, fascinated by the knowledge that he was so near, came back again and waited.

Not wanting him to see her. Yet not wanting him to go away without knowing that she too was there.

The summer sunshine warmed the gardens and turned the Embankment buildings into grey-gold palaces, looking aloof and uninhabited, like something in a dream.

Gulls wheeled overhead, the hungry sparrows fluttered for the crumbs he was shaking from a paper bag. She saw him straighten his back and glance at his watch.

And it was then that he turned and saw her.

He stood quite still. His face flushed and then turned very white. She thought he was going to turn away even then, but he slowly came towards her.

"Hello, Lorna," he said.

"Hello, Tim."

"It's nice to see you again."

She looked away. "Yes," she said. "It's nice to see you, too."

They stood awkwardly, while people making their way back to shops and offices brushed by them. It was nearly one o'clock.

He looked at his watch again. "It's time I was going, too," she said.

They sauntered towards the street. Not a remarkable pair. Just a thin young man with a pleasant face, a small girl with serious eyes.

"You work around here, Lorna?"

"Yes. At—" She stopped, biting her lip, then added in a lower, hurried voice, "At an office not far away."

"I thought of an office job. But I don't think I could stick it. I'm in a shop on the Strand." He caught her quick, surprised look. "It's only temporary, of course."

"Oh yes, of course!"

"You're looking lots better, Lorna. I'm glad of that."

"I'm feeling pretty good, Tim."

At the top of the steep little hill, the crowd engulfed them. "I go this way," Lorna said.

"And I go the other." He looked down at her, smiling. "Well, it's been nice. Some other time . . ."

She didn't meet his eyes. "I go there most days," she went on.

"Yes, it's quiet, isn't it?" he said.

"Well, goodbye, Tim."

"Goodbye, Lorna."

He watched her go, watched till the trim little grey suit and the trim brown head were lost in the swirl of the streets.

She glanced in a window, dabbing her eyes. "Tim," she said to herself softly, "you shouldn't have been there. You shouldn't."

But he had been there. There was nothing she could do about that. But something could be done about the future. She wouldn't go there again, wouldn't risk meeting him any more.

And for a whole week she kept that resolve. But he might think she was afraid

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Tim and Lorna found a quiet little restaurant and sat down, glad to be out of the hot sunshine.

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Does the colour of your make-up fight with your true skin tones?

NEW COTY

Muted Make-up

will solve your problems

New Coty Muted Shades in "AirSpun" Face Powder and Instant Beauty are keyed to subtle skin tones . . . screen out harshness, subdue sallow hues, tone down the florid . . . leave no "make-up edge" . . . *flatter* instead of fight your natural colouring. *Instant Beauty: Muted Beige. "Air-Spun" Face Powder: Muted Rose, Muted Beige, Muted Sun.*

COTY

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

Appointment in HONG KONG

PRETTY ABIGAIL PECK soon finds that she has been quite wrong in anticipating a quiet, uneventful voyage on board the coastal vessel Hedvig, bound for Hongkong.

Though she finds CAPTAIN MALM pleasant enough, and becomes friendly with Norwegian MRS. LAURITZEN and her three little daughters, THEA, INGA, and VALBORG, she is disturbed by an atmosphere of something underhand, and various puzzling incidents.

These include the presence on the afterdeck of a packed mass of Chinese; the attitude of one of the passengers, Chinese importer MR. LIU; and certain odd snatches of conversation.

Most disturbing feature for her, however, is her meeting with attractive, moody NILS WESTERLUND. Sensing an undercurrent of something wrong in him, too, she fights against her growing infatuation for him, but finds it a losing battle.

Awakened from sleep one night by a cry, she hurries up on deck, but finds only Nils there. He seems dazed, kisses her passionately, then begs her to stay with him, saying that he must be on watch. NOW READ ON:

Exciting conclusion of our two-part serial

By KATHRYN GRONDAHL

ON the bridge Nils stared out over the breaking sea, silent. Abby watched him with intent concern, a brooding concern. She had followed obediently, without thought. It had not occurred to her to leave him.

Why do I want to stay with him? she wondered. Why had he kissed her with violence and the passion not the passion of love at all? What had happened this night that had left him with tension so great?

She felt like an anxious child seeking assurance, and she touched his sleeve almost timidly, but he made no move. Why does he want me with him and yet not explain nor even speak? The jut of his profile was immobile against the turbulence of sea.

She had to reach him, and she clung to the rail, trying to think.

"Are there shoals?" It was a simple question, but nautical, the best she could find, but she saw with relief he had heard her.

"We're along the Macclesfield bank." His voice came smoothly, informing her quietly. "We must keep watch for junks along here. They're trolling, you know, with lines tied from junk to junk, and we don't go between them." He turned to her now.

"With any fog there's danger, for if the Hedvig rammed a junk we'd be the one to get it. These Chinese junks are made of such heavy teak timbers they're like iron plate. Our bow would splinter."

She stared out herself now, trying to help, seeking the giant fin of a junk sail. She strained to see through the gleaming troughs of sea, and in sharpened imagination felt the shuddering impact of the Hedvig's small white prow against a strong unlanterned junk.

"There are only twelve lifeboats, Nils." She made the statement seem a question.

"That's right." He let it go at that.

"But with all those deck passengers?"

"There's no danger, Abby. We're scarcely amateurs," he said calmly, still staring keenly ahead.

But dread was with her now. "Are there enough lifebelts?" she persisted.

"No. They're hidden away. Those beggars would only steal them, or soil them by sleeping on them." He paused, considering the possibility to the end. "It could be a dirty business, of course. They'd swamp our boats. We'd have to turn guns on them."

"Guns?" she echoed, and felt a quick mount of horror, rejection of belief, yet knew completely what he said would be. "No!" she protested, the word a cry against the nightmare of all those dark, desperate heads in the water, the yellow gasping faces, the screams.

"It's not going to happen"—his assurance was impatient—"but if it's our lives or theirs, what else do you do?" He made it a rhetorical question. Then he turned on her with sudden anger.

"What a little ninny you are," he lashed, then shrugged a little and added more kindly, "and you don't know China, Abby, or you'd know just how expendable the whole lot of them are."

She stood, sick at his words, stung by his scorn, upset by the whole frightful picture, and suddenly knew how cold and overwrought she was. She had come to the end and was going to cry.

"Abby"—he caught her arm as she turned from him, but did not try to comfort her—"go to bed now." He lifted her cold hand and rubbed it between his own, and his voice now sounded strained and tired. "This has been a bad show, but I will make it up to you. From now on things are going to be good for us." He leaned over and kissed her forehead as though she were Valborg. "You go now."

She groped her way towards the ladder, her tears frozen in bitter appraisal as she seemed to watch her own exit. It's been like a bad scene from a bad play and your own performance painful. Why did you let this happen to you? she asked. How can you be wandering around a freighter on the China Sea in the middle of the night, shivering and whimpering, with a coat over your pyjamas, your hair streaming?

There seemed no answer but that she was more than a ninny, she was a complete fool. Nils Westerlund was definitely mad, of course, and it was five more days to Hongkong.

Abby slept late, but woke unrested and feeling rather ill. She thought grimly that it served her right if she'd caught cold. In fact, a bad cold might be a blessing if it kept her flat on her back, since clearly she wasn't to be trusted loose on on the Hedvig.

But last night's scene was certainly the finish. Her little show with Nils Westerlund was definitely off the road.

For the first time in her life she remained in bed in apathy. The cabin was gloomy and seemed especially cramped by the disorder, her flung coat, her scattered slippers. On the chest were hairpins strewn and powder spilled. She viewed all this coldly and perversely as the fault of Nils Westerlund.

She sat up then, tucking her dishevelled hair behind her ears with a show of spirit, and reached for the tea-tray. But she stopped halfway and simply stared. There was a rare and special thing on the tray, a real apple set on a folded square of note paper.

The apple was still wrapped in the tissue it had been shipped in, but she knew it was an apple for she could now smell its acetic pungency. More, looking closely, she saw the print on the wrapping: Yakima, Wash. Somehow Nils had even provided an American apple.

But she would touch neither apple nor note. She looked at the tray in stubborn rejection. Instead she poured half a cup of tea. The tea had been standing long, but she drank the bitter, tepid brew like medicine.

Don't be tempted by that insidious apple. If you want no more of Nils Westerlund, then you do not accept his gift. To eat it would admit the serpent, and if you are really a smart Eve you will leave that note unread as well.

Yet she found herself slipping the fold of paper from under the fruit. There's no harm in seeing what he has to say, she explained weakly. It's simple courtesy.

She saw his strong, slanted handwriting and knew bitterly that even her spectacles would not help her read it.

"Helst naar je faar den je vi' ha, daa er de morosamt aa leva?"

She stared at those double a's in despair, then let the note drop and put her head down on her knees. This was inspired deviltry. What trick more despicable than to write in a language she didn't know!

This was antic at a very tiresome level and she tossed back her hair and gave the tea-table a little push. As though that small sound were a signal there came a rap on the door. Valborg stood there, her red sweater buttoned to the chin and her face a reddened button itself.

"Are you sick, too?" Valborg asked. "I've waited and waited," she accused sadly.

Abby shook her head and led the child in. She refused to waste any more strength on a type like Uncle Nils.

"Mamma is," she told her. "She's lying down with a wet washcloth over her eyes and Thea and Inga have to write pages by themselves."

She looked around the disordered cabin and then like a reproving little maid knelt and paired the slippers, put them neatly under the bunk.

"I'm so sorry your mother is sick," Abby spoke with sympathy, then began briskly to make up the bunk. "I've just been lazy, I guess."

Valborg plumped the pillow with her small fists.

"And Captain and Uncle Nils had a big fight this morning." She looked at Abby, her face woeful. "Before breakfast. I heard all the bad words."

Abby paused, letting her arms drop, full of sudden worried surmise. What more had happened with Nils last night? She felt a mounting concern, and was strongly tempted, but would not bring herself to question the child on the quarrel.

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"Don't mind," she said finally. "I'll get dressed and we'll think of something fun to do."

She smoothed the coverlet absently. Why had they quarrelled? She felt the consequences of this like a weight, for she did not think the genial captain would be easily provoked. There was a family feud between the two. What had Nils done?

Valborg asked politely, "Shall I get you a fresh pot of tea, like I did Mamma?"

Abby heard her gratefully. "That would be so kind, and I'll try to be all ready by the time you get back."

She made the cabin neat again, and herself as well. She brushed her hair until it crackled, and scrubbed her face pink. She set the little table in the middle of the room, the apple still on it untouched. The note she picked up thoughtfully, all her exasperation gone. Nils is in trouble. This is no concern of yours. Destroy the note. Yet she slipped it intact between the pages of her book.

She and Valborg sat down at the little table and Abby tried to make it festive, for the child faced her listlessly.

"The apple is for you," Abby told her brightly.

Valborg obediently pulled off the stem. It was a fine apple, red as Valborg's sweater. The child promptly took it to the tap.

"We mustn't eat fruit that isn't washed," she parroted the rule as she turned the water on. "There are a million little germs walking on this apple, maybe," she added without conviction and carefully wiped it dry and shiny on the sleeve of her sweater.

Abby felt hunger at the crisp break of the apple as Valborg bit, then saw with dismay the child push the apple aside. "It's too hard without teeth," Valborg said and suddenly winked the tears.

"Darling," Abby soothed, "let me cut it up for you." But Valborg shook her head, the tears now spilling over.

"Uncle Nils was mean to me," she quivered. "He told me to get out and he meant, too!"

Abby quietly extended her handkerchief. Uncle Nils was mean to me, too, she thought. You and Valborg are a pair. But she felt no amusement at this. Uncle Nils has a double edge of charm and harm, she thought wearily. At least she could heal things for the child.

"He didn't really mean it," she comforted. "You're his favorite little girl."

"No, Hanne is."

Ah, the niece, the ward in Norway. Hanne can't be any nicer than you.

To page 10

"There's no danger, Abby. We're scarcely amateurs," Nils said, staring keenly ahead.

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IT BOILS ... IT WASHES ... IT WRINGS ... IT PUMPS!

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For superb cooking choose Simpson Electric Ranges.

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Here's an electric wash boiler by Simpson that boils faster, easier than you'd ever imagine possible.

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The Apple Tree

As Barbara looked at her newly planted apple tree she thought of it as a symbol of success or failure.

By BERNARD PEACH

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

THE house was perched on the crest of the range with only the white road and the peppermint gums for company. The weatherboards were a dull green, as if the house was conscious of being alone and wished to hide within the same colored leaves that surrounded it.

In the small clearing lying between the road and the home a row of daffodils braved the westerly that bent them towards the ground. There was always wind on the range, leaping the valley with nothing to break its force until it came up against the thin screen of peppermint gums and the farmhouse itself.

To Barbara Forster the daffodils were more than rich color above the clumped snow grass. They were the first flowers from a soured soil and she had watched them develop from the early grey shoots into the golden trumpets now caught in the spring sunlight.

Today she watched from the window, fearful of what the wind might do, remembering the summer garden of last year before the grasshoppers came and stripped each growing thing down to the naked stalk.

Brian had walked in and said, "You don't want to worry about that, old girl. The flower garden's only a detail. What we've got to do is to make the farm pay."

Of course, he was right. But as much as he wanted a good crop of peas and potatoes she wanted the color of flowers to bring warmth to the lonely farmhouse and break the pallid grey-green of the gums around it.

She was used to window watching. It was something that could be done in the country without the suburban slur of being called a "nosy parker."

She watched for the early morning trail of dust that signalled the school bus and had young John waiting at the mail-box by the time it arrived.

From the western window she could see Brian striding across the home paddock in a pair of old Army pants too short in the leg and too tight in the wist, and she smiled to herself, thinking of the change that three years had made in the neat-suited bank clerk.

In the evening she ran to the window when the first sounds of the tractor reached her from the road to watch him come in with the ridiculous straw hat perched on his head, making him look like a scarecrow on wheels.

The wind tore and raved at the house, rattling the loose iron of the roof and blowing back strands of wood smoke into the kitchen from the stove.

The daffodils had lost their courage and by the afternoon most of them lay bruised and broken on the ground. She went out and cut them all, almost angrily, because something like this happened to everything she planted in the home garden.

Brian came in with the happiness of a small boy. "You should see the spuds in the far paddock, dear," he said. "I've never seen better. If the price keeps up and it's not too wet we'll make up for the past two years."

Then he saw the daffodils crowded into vases and odd jugs as well. "Did you have to pick them all?" he asked.

"I didn't want to pick any," Barbara replied resentfully. "It was the wind. There wouldn't have been one left by morning. What with the wind and the 'hoppers or those stick insects, it's just not worth trying to grow anything around the house."

She was looking out through the window and through the trees beyond it to the blue line of the coastal range, thirty miles away, where the lights of the big towns showed faintly in the dusk.

Brian knew her disappointment, because his own was the same over crop failures. He stood beside her and said anxiously, "You're not sorry we came?"

"No, I'm not," she answered. "I wouldn't go back for worlds. It's just that there's so much struggle and such a lot of disappointments. We're not pioneers, after all. Now take off your boots before you muck up the floor."

But he sat at the table, drawing imaginary patterns with a calloused forefinger. "That's just it. The little cocky without much capital will always be a pioneer in this country and grow out of his struggles or get swamped."

She didn't reply. She'd learned that Brian's driving force came from his incurable optimism, and if this went it would mean back to the city and the life they disliked.

She wanted him to win because there was something solid in this grouping of the three of them, the quiet nights spent around the log fire and the sense of dependence upon each other in the isolation of the place.

The next day was gay and windless, with clumps of cloud busily building vast tiers in the sky. She packed Brian's lunch into an old army haversack that he took into the paddocks with him.

"Why not come with me?" he said. "We'll have a picnic down there, billy fire and all."

Still like a boy, she thought, smiling at him and wondering whether all men were like that because they didn't bear children. "Not today," she answered, "I'm having another go at the garden."

He came back early and she knew there was trouble when he held out the rough piece of sacking from which a thin brown stick protruded. If ever there was a disappointment he brought out something to offset it.

"It's an apple tree," he said. "I got it from Gibbons' place for you. It'll be good to have our own apples in a year or so if you plant it outside somewhere."

"It'll be lovely," she answered. Then she said, "What's wrong, dear?"

"The spud paddock." He looked dejected and pushed the straw hat back from his red face. "Ray Cooper's cattle broke in and they've trampled the place as flat as a board. You can't even see where the rows were and I'd never seen a better-looking crop."

"It mightn't be as bad as you think," she said in a doubtful sort of way, touching the leaf buds on the apple tree as if they held some assurance.

Brian spoke without looking at her. "It's so bad that we won't be able to employ any diggers. They couldn't follow the rows along."

"Then we'll get out what we can together," she said, and went out to plant the apple tree before he could raise the usual argument against her working in the paddocks with him.

She put the apple tree in a sheltered place, close to the tank, where she could give it any spare water. As she pressed down the soil she thought of it as a symbol of success or failure, and the hope of the farm lay within its young life. It must live and bear fruit.

Stubbornly, she went out to the paddocks with Brian, armed with a short-handled potato fork, and dug beside him, trying to trace the rows in the hard, trampled ground.

Her lean face turned dark in the sun and she went back to the house in the afternoon to meet the school bus hardly able to carry her aching body up the slope.

After that she turned to the apple tree. The rest of the home garden was ignored during the potato digging, but the apple tree had special significance to her. It was now in full leaf and growing bravely.

She watched anxiously through the summer for a sign of the 'hoppers, which would strip every leaf and even the delicate bark from the young wood.

Brian had forgotten the apple tree. He dug beside her in the paddock and cursed as he threw into heaps the potatoes chipped and cut by the hoofs of the cattle. "Always the best ones spoiled," he remarked in exasperation.

The salvage of the potato crop and the clearing and ploughing of land for the next season took all of his time and thought. But Barbara watched as the apple tree strengthened during the summer and then lost it's leaves as autumn brought the cold westerlies.

Thinking of the daffodils, she was afraid for the tree, but it stood well on the eastern side of the house and stayed firm and straight.

During the cold months when the light highland snow chilled the soil and left him freedom for planning, Brian worked out that the damaged crop would give enough for the new season's seed and the little market return would let them live for a few more months. "But we've got to win out this spring," he said grimly.

The apple tree was so long in showing life that Barbara scraped a little at the bark and was relieved when the green wood came. She'd forgotten that spring was always late on the highlands.

In a few weeks' time, while Brian was busily planting the new potato seed, a small burst of leaf and flower came to the tree as if it would show that the sap was strong in struggle.

The promise of fruit meant much more to Barbara and she wanted to run out to the paddock to tell Brian. But if she did this, she knew that he would look up in an abstracted way from the soil and say, "Oh, that's good," and turn back again to his planting.

The summer crops were fine and strong and Brian's broad face was a study in pride and satisfaction. "It's the new soil I ploughed," he said. "The other paddocks were just about played out."

"I felt it would be all right this time," Barbara replied. She didn't tell him that the determination of the apple tree to live had kept her own hope alive. He'd laugh at that and say, "Just like a woman."

But she took him out to the apple tree and showed him the few small knobs of growing fruit hidden beneath the young leaves. She did it proudly because she was as proud of the tree as he was of the new season's crops down in the valley.

"My word," Brian said, "we've got some apples. First year's fruit. That'll have to come off."

"No," she said quickly, as if she feared the touching of the fruit would bring some calamity to the farm, "let it alone, Brian."

He grinned widely at her and took both of her hands in his big brown fists. He understood what she meant.

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5 Beautiful Sisters

THERE'D been times when Emmy wished savagely she could shake John Bellamy out of that crisp calmness of his, but now, when he did raise his voice, it scared her, like the sudden barking of a strange dog.

"If you don't mind paying attention, Miss Smith!"

Emmy opened her eyes wide. Everything was the same—the plain-looking office, the neat desk, the youngish red-headed man behind the desk. And the ache in her heart.

He frowned. "This has been going on for several days, Miss Smith," he said severely. "Obviously, you're not ill. Are you in love?"

The abrupt question was like a sharp blow between her shoulders, sending the words out explosively. "Yes, I am! And I had to take him home for dinner last week—Mum always arranges that—and there was Stephanie!"

"Stephanie?" he echoed.

"My sister." Her feelings had started to boil over and couldn't be stopped. "And if it hadn't been Stephanie, it would have been Gabrielle, or even Melanie. She's only sixteen, but they start young in my family!"

"Stephanie . . . Gabrielle . . . Melanie!" sceptically.

"Mum tried to make up for the last name of Smith. There's Pamela, too, the youngest."

He shook his head slightly, as if to clear away the haze. Then, in his best legal manner, "Better lay the facts on the table."

Why not, Emmy thought recklessly. Confession was supposed to be good for your psyche, and spilling it out here would be like confiding it to the statue in the park. John Bellamy was as impersonal as one of his law books.

Emmy put her notebook down, rested her chin on a cupped hand. "My sisters are beautiful, and, well, I meet a man and he likes me. Then he comes to my home, meets one of my sisters, and gasps like a fish waiting to be taken off the hook."

"And last week," judiciously, "you took somebody home and he met Stephanie."

"She was on the porch when he came," moodily. "I asked her to the pictures with us. I knew I might as well. He talks about her all through lunchtime."

"Kirk Slocum? You've been lunching with him at the Bluebonnet."

That surprised Emmy—that he'd noticed anything about her except that she flung a neat shorthand. It surprised her into giving the one bit of information she meant to withhold.

"Yes, it was Kirk. He'll probably take her to the big dance." Her voice almost broke. To fail to get a date for the Yacht Club dance was to admit, practically, that you were a social failure, but Emmy wasn't thinking of that. What twisted her, inside, was the dream she had of going with Kirk, dancing with him . . . likely being kissed by him out in the club gardens.

John Bellamy said, "You'll have to change your tactics, Miss Smith, if it really matters to you."

"Matters? Don't you get it? I'm in love!" But she spoke gently, the way you chide a child too young to know, because she'd realised, all at once, that John Bellamy, with his steel-trap mind, probably knew nothing of love. Not even its hurt.

"All right!" He took charge briskly. "You'll lunch with me at the Bluebonnet these next few days." Then, curiously, "Your name's so different. Emmy, isn't it?"

"Emmeline. For Dad's sister. When I was born," she explained carefully, "she was married to that awfully rich husband—the copra exporter. Only her other two husbands got what money he left."

"And you got only the name."

"She left me some antique earrings. And I don't mind the name." Its plainness soothed her, just as her mirrored face often did. The combination of grey eyes, wide mouth, scattered freckles, and dark hair was sometimes a relief from a houseful of beauty. Then, "Shall we finish dictation?"

"After lunch." He picked up a legal document. "We'll go in ten minutes."

Emmy picked up her notebook. "It's good of you to take an interest," she said primly.

"You're the best secretary I've ever had." He didn't look up. "I'd like to settle this and get back to work."

Of all the cold-blooded legal machines! Emmy wanted to slam the door after her as she went out. Her grey eyes were still dark with exasperation as she put on new lipstick, but she was sort of glad, anyhow, that she'd tacked the new white organdie collar to her navy blue dress that morning.

Kirk was at the Bluebonnet and about the handsomest man there, with his dark wavy hair and greenish eyes. He stood up, flashed his heart-warming smile. "I saved a place for you, Emmy."

"Oh," she said, and hesitated. Probably this was all wrong, she thought wildly. Probably she was losing her last chance with Kirk.

But she had no choice. John Bellamy came up, took her arm.

"Sorry, Slocum," he said, and steered her towards an empty table. When they were seated, he bent over, spoke low. "He's watching us. We've got to act as if we're having a good time. If we could—" He stopped, suddenly perplexed, as if he'd come up against a poser.

Emmy laughed. Then John Bellamy was laughing with her—a sort of audible grin that made him look remarkably young. And, surprisingly, the pretence wasn't so hard. There were moments, of course, when tears were close, because this way Emmy wasn't even getting any crumbs of happiness from being near Kirk. On the other hand, it was a relief to be doing something definite about her problem.

She was laughing when Kirk Slocum came over, stopped at their table stiffly, his eyes bleak. "Would it be all right to telephone Stephanie during working hours?" he asked.

The laughter drained from Emmy's heart, although she felt her lips freeze to its smile. "Why, of course!" she got out.

"Thanks," Kirk mumbled, and strode on, his shoulders a little too straight.

John Bellamy said approvingly, "You carried that off pretty well."

"I did, didn't I?" she agreed, entirely without approval.

Emmy was the last one home from work, three nights later, and the family was eating when she came in. Mum, pretty and youngish in a plump, blond way, said, "We knew you wouldn't mind, Emmy," and fourteen-year-old Pamela burst out, "They're letting the high school kids come in and dance a while at the Yacht Club, and I've got a date. So has Melanie."

Gabrielle smiled wryly. She was perhaps the most beautiful of them all, with her short

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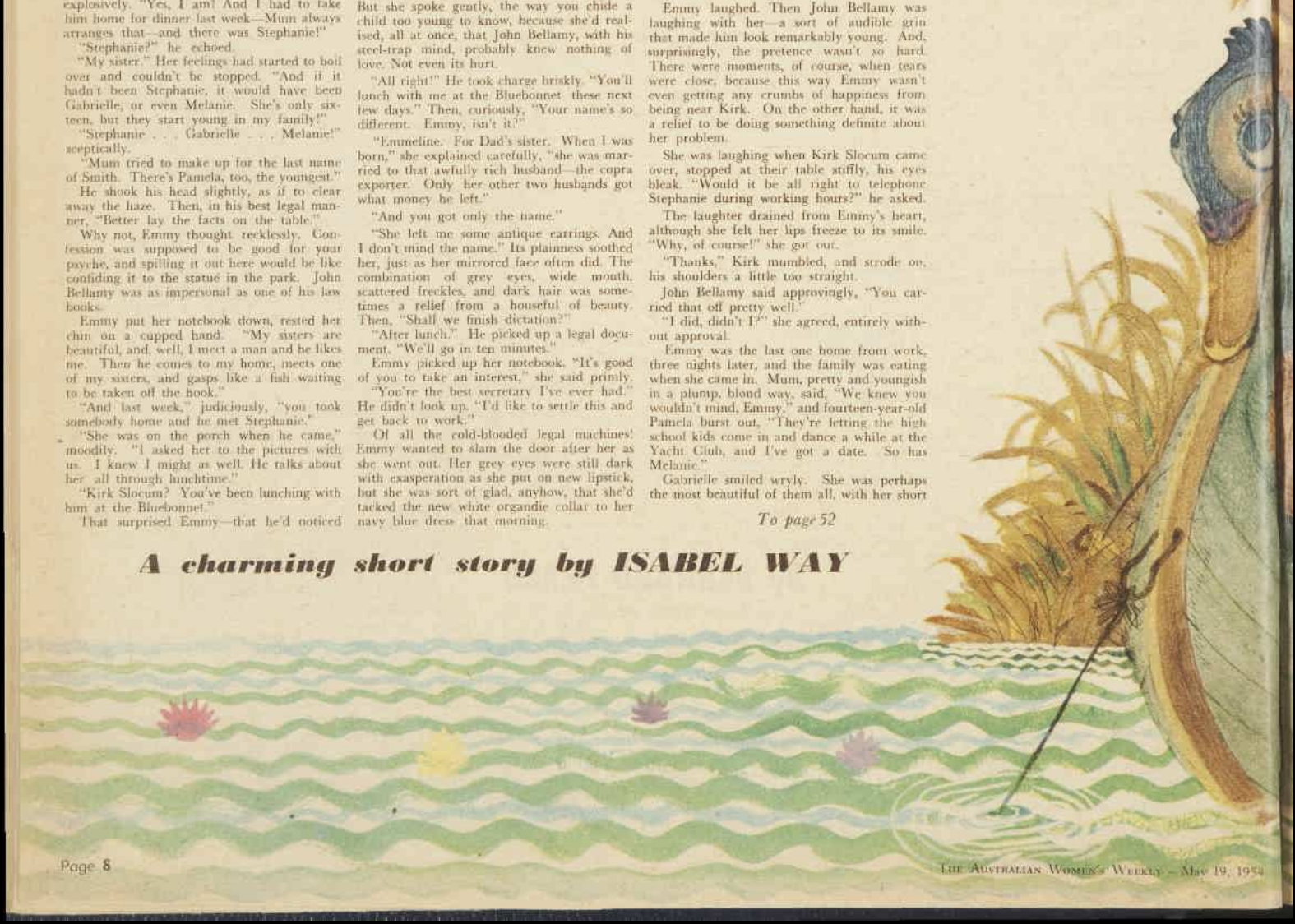
A charming short story by ISABEL WAY

Sometimes it seemed to Emmy that she was just a decoy to lure men within reach, so that her sisters could wing them.



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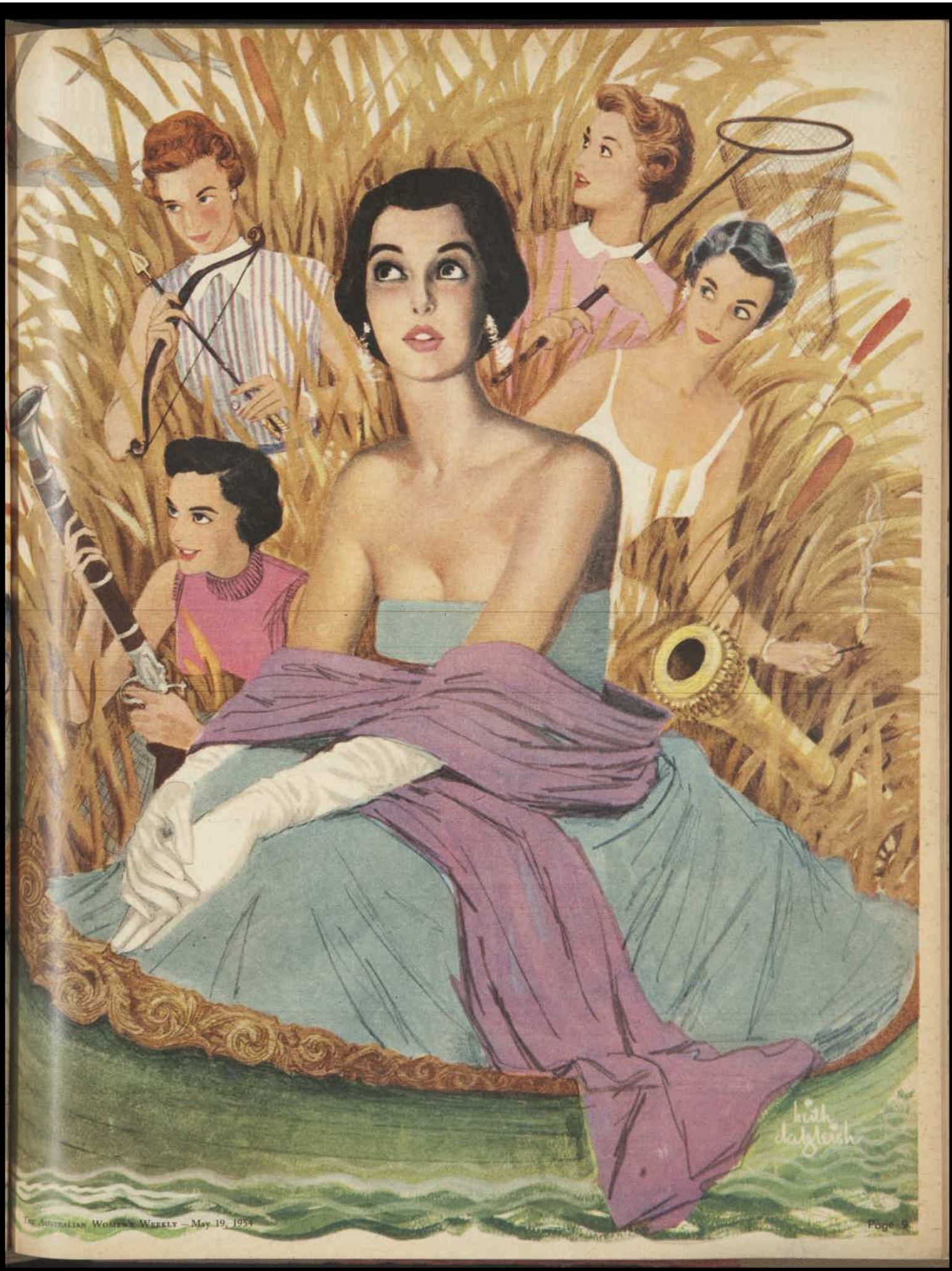

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Continuing . . . .

Appointment in Hongkong

from page 5

It's simply impossible," said Abby firmly.

"I don't remember Hanne. I didn't think I'd need to remember Hanne," she explained in sorrow, "but I think she has curls."

"Freckles, more likely," Abby suggested crisply, and Val looked faintly cheered, so Abby came in fast. "Story?" But Val shook her head, not to be so easily consoled. "Can you think of anything you'd like to do?"

Valborg measured the question carefully. "Yes," she admitted, "but I don't think you'll let me," she added wistfully.

Abby grinned at the guile. "Try me and see."

"I want to dress up in your beads and things," she said in a rush, eyeing the leather cosmetic case, now closed on the chest.

Abby laughed. "Today you may," and she took out the tray of jewellery and placed it before the child.

"Lipstick, too?" She pressed her advantage. "And will you fix my hair so it looks like yours?"

Abby nodded. She began to unplait the fair pigtails, then leaned down and lightly kissed the top of the child's head.

"I'm going to miss you like mad, Valborg," she said.

Valborg smiled dreamily as she clipped on a sapphire earring.

Abby took on an exaggerated air. "Now this lipstick, mam'selle, is Wild Raspberry, and that one,"—she pointed with the comb—"is Gay Carnation."

Valborg gave herself a languorous look in the mirror. "I'll take the raspberry flavor, please."

. . . . .

Abby had dinner with the children, the four of them served alone in the dining-room. Mr. Liu was still sick in his cabin, and Frieda remained in hers, too. The captain, the boy told them, had dined earlier, and as for Nils, nobody could say.

It seemed a deserted ship and Abby walked the little deck, restless and depressed, reluctantly knowing that Nils would not be put out of mind. His long shadow seemed to lie across everything. And I am not alone, he has troubled us all.

She was sure it would take a great deal to rouse the captain to cursing wrath, yet Nils had done it. She was sure the cause of Frieda's illness stemmed from Nils, too.

It is possible to do this only to people who love you, Abby thought. Nils is their own and they care deeply, and she knew she was caught in this web of caring, too.

As she passed the lounge she saw the captain, alone and bowed in a leather chair in a lamplit corner. There was a small half-filled glass before him. Earlier, even an hour ago, she would not have thought of disturbing him, but now she felt free to go in, as Frieda might, or Valborg. I need him. He looked huge and bowed. Perhaps he even needs me.

The captain looked up and she was grateful for his slow, warm smile. He looked enormous, solid, and kind as he rose and with one hand pulled another leather chair towards the lamplight.

"I been thinking about you, Miss Peck," he told her. "Glad you found me." He shouted to the boy to bring another glass.

"I feel old tonight," he admitted slowly. "A drink with a pretty girl is what I need. Yet, I dunno. Part of my worries is that you look the way you do and such a nice girl."

She felt touched that he should worry about her, and protected by it. He must know Nils has troubled me, too, and is sorry.

"Please don't worry about me," she said. "Is Frieda better?"

"Yah, she's having dinner with Nils now," he said shortly. He tossed off his drink and she realised this was not his first glass, nor even his second.

"She should save her strength" —with the schnapps his Norwegian accent was thicker— "Nils don't take to being told he's wrong." The lines of his face were deep and the cheek flaccid when the laughter was out of him. "But Nils will bring her around. She's been in love with him since they was kids, anyway. He'll bring her around, all right: make her think black is white."

SITTING very still in her big chair, Abby felt the captain's anger rise against Frieda and Nils. What he said was true: she knew Nils could bring Frieda around. Around to what, she wondered, and why? She sighed herself. Each of us seems to have a separate anxiety with Nils, separate spokes from a hub, and we all revolve around Nils tonight.

"It's you, too, that's been eating Frieda." He saw her stir of discomfort and showed his allegiance. "Don't let it bother you. She knew right away, soon as she saw your face, that Nils would want you. So now she says you're to blame for this, but you aren't and I'm not having it!" He paused and his voice rolled in troubled thunder. "What a man does is on his own soul!"

The thick anger of his words fell upon her, but the words that Nils would want you scattered the others. The phrase was like a sudden shimmer dispelling cloud.

At that point the boy brought in the second liqueur glass on a tray. She looked up at him as he entered, and smiled. The swelling was gone from his cheek, the cut was healing.

"Your patient looks good," she told the captain.

"Yah," he returned grimly. "Sometimes Nils don't know what he's doing, I guess."

"Nils?" she asked thinly, and felt a little chill, and worse, knew she was not surprised.

"Or maybe he does know," the captain went on heavily, "and just don't care. When he wants something the devil's in him. He don't care how he does it, who he hurts, just so he gets it!"

He's warning you, isn't he? Abby thought, but about something you already know, that Nils has a double edge of charm and harm, that the harm comes from a violent temper.

They sat for a while in silence, each to his separate thinking.

"We'll be out of these swells soon." The captain took up a normal topic. "Touch Swatow day after tomorrow and unload this lot." He gestured towards the stern. "Those beggars are laid out below like dead." He shook his head in pity for them. "They're always seasick and the China Sea is always rough."

"Mr. Liu has been miserable, too," Abby told him.

"Yah, hardly seen hide nor hair of that one. Though he's been below a few times, they tell me. Maybe got friends down there." He pondered a moment. "Never heard of Liu before. A newcomer, because I know most of the importers from Singapore to Shanghai."

But Abby's thought was still below deck. "There was a young girl, captain, who was about to have a baby." She waited and he grinned.

"Oh, she had it second day out. Her first, and a boy, too. Another one born this morning. Always have a few every trip. We put a screen around them, see they get medicine and extras, which is more than they get ashore." He looked down at the amber drop left in the bottom of his glass.

"Each baby gets five dollars from me," he admitted almost shyly, "a kind of a birthday present."

Abby smiled on him with affection. So one of your pigeons is accounted for, she thought. And what of the man in hyacinth? She felt sure the captain would have taken special note of him, too. Yet what was there to ask?

The captain twirled his glass.

"Maybe Nils is right when he says I'll be back in a year, but right now I'll be glad to put all this behind me. It's all squeeze, y'know. Even after twenty-six years the Chinese are pulling new squeeze tricks on me." He shook his head in wondering admiration. "Those aren't coolies below, ma'am. No coolie could afford the passage."

"Nils said he had rented his quarters to one of the Chinese."

The captain abruptly stopped twirling his glass. He held motionless, not looking at her. "More schnapps?" he asked at length.

She declined and they sat again in quiet, but the captain's cheerful expansiveness was broken. Her mention of Nils had done it.

"I've known Nils since he was a pup and couldn't think more of him than if he was my own, but I tell you, Miss Peck ——" He rubbed his chin and sighed.

"Now I tell you, Miss Peck, what we do huh? When we get to Hongkong you just stay with me and the Hedvig.

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Out-door traveller tells how he has depended on "Y-COUGH" for years.

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This is the true-life experience of Mr. J. Dilworth, 5 Margaret Street, Alphadale.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *BY RUD*

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BONNETS ON FIFTH AVENUE

● The Easter Parade on New York's Fifth Avenue is America's traditional preview of spring millinery fashions, closely watched by all fashion buyers. The parade is quite informal and is actually the homeward trek of worshippers who have attended Easter Sunday service at St. Bartholomew's Church.

MADAME ZEYNEP TURKHAN, of Istanbul, Turkey, wore an enormous heart-shaped black picture hat outlined in black lace and trimmed with two mammoth pink roses. A black faille suit, pink scarf, and mink stole completed her Easter parade ensemble.

ATTRACTIVE colored singer Doris Rubin and her daughter Carol wore mother-and-daughter outfits of brown silk with toques of nylon lace and pink forget-me-nots. Miss Rubin's magnificent mutation mink stole attracted a great deal of admiration.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS Wendy Drophey, Hedy Karp, and June Bowen (above) pose as Parisian gamins, with hats trimmed with fresh parsley. Right: Senorita Lucinda Terrazas, of Durango, Mexico, wore a picture hat of scarlet nylon velvet, trimmed with white roses and worn with a chin veil. Her stole is silverblu mink.

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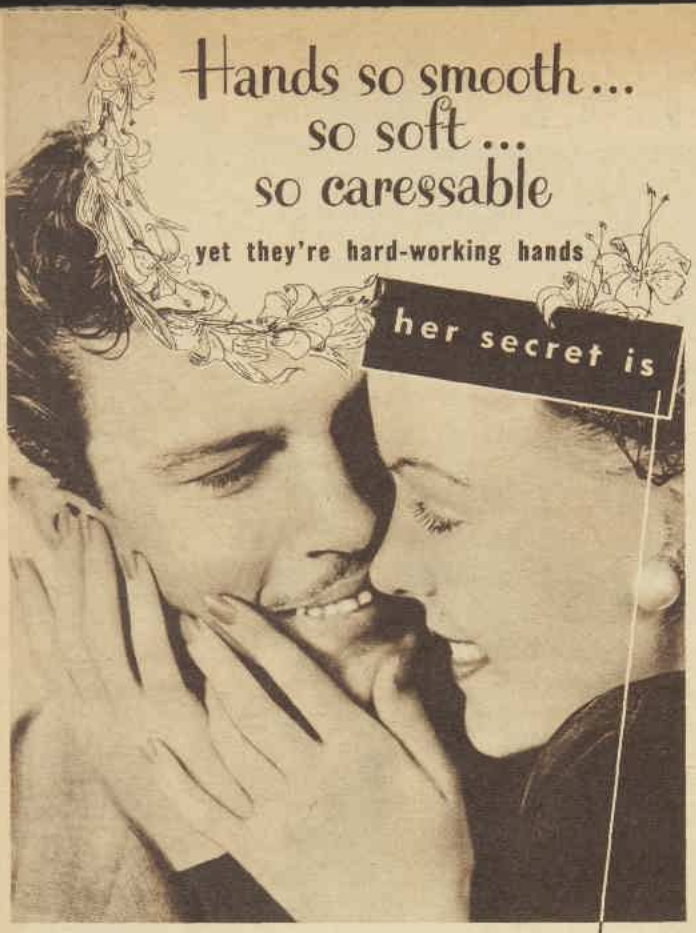
Hands so smooth...
so soft...
so caressable

yet they're hard-working hands

her secret is



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PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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The American Hand Lotion with the "beforehand extra"

Dorothy Drain, on a New Guinea tour, reports on:

TIMBER

ALONG A FLOODED ROAD. Trucks carrying loads of plywood negotiate a flooded road beside the Markham River on the trip from Bulolo to Lae. Dorothy Drain and staff photographer E. Nutt, who took these pictures, travelled in one of the trucks.

Modern mill processes logs from primitive jungle

Down the 74-mile road from Bulolo to Lae, on the coast of New Guinea, great silver-and-red ten-ton trucks travel every couple of days with cargoes of plywood.

By DOROTHY DRAIN

THE plywood is made in the new £1,500,000 plymill opened this year at Bulolo and as modern as any in the world.

The road, originally built by the Australian Army in wartime, gives a vivid indication of the difficulties that have to be overcome in New Guinea's development.

It was especially vivid the day we came down the road, for the last stretch was tough going.

The road snakes its way down between kunai-covered hills, acid-green in the morning sunlight, along stony river beds, between walls of jungle on the lower levels, till it reaches the Markham River, and runs along the river's edge for the last nine miles.

The river was in flood. New Guinea rivers are frequently in flood, and at short notice.

We had boarded the trucks at the Wampit River, which proved impassable to the jeep in which we were travelling.

For nearly all the last nine miles we travelled through water, sometimes as deep as three or four feet. At times, as the last of the afternoon sun tipped the tops of the jungle, we were inches from what passes for a bank of the wide, turbulent Markham River.

The trip gave me a wholesome respect for truck drivers, and for the huge English-built trucks that churned their way through.

I sat beside driver Jack Starr, and watched him as he kept his wheels in line with the truck ahead while we negotiated such hazards as a narrow, submerged bridge, just wide enough for the vehicle.

As we drove at last on to one of the ex-army barges that carry vehicles across the mouth of the river from Labu to Lae I heaved a sigh of relief. It wasn't only personal.

Calculate five trucks worth £7000 each and add about £2000 worth of plywood per truck.

It's awesome to be travelling in a convoy worth £45,000.

Three days before, photographer Ernest Nutt and I had flown into Bulolo. Half an hour from Lae you fly through a gap in the forest-clad, cloud-wreathed hills and see below, dominating the white buildings of the township, the plymill that represents the new era for this place whose name for

IN THE NATIVE HOSPITAL at Bulolo, Mr. W. Wright, one of the medical assistants, gives an injection to a native baby. Total population of the town is 600 Europeans, nearly all of them Australians, and about 800 natives. Many are timber workers.

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...Bulolo's new kind of gold

NEW GUINEA RESIDENTS Mr. and Mrs. Lars Bergstrand at their home at Bulolo with their dog Patsy. Mr. Bergstrand is general manager of gold-dredging and timber companies.

NATIVE LABORERS at work sluicing gold at the water-race on the "Sunshine" section of the Widubosh lease, about 14 miles from Bulolo. The gold-dredging company has found that the Markham district natives are the most intelligent for sluicing work. Bulolo township was built by the company, which began operations in the district about 24 years ago.

nearly 30 years has meant gold.

Four gold dredges still clatter away night and day, 365 days a year, but the Bulolo Gold Dredging company, which in 24 years has taken £30,000,000 worth of gold from this valley, has now turned its hand to timber from the nearby pine-clad hills.

In financial partnership with the Commonwealth Government, as Commonwealth-New Guinea Timbers Ltd., Bulolo Gold Dredging Ltd. manages and operates the enterprise. Last month it sent its first shipment of 300 tons of plywood to the American market.

Half a million pounds worth of the latest machinery turns the green klinki pine logs into sheets of plywood in two days.

The packages of plywood, wrapped in heavy brown paper and bound with transparent tape, look as neat as packets of biscuits.

To a woman's eye they show, as sharply as anything else in the building, the efficiency of this company, which has set up such a plywood as you might expect to see in an American city.

"You could eat your dinner off anything in the place," was the way a Bulolo wife put it.

In one typical day at Bulolo we saw the contrasts the place has to offer.

In the morning I saw the plywood, watched the machines that within minutes turn a log into a continuous roll of green veneer, and that clip it into sheets, which, when glued together in layers and "cooked" in a hot press, are ready for sanding and packing.

An hour or so later I was riding on a caterpillar tractor, churning up a muddy one-in-four grade to where a tree was being felled. Leaning back in the tractor, you could look up at the sky through the tops of the tall pines.

There are klinki pines and hoop pines in the timber lease on these spurs of the central New Guinea ranges.

The botanical name of the klinki is Araucaria klinkii, hence the common name. At present the logging area is only four miles from the township. There are probably very few timber-getters who return, as these do, at night to a township with amenities a suburb might envy.

In the afternoon I was watching the bucket line rattle up with its load of mud and stones on No. 5 Dredge, one of the four dredges that still produce gold for Bulolo.

And at night I was a dinner guest of the general manager, Mr. Lars Bergstrand, and his wife in their lovely home, built, as are all the other houses in the town, of Bulolo pine.

Mr. Bergstrand, Swedish-born, is general manager of both companies. He runs not only a gold-mining and a timber enterprise, but a whole community.

There are 364 breadwinners in Bulolo, all but a dozen of them (such as the bank manager and the postmaster) on the company's payroll. Total population of the town is 600 European men and women and children, nearly all of them Australian, and about 800 natives.

Technically the town is called a "camp," because it is run by the company, but there is nothing appropriate in the word camp to this place, which has everything from a plant for making industrial oxygen to night tennis courts.

The 110 houses occupied by married men and their families are furnished by the company and fitted with electric stoves.

Medical care

There is a picture show and a golf course.

All this building has been done since the war because, though the company has operated for 24 years, the town was destroyed under a scorched-earth policy in 1942 after the Japanese invasion of New Guinea.

There is a European hospital and a native hospital staffed by a European medical officer and two medical assistants, a nurse, and 20 native orderlies. The medical officer is virtually the head of a public health department, and Bulolo is said to have the lowest sickness rate in the Pacific.

Bulolo teems with individual stories. Many of the men date their residence there from the early 'thirties. Mr. Bergstrand himself came from America as one of the engineers building the dredges in 1931.

All of the prewar families have war stories to tell. Mrs. Dick Herald and Mrs. Jack Leslie, whom I met at Mrs. Herald's home, talked of the evacuation of the women and children in December, 1941.

Mrs. Leslie was the first woman back on the field in 1946.

Mrs. Herald showed me a saucer which is her war souvenir. When she returned after the war a neighbor found it lying on the ground. It was the only personal possession she recovered, for the houses and their contents had been burned.

On their first leave after the war Mr. Herald was walking past a Sydney shop window when he saw a dinner set of the same pattern. He bought it and took it home to her.

Many men who formerly worked on gold have switched to timber, but there are as well many employees who have come from Australia within a few months to jobs concerned with timber.

Nowadays four dredges operate instead of eight, and those four are going over the same ground (at a greater depth) as they did when the field was at its richest.

Now the timber lease represents Bulolo's new riches. As the timber is cut, the Administration's Forestry Department is replanting the areas. The present lease is calculated to last for 50 years and in that time the new trees should have reached maturity.

What 50 years will do to New Guinea is another subject.

Less than 20 miles away over the mountains near Bulolo there are the Kukukuku tribes who are only now coming under Government influence.

A STREET IN BULOLO, showing the type of houses built for the white residents. The homes contain many modern amenities, including electric cooking stoves. In the background, left, are the pine-clad hills from which the timber company obtains its logs.

HUGE LOG, three feet in diameter, being lifted into position on the barker, the machine that strips bark from logs in the plywood mill. Ken McCarthy, formerly of Sydney, directs the work of two native assistants. About 80 natives are employed in the mill.

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DELICIOUS VELVEETA

GRILLS TO PERFECTION

Velveeta not only grills to perfection—it makes the most delicious toasted sandwiches for supper. Perfect for party savouries, for souffles and omelettes.

Makes a nourishing meal of a hot, tasty snack...

because it's richer in food values than ordinary cheese.

In ordinary cheese-making, precious lactose (milk sugar), much vitamin B_2 and milk minerals are lost. They are run off in the whey—gone forever! But the *new process* used to make Velveeta puts these food values back! Adds them to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates you and your family need for perfect health. That's why Velveeta is richer in food values than ordinary cheese.

This *new process* makes Velveeta spread like butter. And you don't need butter! In fact, Velveeta on bread without butter gives you the scientifically *correct* balance of primary food elements. And it's the *new process* that gives Velveeta a "different" rich yet mild flavour everyone loves. So, for *extra* value, buy Velveeta—in the yellow packet. Processed and pasteurized for purity.

Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. packet

MELTS AND GRILLS TO PERFECTION—
SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

VELVEETA

KPL 41

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catch cold!

Modern medical science now knows why some people spend a miserable winter nursing cold after cold, while others are immune.

The reason is that the lucky ones have good resistance. Their systems throw off the infections and germs that are the cause of colds and 'flu. A cold or cough is a sure sign of the breakdown of the bodily defences. These defences must be built up.

New knowledge about winter ailments supports a well-tried remedy. Scott's Emulsion, taken regularly, gives winter-long protection.

Scott's Emulsion tastes nice — children love it — and it is easy to digest. Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is rich in *natural* Vitamins A and D and Glycerine — is reinforced by tonic hypophosphites to complete its wonderful strengthening effect on the body.

3-WAY ACTION RELIEVES COUGHS.

Scott's Emulsion, with its soothing glycerine, *first* lubricates the irritated, inflamed areas of the throat. Then its powerful vitamin action stimulates the body to resist and defeat infection and the complications that can result from it. Then its tonic properties build resistance against further attacks.

Scott's Emulsion is a scientific treatment and nature's own preventive for colds, coughs, bronchial trouble and 'flu. Taken regularly, it not only clears up coughs and colds but safeguards the system against them.

SCOTT'S Emulsion

Dry feet in your handbag!

Why let sudden showers ruin shoes and nylons? You can easily carry

"Gollies"

everywhere!

- Successors to heavy, clumsy galoshes.
- Weigh next to nothing, tuck in your handbag.
- Fit any shoe, any heel in a flash.
- Cool to wear, British made and strong.
- Keep feet *and ankles* dry in heavy storms.
- Reversible to show devil red or black.
- Packed in their own tiny waterproof bag.
- Cost little more than a pair of good stockings.
- At shoe, rainwear and department stores everywhere.

Trade enquiries: Box 221, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE EARL and Countess Mountbatten entertain the Royal children in Malta. Prince Charles paddles in a rock pool with Princess Anne.

The Queen and her children

Reunion at sea for happy family

From ANNE MATHESON, in Malta

The Queen took over the care of Prince Charles and Princess Anne entirely on the voyage from Tobruk to Malta. After the five months' separation the Royal couple devoted all their time to the children, and the trip became a happy family party.

THEY had a film show not once but sometimes twice a day for the children, showing them such interesting highlights of the tour as children could understand.

When the Queen and the Duke went on board Britannia at Tobruk to be reunited with their children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne were in the saloon with Nurse Lightbody and their governess, Miss Peebles.

The family reunion was to have been in the saloon in private, away from the eyes of the Press, alongside in a launch, and the naval escort, but the Royal children rushed forward to meet their parents in the hall to the saloon.

I saw the Queen bend over to kiss and hug Prince Charles while the Duke bent down to kiss and fondle his daughter. The Queen then hugged Anne and the Duke kissed Charles and gave him a firm slap between the shoulders, before they disappeared into the seclusion of the saloon.

When the Britannia arrived at Malta, the Queen, the Duke and the children stood on the specially built lookout just below the bridge waiting to have their first glimpse of Malta.

It was as touching a family scene as anyone has witnessed. Princess Anne in a pretty blue frock and Prince Charles in manly tailored grey pants and white shirt were just as excited as children can be.

Princess Anne clung to the Queen and the Duke all the time. It seemed she was frightened there would be another separation.

From time to time the Duke held her up so that she would have a better view and Princess Anne waved merrily to those on shore.

The Queen waved and waved and the Duke suddenly went cock-a-hoop with his naval cap and waved it frantically round and round.

Only Prince Charles remained aloof from all this excitement.

For half an hour, Prince Charles stood still, his eyes popping as he watched hundreds of Chinese crackers going off in a salute of welcome.

Then the band played "God Save the Queen." The Duke stood smartly to attention and gave a naval salute, and Prince Charles suddenly stepped down from the stool on which he'd been standing to get a better view of the firecrackers.

In the way small boys have, he imitated his father and stood solemnly to attention and saluted, too.

At the end of their first day in Malta the Queen went to tuck the children into bed before attending a reception.

The fireworks over Malta Harbor were just starting. Wide awake with the noise, Charles and Anne pleaded to be allowed to stay up. The Queen gave them permission to put on their dressing-gowns and watch through the portholes.

On this happy note the Royal parents slipped away from their family to conclude a day of ceremonial and official functions.

WAITING ON THE WHARF to board the Royal yacht Britannia to sail to Tobruk are Princess Anne and Prince Charles. With them are the Earl and Countess Mountbatten.

YOUNG SKIN PROBLEMS

praise this special greaseless

TREATMENT

Has *your* face just all of a sudden been seized by these "young skin" troublemakers —

oily skin . . . flakiness . . .
large pores . . . blackheads?

It happens to *many* girls. First, oil glands start to over-work, skin grows sluggish. Soon, an oily layer of dead skin cells the skin can't discard begins to "choke" pore openings. Next come enlarged pores, even blackheads!

Now you *can* control nature's "ill will" with Pond's special *greaseless* corrective. Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" problems tested it. Many said they saw a remarkable change in less than 2 weeks!

Several times a week — cover your face, except eyes, with a deep layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action dissolves away dead skin cells that "choke" the pore openings. Frees the tiny skin glands to function *normally*. Leave on one full minute — then wipe off. Rinse with cold water. See how ungreasy your skin looks.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in jars and convenient tubes.

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!

Don't aggravate an "upset" skin with oily make-ups! A greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a lovely, un-shiny powder base.

PV43

Always look for the name

MORLEY

GLOVES YOU'LL BE PROUD TO SEE HIM WEAR

Morley craftsmen gloves make the most superb British gloves. Their skill and good taste are part of a living tradition centuries old—and they work with the pick of the world's skins. So when you see the name Morley in the wrist of a glove you know it's as good as money can buy.

Morley Knitwear, Gloves and Stockings, made in England by I. & R. Morley Ltd.

Trade Enquiries: C. J. Garrard, 67 York Street, Sydney. H. T. Waxelord, 222, Flinders Lane, Melbourne

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Your lovely hands agree with your sheerest hosiery...

Lux is so safe

My, such elegant ankles in sheer-as-shadow nylons! But not a whit lovelier than the lady's heavenly hands. Easy to see she scorns strong soaps and harsh washing methods—for hose *and* hands! How nice to know, too, that stockings all last *twice* as long if you whisk out perspiration with a Lux dip after every wearing.

P.S. *Lux for kitchen duty, too! Hot water, creamy Lux suds—whoosh! Dishes are done. Makes bar soap look a real old-timer. And how your hands will love it!*

Now in 2 sizes—Family and Standard. Economise—buy Family size.

So safe . . . you'll want to use it always

U.389.WW143g

SUNTANNED Van Wraight poses in the rigging of Little Bint, which she and her husband sail in search of shells.

Finding sea's jewels is risky job

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

Some unique Australian jewellery has evolved from the efforts of a former Sydney artist, attractive Van Wraight, who has braved the dangers of the Great Barrier Reef to collect lovely shells from which the "jewellery" is made.

BEAUTIFULLY matched shells, some of them so rare that they are collectors' items, are made into artistic necklets, earrings, bracelets, and dress and hat ornaments.

Arduous and often dangerous work is done before the shell jewellery reaches the buyers in exclusive stores from Sydney to New York.

In their 23ft. cutter Little Bint Mrs. Wraight and her husband sail out from Port Douglas, on the North Queensland coast, to search for rocks and dig in the sand for glistening treasures which cannot be found in safe harbors along the coast.

Some of their finds are so rare that it takes years of searching to collect enough for one necklace.

Poisonous stone fish, giant clams, and stingrays are all part of the day's work, and it takes daring and scientific knowledge to avoid a fatal encounter.

Slight, blond-haired, and permanently tanned, Mrs. Wraight has a knowledge of the Reef which would do credit to the saltiest ancient mariner.

In 1948 she married Ray Wraight, an ex-seaman, who had learnt all the ins and outs of island navigation during the war.

In the first spring tides, which are the lowest, they start collecting in earnest. Loading the boat with supplies, they take off for the nearest anchorage eight miles out and work the rocks as the seas recede.

"But that's only the beginning of the job," Mrs. Wraight explained.

"To preserve the natural glisten of the shells you must get them alive and kicking.

"And some of them certainly can kick. There's a member of the genus Conus which has a sharp spur on a sort of proboscis and has been known to kill a man in three minutes.

"Up to date there is no known antidote."

To kill the shellfish the Wraights either plunge the shells into fresh water or place them base down on hot sand.

"It's all comparatively simple in the daytime, but some shellfish come near the shore only at night, and that does make it a bit more hazardous, because it's so hard to see the poisonous ones or the stone fish, which can be equally fatal," Mrs. Wraight went on.

"Still, up to now we've been lucky and our only casualty was a gashed hand which Ray got from a giant clam—it just meant that I had to get the boat home single-handed, but Ray was all right in a few days."

When the fish are dead the shells are packed in boxes in dry sand to preserve their shine and prevent them from smelling out the boat.

As soon as they get back to port the hard work starts, because the shellfish must be removed immediately.

The process varies with the types; some can be boiled and pulled out with a pin just like winkles; others take longer.

"We've got two fairly effective but primitive methods," says Mrs. Wraight.

"One is to hang them over the side of the boat in wire baskets and let the sea beasties have a free feed and the other is to let ants into the box and give them a treat.

"Then each shell has to be washed separately in fresh water before we deal with it.

"If shells have any seaweed on them it must be scrubbed off with caustic soda.

"Then many of them have a hard calcium skin covering the polished surface and this we remove with hydrochloric acid at various heats.

"Each shell must be treated individually, because too long in the acid would eat the whole thing away."

After this the shells are drilled and polished to Mrs. Wraight's designs.

As no two shells are ever quite identical, each creation is an individual one, and may take anything from a day to years to complete.

● **See pictures opposite.**

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Unique Australian jewellery

• Sea-jewels worn in winter bring the freshness of summer to your winter wardrobe (see story page 16).

PEARLED "asses-ear" shells (left) are used to trim a hat. Earrings are snail shells.

AUGER shells (above) make a dramatic necklace and unusual matching earrings.

GREEN SNAIL SHELLS cluster around pearled cats-eye snails in this choker and earrings. Acid treatment is necessary to bring out the green in smaller shells.

ANNULAR OR RING COWRIES (left) arranged as flowers are used as a hat trim. They have a natural sheen and are quite commonly found all over the Great Barrier Reef.

ATTRACTIVE matched necklaces and earrings. All the smart jewellery pictured was collected from the Great Barrier Reef, treated, designed, and made by Van Wraight.

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

As wives of trusted Labor Prime Ministers, who spent their health and strength in the service of the land and people they loved, we appeal to you, the younger women of Australia, to remember these truths:—

Every time Labor has governed the Commonwealth it has provided a *people's* government—a government which has cared for the people's welfare, cared about their sickness and distress. At all times, Labor has endeavoured to bring peace and happiness into the *homes* of the people.

From Labor governments of Australia have come all great reforms which have genuinely benefited the people; given you and your family freedom from exploitation, better working conditions and the higher standard of living to which every Australian is entitled.

In peace and in war, whenever the people have looked to a Federal Labor Government for sound guidance and justice, Labor has never failed Australia.

And what of your future—the future of your sons and daughters? During the last four years a non-Labor Government has allowed Australia—the same Australia for which your father, your husband or your son may have given his life—to become an almost *undefended* country.

As a result of the bad administration of this Government, the cost of living has sky-rocketed; 300,000 Australian families are still without homes of their own; aged people are struggling to live on a miserable £3/10/- pension.

It is for you, as an elector, to help remedy this sorry state of affairs and to safeguard the future. A return to Labor government is the only practical and dependable remedy. Labor will again lead Australia back to economic stability, to security and to increased prosperity.

For that reason we venture to ask every thoughtful woman in Australia to vote for the Labor candidate in her electorate on Federal polling day, Saturday, May 29th. This is a duty which you owe to Australia.

Margaret Fisher, Sarah M. Scullin
Elsie Curtin, Elizabeth Chifley.

Worth Reporting

LETTERS written by the Queen from each country she has visited have kept Queen Salote of Tonga up to date with all the news of the Royal tour.

We learnt this over a lunch of tomato soup, oysters, chicken Maryland, and fruit salad and ice-cream at a Sydney hotel with two Royal princesses of Tonga.

They were Palu Vavau Tupou, Queen Salote's niece, and Veiongo Fakaua, Queen Salote's first cousin. Both were on their way to London to take part in a gala evening at which artists from all countries she has visited will welcome home Queen Elizabeth.

Shy, 24-year-old Veiongo, has never been away from Tonga before, but Palu has twice accompanied Queen Salote on trips to New Zealand. The first thing they want to see in London is Westminster Abbey, "where the Queen sat."

Tonga has not yet seen the color film of its Royal visit, but in Fiji Palu and Veiongo went to a picture show and had the thrill of seeing themselves on the screen dancing for the Queen.

In Sydney the princesses were under the chaperonage of 74-year-old Mrs. Victoria Lammarrat, who came to Australia from Tonga when she was 12.

Unofficial good fairy to all visiting Tongans, Mrs. Lammarrat has been known to generations of Tongan schoolboys attending Newington College as "Auntie."

Book News

BY HELEN FRIZELL

IN **"The Alderman's Son,"** English writer Gerald Bullett tells the tale of young Master Shaxper, who grew up to be William Shakespeare.

As there is scarcely an historical fact dealing with Shakespeare's childhood, Gerald Bullett has winnowed through the plays and poems, reconstructing what might-have-been in Stratford-upon-Avon.

Interpolated in the novel are many paraphrased quotations.

For instance, the old Farmer Sam, talking to young Will, says: "I earn what I eat, and envy no man's lot, and the chief of my pride is to see my yoes graze and my lambs suck."

Turn to "As You Like It," and find, instead, Corin saying: "I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck."

Being a paraphase of poetry, Mr. Bullett's book, a sincere, scholarly effort, cannot escape being prosy.

Published by Michael Joseph. Our copy from the Grahame Book Company, Sydney.

Success story in roses

THOUSANDS of roses sold by a well-known chain store come from a property near Brisbane which not so long ago was known to local pessimists as the Ten-Acre Tragedy.

When John Wynne, former Department of Air inspector, bought the land in 1946 it was a junk-covered wilderness. It took him two years to clear and cultivate the land.

Wynne's wife and daughter fell seriously ill and he himself was smashed up in a street accident.

Today he has 60,000 roses in the ground and expects to gross £20,000 this year. A.M., the popular weekly magazine for the whole family, brings you this success story in words and pictures in its May 18 issue. A.M. is on sale at all newsagents.

Made their own money then

A RECENT reference in Dorothy Drain's column to the far-western Queensland town of Birdsville brought from veteran drover Mr. H. G. Thompson, now of Kyogle, N.S.W., the following reminiscence:

"In the year 1898 I travelled the Birdsville-Maree (then Hergott Springs) track in charge of two mobs of fat bullocks from the Bluff Station for the Adelaide market. The first mob topped the market, realising an average price of £6/10/- per head!

"It might interest you to know that at that time the majority of business houses in Birdsville printed their own currency. This ranged from £1 notes to 3/- notes, and these were accepted as genuine cash when settling an account anywhere throughout the Birdsville district. It was rarely that a banknote of any kind was seen."

Explaining our Easter bonnet girl

IT would seem a rosy future as a model is assured for four-year-old Miss Angela Marie Loveday, of Croydon Park, Adelaide.

No sooner had copies of the April 21 issue of our paper reached South Australia than five people independently asked her grandmother, Mrs. A. Laver, if our cover girl wearing the Easter bonnet were not Angela Marie.

Another grandmother, Mrs. Isabella Ninness, wrote from East Cessnock of the amazing resemblance to her granddaughter, Isabella Mary Post, aged four years and four months.

We regretted not being able to identify the Easter bonnet wearer, as the picture came from overseas, and guessed her age as being somewhere between four and six.

Now, thanks to a reader, Mrs. E. Coyne, of Reservoir, Victoria, we are able to say that our much-discussed cover girl was Ann Klein, also aged four, who lives in New York.

Mrs. Coyne sent us a cutting from an American magazine on whose cover Ann was appearing that week for the second time.

"Now that she's four, Ann has expanded her interest to include housekeeping and ballet lessons," it said. "She's doing fine at ballet, but needs a few more years to develop her domestic talents. More exciting, though, are the family's plans to move from New York to a farm and raise chickens."

* * *

AT the height of the Petrov affair we saw girls in a city store selling bottles of invisible ink.

Apparently the idea is that you pen your (invisible) letter, post it, and the recipient breathes hard on the notepaper to make the letter visible.

Spare a thought for the post office, though, if letter writers also address the envelopes with invisible ink.

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Special Supplement

For teenagers

NEW MONTHLY FEATURE

HERE is a new young supplement. It is the first of a series and it will appear every month.

Although we have called it "For Teenagers," it is for the Twenties and thereabouts, too, whose interests often overlap those of the Teens.

Our aim is to give young people more of a break—to make for them a newspaper within a newspaper.

We want it to be bright and gay and on the beam; certainly not stuffy. We want it to be—in a word—young.

In this issue we have included features that we believe specially interest young people. They include news stories about other young people and careers, about how to start on the way to being beautiful and getting the most out of life.

Jann Ryrie, not far away from her teens herself, contributes an article that is in itself the first of a new series. This one is addressed to other girls, and it makes the point: Glamor Isn't Enough.

We introduce also another newcomer, Candy Hardy, a talented teenager, to do exclusively young fashions. These will be additional to the latest from our fashion editor, Betty Keep, who each month will angle her expert fashion advice in Dress Sense to young needs.

In response to an expressed demand, Kay Melaun, well known to our young readers for her Youth series, will answer readers' letters each month.

You can write to her about anything—saying what you like or don't like about this section, asking advice about a problem, or just in order to get something off your chest. The letters will be used, so say whether you want your name published.

Disc Digest has grown up to a full-blown feature—and we cheer as we announce it.

This is your section, exclusively for the young, so why not contribute to it and help to make it what you want?

For example: Would you like to write a short story? If you're 20 or under, and make sure it's not more than 2000 words, it will have every chance of being used.

But it has to be good. No one is going to lower the standard of this paper for you or anyone.

And if you're as bright as young people are always saying they are, you'll realise that you'll spoil your chances if you send in a scrawl in longhand.

You've a good story to write and you know how to write it. It's like a child to you. All right; then treat it as if you were entering it in a baby show.

Dress it up by typing it double-spaced on one side of the paper, and put your name, age, and address on it. Then, attached to it, by way of putting a bonnet on the baby's head, add a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

These are the tricks that please a tired fiction editor.

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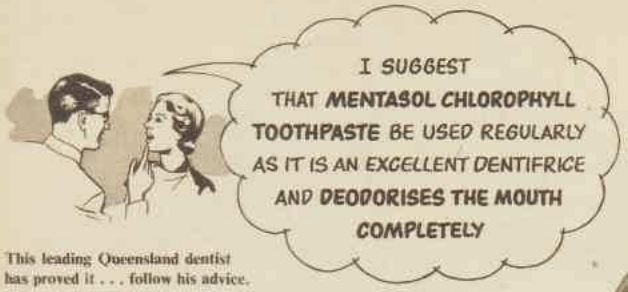
When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR

...here's what he does!



This leading Queensland dentist has proved it . . . follow his advice.

(Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held in our files.)

"As a dentist I would say that the number of people with some degree of mouth odour is amazingly high. It may be caused by digestive disturbances, or things like strong foods, alcohol or tobacco. That is why I recommend Mentasol Chlorophyll Toothpaste so strongly. Not only does it clean the teeth thoroughly, but from experience in my own surgery I've found that Mentasol deodorises the mouth better than any other toothpaste, and that its effect is instantaneous and lasting."

DENTISTS IN EVERY STATE OF AUSTRALIA SAY MENTASOL IS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TOOTHPASTE

Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said. *"Better than any other toothpaste I've ever used."*

We're so sure you'll agree that we make this unconditional guarantee. **Mentasol will do more for you than any other dentifrice—white or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or your money back.**

Try a tube of spearmint-flavoured Mentasol today—proved 50% more effective in destroying mouth odour than ordinary toothpastes.

The world's original
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

M.9.WW143z.

Here is Jann Ryrie, who says in this article . . .

Glamor isn't enough

Years ago in the days of great wealth and great poverty of masters and servants there were unwritten laws that governed the lives of all girls.

IF you were wealthy and in "the register" your life was restricted. You had to dress beautifully, eat exclusive food, and talk exclusive talk. You were expected to learn how to run your home according to "best taste," control the servants, and make dignified conversation, but little else.

It was considered quite unlady-like to know anything about business matters. On the other hand, if you weren't wealthy and couldn't boast a line of prominent ancestors as long as your arm, your life was ruled by a different but equally restrictive set of standards.

You had to dress in plain clothes, eat plain food, and talk plain talk.

Fortunately, things have changed today. There is infinitely less poverty, and consequently less overpowering wealth.

In the more civilised countries the gap between employer and employee has closed, and the effects of class-consciousness have all but disappeared.

As a result, the need for every girl to know how to mix in all company has become of major importance. So has the need for her to dress well, behave well, and, in most cases, earn her own living.

In other words, it has become essential for every girl to be intelligent, to become conversant with the many and important requirements of modern life.

Because I'm married I don't have to earn my own living. But there are plenty of other problems I must master if I'm to be a success.

For a start, I'm newly married—not too newly so to have a young son — but I'm still close enough to my teens to remember the problems one runs up against, the heartaches one suffers, and the joys.

My object in this series is to show you the ways I believe best to get the most out of youthful years. After all, you're not young long.

Now let's see if you are prepared for an impressive entry into this competitive world.

You look at yourself in the mirror and wonder, perhaps, why you're not as attractive as you want to be. So you take up "beauty hints," try them—and, ah! what a few hints can do!

Brushed hair, manicured nails, a happy expression, and all is in readiness—but not really, because just glamor alone isn't enough to make any girl desirable these days.

Besides looking graceful—in, say, a full-skirted, coin-spotted dress belted with a cerise bandanna—a girl must act in a graceful manner.

How is your understanding? Are you sympathetic towards those less fortunate than yourself? Maybe in this fast-moving life you're apt to sweep past such people, not stopping to think if you could help in any way.

For teenagers

By JANN RYRIE

A friend told me the other day she saw a blind old man being jostled on a busy pavement trying to find the step on to the road. She stopped, but the tide of people flowed on, all of them thinking about what they had to do, and showing it in the set expressions on their faces.

And those expressions—not very attractive.

It's amazing how your thoughts can be reflected on your face. Try going to sleep every night with a smile on your face. This sounds like the old peg-on-the-nose stunt to stop it turning up, but it will help; and if you think pleasant thoughts they will be reflected in your personality and outlook.

Your company will be sought eagerly, for people who are happy themselves radiate happiness.

Think back a little on some of your friends and acquaintances. Analyse each and jot down a list of those whose company you seek the most.

Then consider the reason for your choice. I'm willing to bet you will find at the top of your list the person with the brightest outlook on life; the one who cheers you up when you feel glum; the one who is strong enough to overcome bad moments with an optimistic view of the future.

Then look at the bottom of your list. You'll find "Misery Mabel," the girl who never fails to tell you her troubles at home, her terrible job, and the stupidity of the people with whom she comes in contact.

I know what you're thinking. That it isn't always possible to be gay. What about the times you're fighting with Mum when she won't let you stay at a dance past midnight?

It's a weak character who can't raise a smile, even in the darkest hours. It may be hard to do so, but it is possible. What's more, it helps you overcome your troubles and be mistress of your feelings. It peps up your ego, which is important at such times.

Of course, you don't have to overdo it. It is often helpful to discuss any serious problems with a close friend, who may be able to give you good advice, but don't confide in everyone.

Otherwise Jane will hear what you've told Belinda, and Belinda will overhear you telling Dorothy. And finally they'll be heartily sick of you and your worries.

ARE YOU A GOOD MIXER?

One of the first roads to popularity is learning how to mix with all types. Most American girls have this talent. On the whole, they are so well versed in general knowledge that they are interesting.

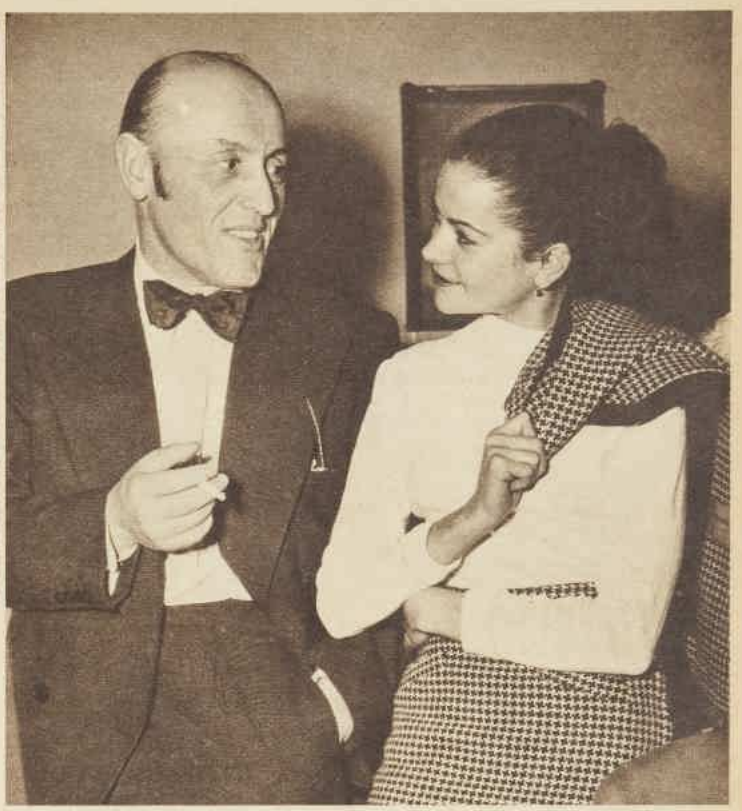
First of all, brush up on

To page 23

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5524978

AUSTRALIAN BALLERINA HAS DIVINE SPARK

AUSTRALIAN prima ballerina Kathleen Gorham, partnered by the famous Russian dancer Serge Golovine, in her new ballet "L'aigrette," in which she danced the leading role. She was highly acclaimed for her interpretation.



BALLET MASTER Edouard Borovansky with Kathleen Gorham, who became the rage of Paris overnight while dancing with the Marquis de Cuevas' company. M. Borovansky invited her to join his corps de ballet when Kathleen, a teenager, was at dancing school.

She provides a pattern for ambitious girls

Famous ballet master Edouard Borovansky, of Melbourne, says prima ballerina Kathleen Gorham is a model for every girl who wants to make a career of dancing.

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

"JUST back from a triumphal tour abroad, she is, like Pavlova, still the first dancer to arrive at the theatre for a rehearsal and usually the last to leave," he said.

"Perfection is the only standard acceptable to a great artist and this is not won easily. It means work, work, work, and more work, rewarded by sublime moments of achievement."

M. Borovansky is adamant in his belief that unless a dancer is born with the divine spark which distinguishes great art from mediocrity, talent cannot be fostered effectively.

He believes that, in addition to being born with natural ability, the dancer of today must be highly intelligent and well educated.

"Ladies of the chorus can no longer be carried by their looks alone or prowess as high-kickers.

"Dancers now regard their work as a serious contribution to the cultural life of the community and have almost a blue-stocking attitude towards study.

"Besides being able to dance, they must know music and drama thoroughly, to be able to interpret human emotions through poetry of movement.

"This means that work and study take up so much time there is little opportunity for the usual social and sporting activities enjoyed by other young people in their age groups.

"A dancer's relaxation is at the end of a good performance when the applause of the audience refreshes mind and body like a shower of rain reviving parched land."

M. Borovansky says real dancers are never tired. The weariness they sometimes experience is an expression of the deep disappointment that follows a feeling that their work was not good enough to merit appreciation.

Kathleen Gorham recalls how often she cried and felt almost heart-broken in the early days of her stage career, thinking she would never be any good.

"A dancer is rarely satisfied with her own performance," she said. "There is always the thought it could have been so much better."

Lovely 23-year-old Kathleen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gorham, of Neutral Bay, Sydney. Only five feet one inch tall, she has a beautiful skin, large dark eyes, and long, black hair.

KATHLEEN GORHAM, whose dancing demands a routine that must be adhered to with rigid discipline, poses for her role in "Aurora's Wedding."

When a little girl she wanted a career as a dramatic actress, but dancing became her great interest when she was about ten years old, and she persuaded her parents to allow her to attend ballet classes.

Five years later, Borovansky, when looking for talent in Sydney, saw her working in class and invited her to join the corps de ballet of the Borovansky Ballet Company in Melbourne.

This was Kathleen's introduction to real work as a dancer, and the sacrifices she would have to make in a career in ballet.

Away from home for the first time, living in a Melbourne boarding-house, she was lonely and homesick. She was not accustomed to late hours and found it very hard to keep awake for evening performances.

In two years Kathleen's outstanding ability as a dancer and her conscientious concentration on work won her a place with the Ballet Rambert when the company returned to England after touring Australia. She also danced with the Sadler's Wells Company in England and Paris before returning home to Australia.

Kathleen went abroad again 16 months ago, and had an immediate success. She was the rage of Paris overnight, dancing with the Marquis de Cuevas' Company and partnered by the famous Russian dancer Serge Golovine. Political trouble in Egypt when the company was performing later in Alexandria cut short the tour.

She is thrilled to be home in Australia, starring in the Borovansky Company again. "Success is awfully empty when it is not shared by those near and dear," she said.

"So often at the end of a performance in Paris I would feel wonderfully elated, and yet just going back to my hotel room instead of celebrating with real friends was awfully lonely."

Although she knows there could be no other career for her, Kathleen often envies girls with ordinary jobs.

"When I think of the normal social life led by my sister and the rigid discipline of my own, I sometimes imagine that perhaps she has the best of it."

M. Borovansky said that financial rewards are also high for dancers who achieve success.

Present awards provide that members of the corps de ballet receive a minimum of £15 a week, and company principals are paid very high salaries.

M. Borovansky is enthusiastic about the opportunities for dancers with outstanding talent who are prepared to work hard.

"A dancer who reaches the top in Australia has no trouble in winning recognition abroad," he said.

M. Borovansky, who is encouraging talented young dancers to make their career in ballet, said students could finance their own training while doing other jobs. They could attend dancing classes after work.

Several scholarships are awarded each year by his own school to promising students handicapped by lack of money.

If you want to be a dancer

SCHOLARSHIPS are available in Australia to students who want to make ballet their career.

The biggest scholarships are awarded every two years by the Royal Academy of Dancing, London. They provide the winners with the return fare to England and tuition at the Royal Academy of Dancing.

One of these scholarships is open to candidates from N.S.W. and Queensland, and the other to candidates from Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania.

Other scholarships:

- **N.S.W. Frances Scully Memorial Scholarship, awarded every two years at the Frances Scully School.**
- **Victoria. National Theatre Ballet School, annual scholarship. Borovansky School, several annual scholarships.**
- **Western Australia. Some Perth ballet schools give private scholarships which entitle the winners to free tuition.**
- **South Australia. Dorothy Slane and Max Collis Studio, annual scholarship to a female dancer and other scholarships to promising male dancers. Joanne Priest, two scholarships annually to own pupils and open scholarships to any promising male dancer.**

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Well, hardly any. For if all you ladies had perfect figures, there'd be no need for this advertisement. But as long as there are women (and we love them all), there'll be all shapes and sizes. And that's where we come in.

Because for *every* figure problem that exists, Berlei makes a garment that can do smooth things—lightly and politely. The secret is in fractional fitting, and that's why only Berlei foundations fit your *shape* as well as your size.

What is fractional fitting? It's Berlei's unique patented fitting system which harmonises the vital proportions between your bust, waist and hips, to give you the smoothest, most comfortable foundations you've ever worn.

Berlei garments are superbly made; designed for maximum control with minimum weight. So whether you like a girdle that's lightweight or a bit heavier, high-waisted or low, short or long, there's a Berlei that's made to your measure.

From featherweight panties to girdles which give positive control, Berlei makes them all.

Try on a Berlei and then you'll know the true meaning of control with comfort. A delicious example of what we mean is the 7002 "Youthlyne" shown at left. It's a light, flexible girdle for figures which need *positive* control. Gently, firmly as a pair of hands its new "waist definer" feature gives you the waistline you've always wanted.

No strings attached-

Don't forget Berlei bras — team them with your Berlei girdles for all-round figure beauty.

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Be sure it's a Berlei Original

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For teenagers

Basic record library

● Our Disc Digest expert, Bernard Fletcher, starts the first of his teenager specials with advice on how to build a record library

By BERNARD FLETCHER

IF you want to find yourself surrounded with a good record library *don't* concentrate on one type of music or the works of one composer.

There is a great temptation to begin a top-heavy library if you are strongly attracted to one branch of music. Later, it's 100 to 1 you will outgrow that phase and whole sections of your shelves will be "dead."

Exotic, colorful music is a certain trap. It has an immediate appeal, but, unfortunately, its richness soon clovs. I remember going through Rimsky-Korsakov and Liszt periods. Nowadays, I play them about once a year or even less.

Besides, when building a library you must remember that the discs are not for you alone. You must also consider what your friends like to hear, because more than half the enjoyment of records is shared listening.

Another obvious pitfall is to collect personalities, say, every disc of a certain pop vocalist, pianist, or tenor. It's fine for their fans, but dull for guests who want variety.

One day looking through a book on composers I saw very clearly how lopsided my own collection was. Lots of pops and dance, excerpts from plays, a selection of moderns like Ravel and Debussy, and only the merest sprinkling of serious stuff. A real library, I saw, should be panoramic: something from each century, each country, and, of course, The Three B's — Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

The knack of becoming friends with the master composers lies in frequent hearing. You can't do that in the concert hall. You might, for instance, hear Brahms' Double Concerto for violin and cello once, be unable to grasp it all, and then not hear it again for months or years. By that time you've lost interest.

The moral of which is that it is 99 per cent. safe to buy a recording of a "good" composer's work because, through repetition, you will come to know and love it.

Adventure is one of the most exciting parts of forming your collection.

Now for some suggestions for your basic library. It's obviously impossible to suit everyone's tastes, so don't quibble if your favorite music is overlooked. I'll also skip works that everyone likes and strive instead to offer a broad selection which shows the composer in a characteristic light.

HERE is a list of suggested records for a basic library with composers in chronological order:

Purcell (1658-1695): "When I Am Laid In Earth," sung by Joan Hammond.

Bach (1685-1750): Any of the Brandenburg Concertos—No. 3 is a jolly one.

Handel (1685-1759): "Arrival of the Queen of Sheba," or any of the ballet suites such as "The Great Elopement," "Origin of Design," "The Faithful Shepherd."

Haydn (1732-1809): "Clock" Symphony or the delightful "Lark" Quartet.

Mozart (1756-1791): Symphony No. 32 on one 12in. 78 r.p.m. disc.

Beethoven (1770-1827): The vivid overture to "Coriolan" or the "Twelve Contra Dances."

Rossini (1792-1868): Overture to "Thieving Magpie."

Schubert (1797-1828): "Die Forelle," sung by Schwarzkopf.

Berlioz (1803-1869): "Carnaval Romain."

Mendelssohn (1809-1847): "Rondo Capriccioso," newly recorded by Claudio Arrau.

Schumann (1810-1856): "Carnaval Suite" on piano.

Chopin (1810-1849): "Nocturne in D Flat Major," by Lipatti.

Liszt (1811-1886): "Les Preludes."

Wagner (1813-1883): "Siegfried Idyll" or "Mastersingers Overture."

Franck (1825-1899): "Symphonic Variations."

Brahms (1833-1897): "St. Anthony Variations."

Bizet (1838-1875): "Jeux d'Enfants" Ballet.

Moussorgsky (1839-1881): "Pictures At An Exhibition."

Tchaikovsky (1840-1893): No. 2, the not-so-famous piano concerto.

Dvorak (1841-1904): "New World" Symphony.

Grieg (1843-1907): "Holberg Suite."

Elgar (1857-1934): "Enigma Variations."

Puccini (1858-1924): Joan Hammond's two arias from "Turandot" on one disc.

Debussy (1862-1918): "Nuages."

Delius (1862-1934): "Hassan."

Sibelius (1865—): "Swan of Tuonela."

Ravel (1871-1937): "La Valse."

Rachmaninoff (1873-1943): "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini."

GLAMOR ISN'T ENOUGH — continued from page 20

the news of the day. Don't be vague about subjects discussed. Unlike the old days, women must now have a knowledge of current events, so **make** time to read your daily newspaper.

Apart from learning who's who in the local footer team, find out about such things as the imports and exports of Australia—what am I saying! There is no need to be an expert on any subject, but it is important to have general knowledge.

Don't talk about cricket to a sailing enthusiast just because your previous date was an ardent Bradman fan. In the same way you don't discuss your professor-uncle's academic career with Bob Jones, who (if you had only remembered) has never passed an examination in his life.

Although it's important to be able to discuss a wide variety of subjects, don't talk too much for the sake of talking.

I met a girl once who earbashed me on the heights of various mountains, the length of rivers, and — oh! what a bore! I couldn't get away from her quickly enough.

So don't take a feather from her cap and get too technical.

Besides brushing-up your conversation and making it intelligent make sure also that you can **do** things.

What a shame it would be if that attractive Bob you admire so much from a distance asked you to tennis and you had to answer: "Oh, I don't play tennis; sorry." Don't let this happen to you.

My friend Catherine was once asked to make up a four at bridge. Not saying that Mum had given her only a couple of "dramatic" and argumentative lessons, she joined in, full of confidence, and scooped the pool. Beginner's luck they call it; and it must be, for Catherine says she has never had it again.

On picnic days it's not much fun to be left sitting on the rug watching the ants running into the jam jar rather than joining in and having fun with the others.

A man admires a girl when she can turn from the bewitching beauty of the dance floor—soft, demure, pretty, and intelligent—to someone who can join in a game of rounders and is, nevertheless, still attractive in blue jeans and checked shirt with a colorful scarf catching her hair.

Whack! A boundary! "Good for you!" he calls. And he's so busy looking at you that he forgets to fox the ball.

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Featuring incomparable LUCAS styling and fit, these delicately fluted scanties (as illustrated) and plain mid-length panties are available in all sizes — pink-pearl, ivory and bubble-blue.

The "Evalastic" waistband is guaranteed to outlast the life of the garment.

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BOND'S WINTERLOVELIES ARE BASED ON FASHIONS SENT FROM NEW YORK

Candy Wilson, top-notch 7th Avenue designer, whose specialty is line and fit, sent us ideas like cute, self-ruffled little-boy collars on neat-belted pyjamas. Trim peaked collars that "cover up" for a deep slashed neckline. All rippling with ruffles.

"DREAM-GLO" WINTERLOVELIES
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HABITS THAT MAKE A BEAUTY

What makes the difference between a pretty girl and an ugly duckling? One answer to that question is "habits of beauty."

FOR you, the teenager who has put haphazard childhood behind, habit or routine, call it what you will, is the solid foundation of beauty grooming.

At your age it's a simple affair of many small attentions like brushing your teeth and scrubbing your fingernails. Most of it can, and should, be done at home.

The point is this: You must give a small but regular amount of time to grooming each day, and never once let a single item slide.

On this page is a no-nonsense plan for youthful hair care. Follow it habitually and you might one day be known as the girl with the prettiest hair in the neighborhood.

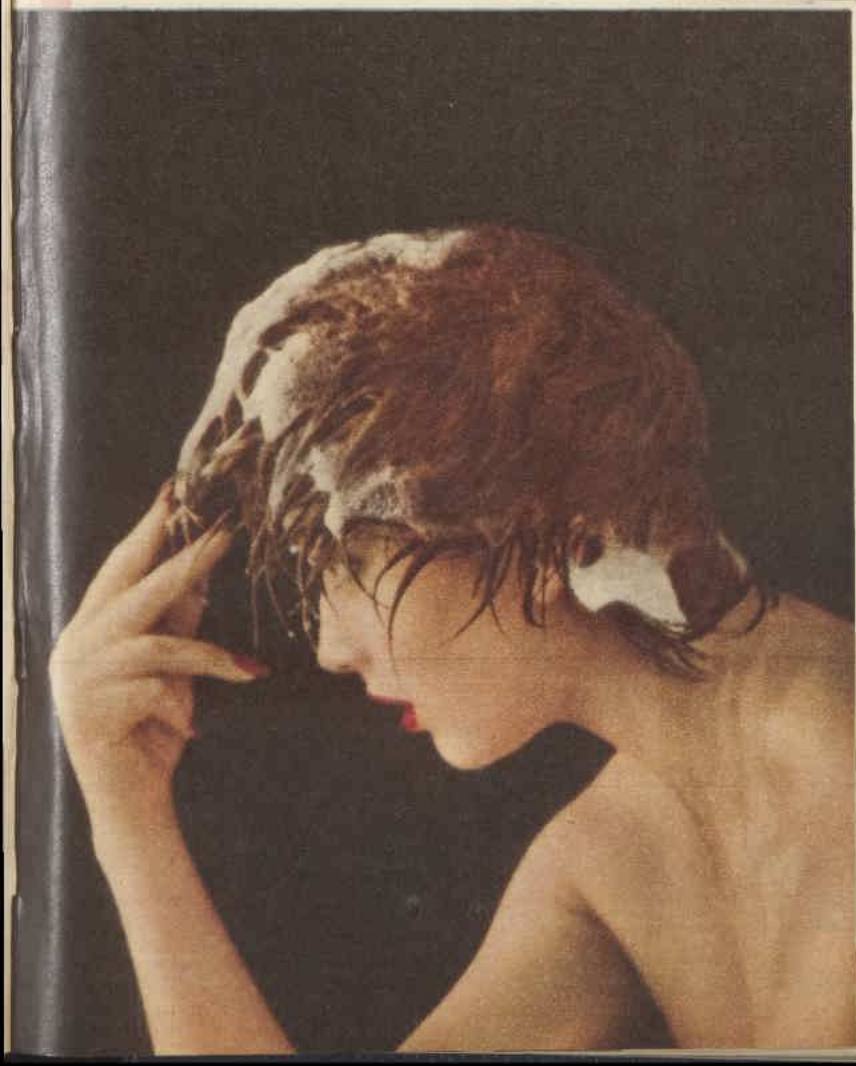
For teenagers

Rules for Healthy Hair. No matter whether your locks are baby-fine or of the steel-wool variety, there are two basic rules for healthy hair: (1) Good circulation and (2) cleanliness.

Brushing and scalp massage each day plus a thorough shampoo at least once a fortnight is the simple hair-drill for young heads.

How to Brush Your Hair. Get into the habit of brushing your hair for five minutes—by the clock or count the strokes. You should count 200 firm strokes in five minutes. Coax the hair up and away from the scalp, parting it in various places, and brushing with long, rhythmic strokes from the roots to the ends of each strand.

Incline the head as shown in the picture at right.



Steady brushing helps to stimulate the oil glands and also to distribute natural oil along the hair length.

Result? Much more gloss.

Massage This Way. To keep the scalp supple and active, exercise it by slipping the fingertips (no fingernails, please) through your curls and move the scalp all over with a circular kneading action, working from the hair-line towards the crown.

Massage is a spare-moment job, but try to do it at the same time each day until it becomes a habit.

A Good Home Shampoo. Prepared liquid shampoo or bland Castile soap shaved thin and dissolved in water until it is jelly-like in consistency usually works nicely if your hair is normal and you use soft water.

To cleanse your scalp thoroughly, part your hair off in sections all over the head, then with a small brush (an old, clean toothbrush will do) lather the cleanser right into the pores until the head is covered (see picture at left). Then rinse in at least three different waters or until the water runs clear.

A strand of hair pulled through the fingers indicates that all soap is removed if it feels smooth and silky. If not, try another rinse.

If it is at all possible, hand-dry your hair in the sun. You may need to sit under a dryer sometimes, but natural heat is best for your hair.

It's a good idea to keep wave-set lotion on hand if you need a pin-curled set. If your hair is apt to dry like a bundle of new-mown hay, setting lotion is a means of making it behave.

Use lotion as directed.

And, of course, keep a regular shampoo date.

Special Treatments. Hot oil treatments before shampoos are wonder workers if the hair is dry. Heat a quarter of a cup of olive or mineral oil and rub it into the scalp with a bit of cottonwool while it is comfortably warm a couple of hours before washing.

There are special scalp tonics and preparations to counteract oily hair. Use a dry-egg shampoo to absorb the oil between wet shampoos. For this last, use the beaten whites of two eggs, applied all over the scalp with a toothbrush.

Allow to dry, and then brush it thoroughly out of the hair.

Watch Your Diet. Like the skin and the fingernails, hair is a living, growing part of the human body, and diet deficiencies that make the skin spotty and fingernails a problem also cause the hair to lose condition.

For beautiful hair with high gloss, make a habit of eating whole-grain cereals, oatmeal, eggs, lean meat, yeast, green vegetables, fresh fruit, and drink plenty of milk.

Footnote: If you would like to suggest any beauty subject or problem peculiar to youth, write and tell me and I will try to deal with it in later articles in this teenage section.

—CAROLYN EARLE

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"Far whiter than last week ... Look! I've just tried PERSIL"

"I made a discovery..." says Mrs. Bothan, Ernest Street, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

"This week I found out that anything but the best is waste of time. I tried Persil. The clothes are ever so much whiter, sweeter and cleaner. It'll do me for life!"

WHITER BECAUSE IT WASHES CLEANER! Whether you boil or not, Persil gets clothes whiter than any other washing product, because Persil—and only Persil—contains oxygen. Oxygen sends the suds bubbling through the fabric . . . right into every thread. And there you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanness! Yet for all its thoroughness, Persil is gentle with precious coloureds, rayons and woollies.

Persil Washes Whiter!

P.105.WW1434

Mrs. America won the hard way

From ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

Glamorous Mrs. Wanda Jennings, newly elected as "Mrs. America," put aside her bathing-suit and picked up a broom. "I'm still a housewife," she said, as she swept up the litter of photographers' flash-bulbs on the floor of the sitting-room in her villa at Daytona Beach, Florida.

THEN, instead of going out to celebrate her win over 49 other beauties for the annual title, Mrs. Jennings set to work to prepare lunch for her husband, a St. Louis chemist, and her eight-year-old son, Michael.

Mrs. Jennings, aged 28, is blond, blue-eyed, 5ft. 9½in. tall, weighs 9st. 9lb., and has a 35in. bust, 25in. waist, and 36in. hips. But the judges of the contest, held this year at Daytona Beach, weren't interested in her measurements.

Mrs. Jennings won on her performance as an all-round homemaker. For four days 50 harassed entrants from all the States of America, the Federal District of Columbia, and the Territory of Hawaii had conducted their housekeeping in individual cottages.

Husbands and children were present as guinea-pigs.

The 16th annual Mrs. America contest began when Mrs. Jennings (as Mrs. Missouri) and all the other State champions moved, with their families, into identical six-room villas at Ellinor Village, Daytona Beach.

Each villa was furnished with the same tinned foods, household appliances, and books of rules and instructions.

The same morning, at 9 o'clock, the flustered entrants started jumping through the hoop. This was the first day's schedule, the lightest of four work-filled days:

9 a.m. Home open for inspection.

9.30 a.m. Children must be dressed and packed off to "kiddie kamp," where special supervisors check them.

10 a.m. "Neighbor" drops in for morning tea, "accidentally" spills tea and cakes on carpet. Housewife must clean up fast because judge is due to arrive at —

WINNER. Mrs. Wanda Jennings in the regalia of "Mrs. America." Fifty housewives took part in the national contest.

10.30 a.m. to ask if she is "settling in smoothly?" Judge lingers to see if he can distract housewife from preparing lunch for husband, who is due back from golf course at —

12 noon with ravenous appetite. Judge decides at last moment to stay to lunch (housewife had better ask him, or lose points).

1 p.m. Judge leaves with husband; wife must clean up, vacuum carpets, dust furniture, dress, and be at a designated place five miles away ready to wrap packages for charity bazaar at —

2.30 p.m. Here housewife is tested on her sociability, leadership qualities.

4 p.m. Home to design a dinner, completely fashioned from the canned goods she finds on the shelf.

6 p.m. Promptly, in every dining-room in every contestant's villa in Ellinor Village, a family sits down to dinner. The meal must show the ingenuity of the individual housewife, who must cater to family tastes and food prejudices.

6.30 p.m. Judge drops in to sample food, asks children disarmingly whether they liked their dinner.

6.45 p.m. Does husband help wife with dishes? A judge may peep into uncurtained kitchen window to see. (Contestants aren't allowed to accept assistance.)

7.15 p.m. Baby-sitter corps takes over because all contestants must go out and be sociable. One event was a night baseball game. Aspiring Mrs. America had better watch closely, because ubiquitous judges drop in at about —

11 p.m. to discuss game in detail with housewife.

Midnight. All lights out. Thank heaven!

Was it all worth it? Mrs. Jennings thinks so. She's now reaping the rewards: A fortnight's holiday in her Ellinor Village cottage, two weeks in Europe, and 15,000 dollars in prize money.

★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Make that little journey, May 19, and gain unlooked-for advantages. Watch advertisements, May 21; useful information can lead to the gratifying of a wish.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Undecided, hesitating between two possibilities, May 20? Either way you stand to lose, since the price may be higher than you want to pay. May 21 holds a better solution.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): No matter how hard you try, May 18 will not yield results in business or personal affairs. May 24 has news which sets your mind soaring into fresh flights of fancy.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): You have a little plan which you keep to yourself, May 20, while working on it with much enthusiasm. On May 24 it can be launched, and be happily successful.

LEO (July 23-August 22): If young and impressionable, May 22 sparkles with romance, perhaps an exciting first date. May 23 is excellent for group activities, outings.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): If you're out to get a new job or wish to make good with the boss, May 18 is not the day on which favors should be asked. May 24, push business interests.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): The evening of May 21 may develop ideas for travel, studies, or hobbies. Some new element is likely to make its appearance, May 23.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Some of you will plan a budget or take part in a speculative venture, May 18. Practical ways and means can fulfil a wish, May 19.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Mix-ups, misunderstandings with family, workmates, or personal friends are likely to cause complications, May 20. Do all you can to straighten out the tangle, May 21.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): If making a request of those in authority, choose May 21. This day also favors transactions in property. Beware of minor accidents, May 23.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): A happy surprise could brighten May 21, which also inclines to success in speculation. Disappointment over social arrangements may cloud May 22.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Changes in your surroundings may be a feature of May 18. Many will stay home over the weekend in order to continue the good work.

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Bust	32½	33½	35	34½	36	37	39½	41	43	41	43	44
Waist	26	26½	27½	29	30	33	34	36	38	35	36	39
Seat	35	36	38½	37½	40	40½	42½	44½	46½	44	46	47½
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KAY MELAUN SAYS:

Here's your answer

This is a from-the-mailbag page, but in a sense it's Youth's own corner, because in it you can express your own opinions. Every month I'll answer your letters, but if it's an interesting letter requiring no answer, written only to get something off your chest—even criticism or protests—it will get an airing here. Unless you specifically request publication of your name and address, I'll use just initials or your first name and the suburb and State.

Kay Melaun

YOU'RE always writing articles for girls. Why don't you write more for boys? What I and my friends would like to read would be a feature for boys all about girls. Why do they talk so much? What do they talk about when they're alone? Do they ever stop talking? What do they think of boys? How much do they know? That sort of thing. Also some ideas for home carpentry and hobbies, etc.

E.F.D., Indooroopilly, Qld.

"All" about girls would take from here till Doomsday, but I promise to give the boys more of a break in at least one article about girls. There has been little demand for carpentry and hobbies so far as I know, but I have put your request to the editor.

I WANT to get a dress ring and want to know my birthstone. My birthday is on January 28.

D.A., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Garnet for January. The other birthstones are: February, amethyst; March, bloodstone or aquamarine; April, diamond; May, emerald; June, pearl, moonstone, or agate; July, ruby; August, sardonyx; September, sapphire; October, opal or *tourmaline*; November, topaz; December, turquoise or lapis lazuli.

I LIKE men, but I just don't seem able to attract them. I'm 19, quite attractive, and well-dressed. I try to be charming and interested in what the men talk about, and in their hobbies, etc., but I never seem to click. I read all the helpful articles in all the magazines, too. Is it me, or is it them?

Tina, Roseville, N.S.W.

It's hard to say why you don't click. Your letter certainly sounds as though you're on the beam and as bright as a bee. Perhaps you're a bit over-earnest about attracting the boys—and earnestness is one thing that makes them take to their heels. The girl who makes a business of trying to attract men is much less likely to do so than the one who goes interestedly about the main business of living—meeting new people (both sexes), developing new interests, broadening her knowledge of the world around her.

In other words, don't try so hard to seem interested and charming as though it were an act you're putting on. Be interested instead.

MY only boy-friend takes out a different girl every night of the week. He says I am the plainest of the lot, but that I'm at least intelligent. My mother says I should stop going out with him. Do you agree?

A.C., Condobolin, N.S.W.

If this is the only objection your mother has to him, no, oh, no, I don't agree that you should give him up. While you have only one, you really can't afford to. An old female maxim is: Don't give up one boy-friend until you're reasonably sure of another.

I LOVE going out with boys of all shapes and sizes because I think they are good fun. Naturally, I am too young to think of any of them seriously, being only 15. My girl-friend says I am a flirt going out with all these different boys. I think she is jealous, but would like to know if you think she is right.

A.G., Hawthorn, Vic.

For teenagers

Of course, you're a flirt going out with all these boys. But what's wrong with being a flirt. It would be a mistake if, at your age, you were thinking of them seriously, but so long as your parents approve, why shouldn't you.

ON glancing through an old copy of your magazine I noticed a drawing showing how to tie a bow tie. As I am still only young I have not attended many formal parties. But when I have, I have had to wear ready-made bows. Several of my older friends have commented on this and suggested I learn how to tie a bow, as I have many myself. However, as my mother is a widow, I could not ask any male how to do so, and your directions were a great joy to me. However, upon commencing to follow your directions I found they were not so simple. They were in four stages, but I could follow only the first three. The final and most important was beyond me. I struggled for nearly half an hour and tried many different endings, none being successful.

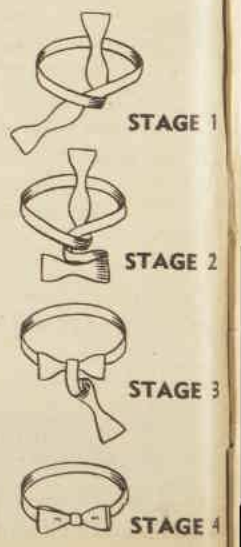
A.R., East St. Kilda, Vic.

Sorry this wasn't clear. I had thought the diagrams would make it plain sailing. (For others who may have been in the same plight, I repeat the diagrams.) At stage 3 you should have looped up the half-bow and be holding it underneath with your left thumb. Your thumb should be holding it a little away from the knot, making a hole inside. You then draw up the other end of the tie with your right hand and pull it through on top of your thumb. It then is tied but looks lumpy, with the ends uneven and wobbly. Even the ends, and when they're about right give a firm (but gentle) tug with both hands, settling the knot and making it quite small.

Those adept at tying bow ties say that learning to tie a bow tie is like swimming or writing shorthand—one moment you can't and the next you can. They say it is tied exactly the same way as you tie a shoelace, but that no one ever believes them.

At risk of telling you more than you care to know about the subject, I'll add that the main thing to remember, once you've mastered the intricate bit from stage 3 to completion, is that it's the firm tug at the ends that makes the fluttery desirable bow. So don't be afraid to settle it firmly (I don't mean firmly around your neck. I mean to pull the knot tight).

Incidentally, after a period bow ties lose their spring even if you haven't been wearing them but have had them hanging in your wardrobe. This accounts, I think, for some being easier to tie than others, quite apart from the quality of the material used in them and the changing mood and temperament of the wearer.



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SEND THEM TO EMPIRE GAMES

MARLENE MIDDLEMISS

MARLENE MATHEWS

NANCY FOGARTY

CAROL BERNOTH

WINSOME CRIPPS

VAL LAWRENCE

Appeal opens to help brilliant athletes

This week The Australian Women's Weekly is launching an appeal for funds to send six of Australia's most brilliant women athletes to take part in the Empire Games, which will be held at Vancouver from July 30 to August 7.

We are delighted to sponsor this appeal, which will give these athletes richly merited opportunities to win international sporting honors for Australia in contest with representatives from other countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

A TOTAL of 26 athletes, both men and women, have been endorsed for the Empire Games, but to date there is sufficient money to pay for only eight.

The eight who are certain to go to Canada in July include Olympic sprint star Marjorie Jackson and champion hurdler Gwen Wallace. Each of the six other girls who have been chosen needs £445 to meet her expenses.

This means that a total of £2670 has to be raised.

If this money is forthcoming, Australia will be represented in Canada by probably the finest and youngest team of local girls ever to go to an international athletic event.

The six girls for whom funds have to be raised are:

Miss Carol Bernoth (Q.), high jump; Miss Winsome Cripps (Vic.), 100yds., 220yds. relay; Miss Nancy Fogarty (N.S.W.), 100yds., 220yds. relay; Miss Val Lawrence (W.A.), shot put, discus; Miss Marlene Mathews (N.S.W.), 100yds., 220yds. relay; Miss Marlene Middlemiss (Vic.), 80 metres hurdles, high jump.

Each of them is capable of finishing in a first, second, or third place at Vancouver.

The Australian Women's Weekly is pleased to announce that it will accept on behalf of the Australian Women's Athletic Union any sum, large or small, towards the objective of getting the girls away.

The address at which donations will be received appears in the panel on this page.

"The appeal is a magnificent idea," said Mrs. Doris Magee, honorary secretary of the N.S.W. Union and one of the three team selectors. "Each of the eight girls has definitely earned a place in the team, because we have worked towards a high standard.

"In the past two international meetings—the Olympic Games of 1952 at Helsinki and the Empire Games at Auckland in 1950—our girls raised the Australian flag more frequently than the men. At the New Zealand Games nine girls won eight gold medals—all British Empire records and one world record.

Gold medals

"AT Helsinki the four Australian girls won three gold medals and one bronze medal. All three gold medals were for world's records and our women athletes have since bettered most of these records.

"At present they hold the quarter-mile relay world record.

"This is a very young team, the average age is 19, which makes it a specially valuable team because the girls will 'last' until the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne.

"We have to produce £120 each for Marjorie Jackson and Gwen Wallace and £445 each for the other six girls."

The team will leave by air on July 13 for Vancouver and return by air a month later.

Another selector, Miss Lil Neville, secretary of the Victorian Women's Amateur Athletic Association, said the announcement of the appeal for funds was "wonderful news."

The opportunity of putting Australia on the map by sending these outstanding sportswomen abroad was too great to be missed.

The Australian Women's Weekly was performing a tremendous service in bringing before the public the need for funds to send the girls to the Empire Games.

"If a full team does not go to Vancouver it will mean that we will lose placings we already hold abroad," she added.

The girl athletes themselves and their friends are working to raise funds for the trip.

Marjorie Jackson is autographing 500 copies of the book "The Story of the Empire Games" by the Australian secretary of the British Empire and Commonwealth Games Association, Mr. J. S. Eve, which will be sold at £1 each.

Nancy Fogarty has already held a theatre party as a means of raising money; a ball is being held at the Concord, N.S.W., Town Hall for Marlene Mathews on May 19; citizens' committees at Coff's Harbor, N.S.W., and Coolangatta, Queensland, are raising money for Carol Bernoth.

Manager of the women's team will be Mrs. John Morison, of Dee Why, N.S.W., who is the vice-president of the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Swimming Association.

She said the dress uniform of the women's team will be a frock of silver-grey worsted of the same material as the men athletes' uniform. The frocks will have white collars and will be worn with blazers in myrtle green with patch pockets and nipped-in waistlines.

Winsome Cripps, of Melbourne, 23-year-old schoolteacher, who holds every Victorian sprint title, believes that Australia's chances in the Olympic Games will be governed by the opportunities the Australian girls will have in the Empire Games.

Winsome, who was a member of the Australian team at Helsinki, said the stimulus of world competition could not be over-estimated.

"When competing against champions of other countries you find yourself rising to heights you never dreamed possible," she said.

"Overseas experience makes all the difference between mediocrity and the highest standard of performance."

Marlene Mathews, of Strathfield, N.S.W., champion sprinter, will celebrate her 20th birthday on July 14—the day after the Australian team will leave for the Empire Games.

When only 16 years old, Marlene went to New Zealand in 1950 for the Centennial Games, tied with Shirley Strickland in the 100 yards championship. Marjorie Jackson came third.

"It's the only time I've really beaten Marjorie, but I must say it helped my confidence tremendously," said Marlene.

"Then when the three of us won the 440 yards relay race together I felt that I had reached a worth-while standard and should start training in earnest for the Olympics."

Marlene is 5ft. 6½in. tall and weighs 9st. 9lb.

Training

"I HAVE to train like mad to keep my weight down to that and it's always likely to go up in the winter season. To make sure of my weight I have played basketball in the past two years," she said.

Piano-playing and dancing are Marlene's other two hobbies, but she doesn't expect to have much time for either in the next four months because she will be training every night.

Nancy Fogarty, 19, of Glebe, N.S.W., who has had only four years of athletic training, won her selection for the Empire Games team by coming fourth in the Australian 100 Yards Championship in Perth early this year.

An attractive, slim girl, 5ft. 6in. tall, she has short-cut fair hair which curls crisply, widely set deep blue eyes, and a charming smile.

"I'm very lucky that I don't have to worry much about diet, even when I'm in full training," she said.

"As long as I keep off soft drinks and cakes, which I don't like very much, I have no trouble in keeping my weight at a steady 8st. 4lb."

From nine to five she works as a stenographer with a firm of timber merchants, and enjoys the job very much.

Marlene Middlemiss, 22, Victorian hurdles, long jump, and high jump champion, took up athletics five years ago after she had seen the Dutchwoman Fanny Blankers Koen in action. "Before that I scarcely knew anything about sport," she said.

Marlene, who works in a Melbourne shoe store, joined the Victorian Railways Athletic Club and trained as a runner.

When the running season ends in winter, Marlene usually puts on a stone in weight. She has just begun gymnasium practice twice a week to help her reduce.

Marlene said if she were able to make the trip to Canada she would express her thanks to the Australian public not only by endeavoring to win while abroad but also by passing on to promising juniors whatever experience she gained.

If funds can be raised to send 18-year-old Val Lawrence, of Victoria Park, W.A., to Canada she will be the first Australian shot putter and discus thrower to compete in Empire Games.

She was school champion at East Victoria Park for three consecutive years. After leaving school she joined the W.A. Women's Athletic Association and became prominent as an all-round athlete.

Eighteen - year - old Val trains by taking long rapid walks on most nights of the week, by gymnasium work with special exercises, and by technique practice. Her trainer is Keith Allen, of Perth.

Carol Bernoth, of Coolangatta, Queensland, who is only 16 years old, has won the Australian high jump record with a jump of 5ft. 4in.

Carol began her training at Coff's Harbor Primary School.

Where to send donations

● Cheques, postal notes, or money orders to assist the appeal for funds to send the six Australian girl athletes to the Empire Games should be made out to "Empire Games Appeal," and posted to:

EMPIRE GAMES APPEAL,
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY,
Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney

These girls sure to go

TRIP TO CANADA seems assured for these two brilliant athletes, Marjorie Jackson (left), famous sprinter, and Gwen Wallace, hurdles and long-jump champion.

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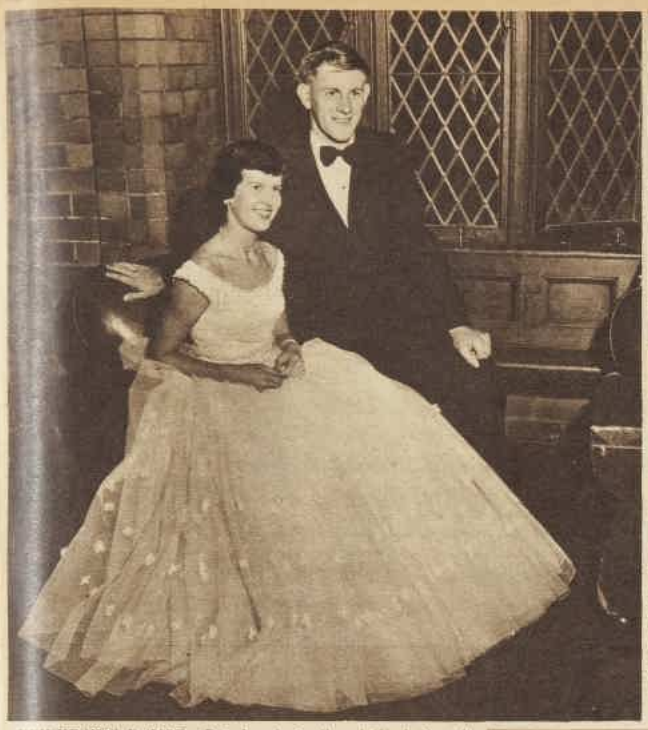


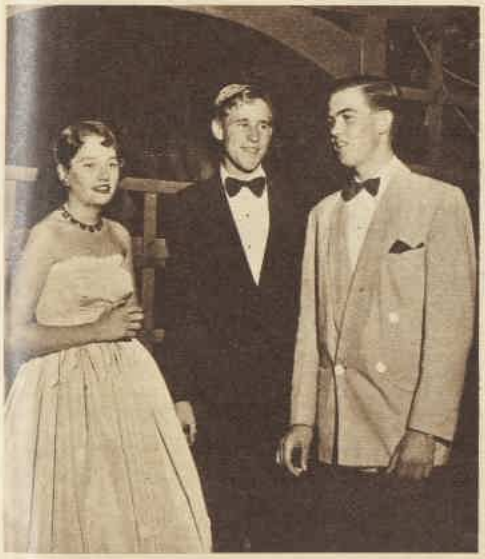
UNIVERSITY DANCE. Deirdre Aspinall and Hugh Howell sit out between dances at the "formal" given by the students of Wesley College at the college. Deirdre wore a pretty dress with a white tulle skirt and guipure lace bodice.

WED IN ENGLAND. Lieutenant Ian Oldham and his bride leave St. Columba's Church of Scotland, London, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Mrs. Judith Ballantyne van Hasselt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sanderson, of Melbourne and "Billabong," Marsden.

NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut.-Commander Royston Dawborn and his bride pass through guard-of-honor as they leave St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. Mrs. Dawborn was formerly Veronica Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Jones, of Kingsford.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

ARCHITECTURAL CONVENTION. Mr. John Suttor (left), Mrs. Suttor, Mrs. John Nisbet, and Mr. Nisbet at the luncheon in the Starlight Room of the Australia Hotel which followed the official opening of the convention.



TRIO. Robyn Beegling, Dick Golsby, of "Calabash," Young (centre), and John Malloch at the dance given by Rosemary Campbell, Rosemary Carmichael, Ellen Coombes, Patty Crane, June Fredericks, Judy Moore, Jan Newman, and Margaret Noble at the Woollahra Golf House.

A SMALL invasion of Sydney will begin in early June when the country folk arrive in town for Sheep Week.

They'll be kept busy from June 3 to June 9 with the Sheep Show and the Sheep Sales, which are both held at the Showground.

Among sheepbreeders coming down for the show are Mr. and Mrs. George Falkiner, of "Haddon Rig," Warren, and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Body, of "Bundemar," Trangie.

The show will be opened by Sir Stephen Holmes, High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Australia.

• • •

THE round of parties that are part and parcel of the show — when sheepbreeders have their annual get-together —starts with a buffet dinner given by the Australian Society of Breeders of British Sheep at the Pickwick Club on Thursday, June 3. President of the society is Mr. Gus Taylor, of "Lindbury," Cudal.

• • •

MR. and Mrs. Bill Bishop, of "Wootton," Scone, will be missing from the Sheep Show this year. They set off overseas in April, and expect to be home in October.

• • •

LEXINGTON, Kentucky, U.S.A., will be the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Audette, who were married at the Mariemont Community Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, last month. Mrs. Audette was formerly Patty Lou Haas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Haas, of Point Piper. Bernard and Patty Lou are honeymooning in Miami, Florida, and Boston, Massachusetts.

WITH the date of her wedding with John Higgins set for June 4, pretty Patsy Scammell is in the midst of a whirl of trousseau shopping and shower teas. Among the parties are a handkerchief tea to be given on May 15 by Sue Snelling and a coathanger tea to be given by Mrs. John Norris on May 22. A reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club will follow the wedding ceremony at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Patsy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Scammell, of Clifton Gardens, and John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Higgins, of "Curracabark," Gloucester.

• • •

AMONG passengers on the Orontes, leaving Sydney on June 17, will be Commander Bill Cook, R.A.N., and Mrs. Cook, with their children, Rhoderic and Angela. They're bound for Barrow in Furness, in England, where Commander Cook will take up his new appointment in H.M.A.S. Melbourne, the new aircraft carrier now being built.

• • •

RECEPTION at Kinneil, Elizabeth Bay, will follow the wedding of Josephine Molloy and Leo Ryan at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, this Saturday, May 15. Josephine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Molloy, of "Myretta," Mandurama, and Leo is the son of Mrs. E. Ryan, of "Glenorin," Canowindra, and the late Mr. Ryan.

Anne

AT ENGAGEMENT PARTY. Mrs. Ron Best (left), Mr. Best, and Gillian Galbraith at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. W. Cowie to celebrate engagement of their son Brian to Sally Warner, of Cairns, Queensland.

EX-STUDENTS' BALL. Anne Mackney and Stuart Burns at the ball given by the Old Girls' Union of P.L.C., Croydon, at the Trocadero. Anne wore a bouffant white embroidered nylon dress trimmed on the bodice with small pearls.

YOUNG HOSTESSES (at back, from left) Patricia Saunders, Jennifer Hume, Xanthe Small, and Jacquelyn Brain and (in front, from left) Jocelyn Crisp and Diana Winston at the dance they gave at Woollahra Golf House.

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Dress to plea

● *These clothes have been chosen to please the man in your life; they're all in fashion and you don't have to rob a bank to have them copied. You can change the colors to suit your taste. I know he would love to take you dancing in the delectable poppy-red dress (left) and to dine by candlelight in either of the pink dresses (far right). I always say it is a good idea to make a pleasure of dressing smartly—not only to please him but to please yourself, too. Obviously this takes doing. A certain amount of time and a certain amount of patience are absolutely necessary—but worth while. You will collect the reward in compliments.* —CANDY HARDY

● *The American original (above) is by Sophie, of Saks, Fifth Avenue. The dress is worn with gold hoop earrings and gold sandals, and long white skin gloves are added for formal occasions.*

For teenagers

● *Creamy gold fleece wool jacket (right) made in the new longer length, back-belted and fastened with shiny gilt buttons. The coat has a double-breasted fastening and can be worn for day or night.*

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se a Man

● *Pink is a safe fashion bet because it's every girl's color. Pick the one that looks good to you (above) and be his girl in pink by candlelight.*

● *Dress-jacket ensemble (left) is a wonderful fashion for any daytime occasion. Doff the short - cut jacket and there is a pert, sleeveless after-five o'clock dress.*

● *Big news (left) for playtime separates tailored with perfectionist detail. Both ensembles will please the boys and cover countless week-end fashion problems.*

● *Shirt-collar dress (left, above) in a completely feminine mood. The dress features a little bodice, white pique collar and cuffs, and all-round pleats from a hip-yoke.*

● *When playtime is evening, the flower-printed full skirt (above) takes on glamor worn with a low-necked, balloon-sleeved white cotton lace-trimmed evening blouse*

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DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

● Illustrated here is the first of an easy-to-sew paper pattern service designed for juniors and teens. The patterns are drafted in sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. They include an instruction chart, which shows how to cut each pattern piece and where to join it to its mate.

THE designs in this junior service will be as varied as possible — anything from a pair of pyjamas to a glamorous formal; or it might be shorts, or a bag-and-glove set. You can write and ask for the type of design you want to make. This will help me to find out teenagers' fashion needs.

I can't forward individual designs because our readers are too many, but I will take notice of the most popular request received in my fashion mail.

Watch for the new teenage pattern feature each month. Start in, and make your own —I'm here to help.

D.S.88.—Party dress in sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. dark material, 7-8th yard 36in. light material, and 28yds. of val lace. Price, 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

For teenagers

FOR the first of the teenage patterns I have chosen a party dress because I am sure it is the dress an average young girl gives more thought to than any other in her wardrobe.

There it is, illustrated above. It's short-skirted and beguiling.

The dress is topped with a camisole of snow-white val lace. The lace could be replaced with a contrasting material or the dress made all in the same material.

I hope you like it. I think it is perfect for a dozen party-going occasions.

There is no dress more in fashion or more suitable for a young girl's wardrobe than the short-skirted party dress.

Not that I am anti the floor-length dance dress—far from it—but each has its own niche for party nights.

A young girl dancing in a floor-length bouffant skirt is one of the prettiest and most romantic sights I know, but a long skirt is not always practical.

Quite soon I will design a really glamorous floor-length formal which you can make from a pattern. It will be easy to sew and easy on the budget.

IN addition to this week's pattern, the diagram below shows how to lay and cut a circular skirt and how much it takes to make in 36in. and 54in material.

This is sewing at its simplest; moreover, a circular skirt is a garment 90 per cent. of teenagers wear.

The skirt can be made in all sorts of material from tulle to wool. Make one and you will make more; it's really an easy job.

Here are the instructions. By the way, make the skirt with its own matching belt.

Open material out to single width. Mark skirt length (plus hem allowance) along selvedge of material, add to this one-eighth of your waist measurement, and place a pin at top centre of material.

From the pinned point mark off with chalk and a length of string a half-circle from the end of the material at the selvedge round to the selvedge again.

This is half your skirt. Cut out and place on the remainder of your material to cut the other half.

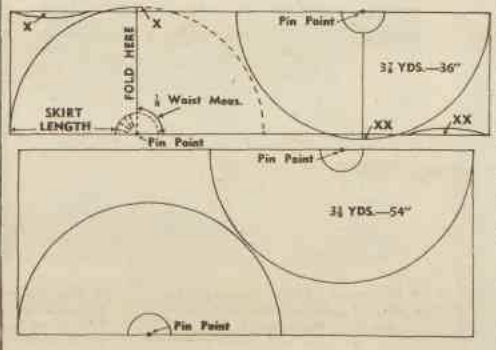
N.B. When cutting 36in. material and the skirt length overlaps selvedge, cut a small piece to join along selvedge, thus completing the circle.

THE young need lots of change in their wardrobe, so once the skirt is made it can be varied by pairing it with different "tops."

For a really important evening, a camisole top in rosebud-printed taffeta would make a romantic duet with a white tulle skirt. A halter-top and tie-on blouse are other ideas for late day.

Right now the skirt in wool with a sweater is a good day-time fashion. Blue in all shades is a starring color, so why not choose the skirt material in deep blue and the sweater in sky, or you might think about the nasturtium color groups. They are coming in for a lot of attention—the skirt in orange-gold and the sweater pale yellow.

Lastly, tuck this small piece of dress sense some place where it will be remembered. Conscientious fashion planning and shopping sounds dull, but with care and thought fashion pleasure is possible at very pleasant prices.



THESE TWO DIAGRAMS illustrate how to cut a circular skirt in both 36in. and 54in. material.

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Beaucatcher set to make yourself

● **For that special date make this pretty cap-and-muff set. Flattering to the young — and vice-versa — the twosome is easy to make.**

HE says: Meet me at 5.15 to see that new movie—and you're right there in this set we photographed above.

The version of the set we show is made in velvet, but it would look equally pretty in wool jersey or any other soft material. The color—we like it in blue—could be any shade to suit your eyes and hair. Here are the directions for making:

THE CAP

Materials Required: ½yd. 36in. wide velvet; one buckram or sparterie crown; 1yd. 1in. petersham ribbon for headband; 1yd. 1in. ribbon for binding; a length of fine wire.

To Make: Cut crown to shape as illustrated, measuring 11in. from ear to ear and 8½in. from centre front to back. Wire the edge of the crown with buttonhole-stitch, drawing in if necessary to correct fitting. Bind the wired edge with ¼in. ribbon.

Cut a paper pattern of a circle measuring 18in. in diameter. Next cut a circle in the centre 5in. in diameter. Cut velvet to pattern. Shirr in circles ¼in. apart from outer edge to inside circle, drawing together to fit the sparterie shape. Form a peak at top by drawing in tightly and finishing neatly. Attach to centre of crown.

Turn the material in around the base and stitch firmly. Cut away surplus and finish inside with headband of 1in. ribbon. Add elastic at back to fit the head and keep the cap firmly attached on the head.

THE MUFF

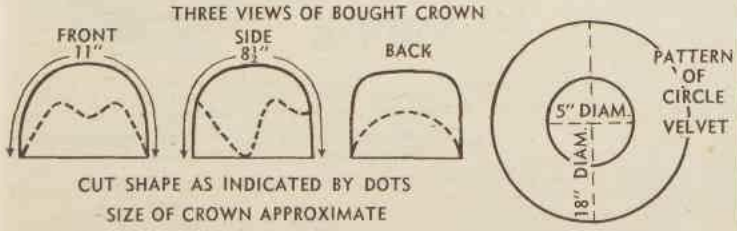
Materials Required: Canvas 10in. long by 12in. wide; 1/3rd yd. velvet; 1/3rd yd. wadding; lining material 10in. by 12in.

To Make: Join the canvas to form a tubular shape 10in. across. Pad the outside generously with wadding.

Cut velvet 11in. wide by 36in. Join and shirr ¼in. apart. Draw up to fit shape of muff. Join lining 12in. by 10in. Attach to inside, tacking velvet, canvas, and lining at both ends. Bind with bias velvet.

Make separate rouleaux for trimming and attach around centre of muff and at one end to form a handle for carrying when not in use. Rouleaux trimmings for muff are made from 18in. velvet left over from the cap.

THREE VIEWS OF BOUGHT CROWN



CUT SHAPE AS INDICATED BY DOTS
SIZE OF CROWN APPROXIMATE

DOTS on the diagrams (left, above) illustrate how to cut the "bought" crown to the correct shape. The diagram at right shows how to draft a pattern for the velvet to cover the crown. See instructions above for making the cap and muff.

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CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Saskatchewan," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters. (See review this page.) Plus ★★ "The Glass Web," drama, starring Edward G. Robinson, Kathleen Hughes, John Forsythe.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring David Niven, William Holden, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Captain's Paradise," comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Yvonne de Carlo, Celia Johnson. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "All the Brothers Were Valiant," technicolor period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ann Blyth, Stewart Granger. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "The Juggler," drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Milly Vitale. Plus ★ "All Ashore," technicolor musical, starring Mickey Rooney, Peggy Ryan.

LYRIC.—★ "Tennessee Champ," color boxing drama, starring Dewey Martin, Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn. Plus ★ "Arena," color rodeo drama, starring Gig Young, Jean Hagen. (Both re-releases.)

PALACE.—★ "Laughing Anne," technicolor period drama, starring Margaret Lockwood, Wendell Corey, Forrest Tucker. Plus "Man Crazy," drama, starring Neville Brand, Christina White.

PLAZA.—★★ "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef," technicolor CinemaScope adventure, starring Terry Moore, Robert Wagner, Gilbert Roland. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Red Garters," technicolor musical Western, starring Guy Mitchell, Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "It Should Happen To You," comedy, starring Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon, Peter Lawford. Plus ★ "Sky Commando," war drama, starring Dan Duryea, Frances Gifford.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Knights of the Round Table," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Three Forbidden Stories," Italian-language drama, starring Eleonora Rossi, Gino Cervi. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "The Big Heat," drama, starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Lee Marvin. Plus ★ "Ambush at Tomahawk Gap," technicolor Western, starring John Derek, John Hodiak.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Volcano," drama, starring Anna Magnani, Geraldine Brooks, Rossano Brazzi. Plus "It's a Small World," drama, starring Paul Dale, Lorraine Miller.

MAYFAIR.—"Three Sailors and a Girl," technicolor musical, starring Jane Powell, Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson. Plus "Miss Robin Crusoe," adventure drama, starring Amanda Blake, George Nader.

PARK.—"Short Grass," Western, starring Rod Cameron, Cathy Downs. Plus "Destination Bighouse," crime drama, starring Dorothy Patrick, Robert Rockwell. (Re-release.)

REGENT.—"The Royal Tour of Our Queen," technicolor CinemaScope documentary. Plus "The Village," drama, starring John Justin, Eva Dahlbeck.

SAVOY.—"Adorable Creatures," French-language comedy, starring Martine Carol, Danielle Darrieux, Daniel Gelin. Plus "Grand Concert," color Russian Ballet feature.

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Talking of Films

★ *Saskatchewan*

SCENICALLY, Universal-International's "Saskatchewan" has its moments when color cameras show the mountains, pine forests, and alpine lakes of Canada.

Dramatically, "Saskatchewan" has nothing, though Alan Ladd, as a Mountie, and Shelley Winters, as a plump little mystery blonde, throw energy into their parts.

Shrill Indian calls of Sioux and Cree, the clatter of hoofs, and the zing of rifle bullets punctuate the film.

Alan Ladd, leading his band of Mounties to safety, crawls through undergrowth or plunges through creeks, emerging always with his red tunic as fresh and uncreased as if it had just come from the cleaners.

If you're not looking for acting, "Saskatchewan," with its scenery, Mounties-and-Indians chases, and photography, has a certain appeal.

In Sydney—Capitol.—H. F.

News from the studios

GLAMOROUS Gina Lollobrigida, whose salary was recently reported to be the highest of any motion-picture star anywhere, is once more considering an offer to make another picture for John Huston. Not long ago she starred in "Beat the Devil" for Huston with Jennifer Jones and Humphrey Bogart. "I am quite happy making pictures here in Rome," said the lovely Gina, but the word is that she will leave for Hollywood before the end of the year.

MISTINGUETT of the celebrated legs, her age a State secret in France, astonished everybody by turning up on the set of the new French film "La Dubarry" and sitting in the director's chair. Her niece, lovely brunette Micky Bourgeois, was making her debut in the film as a soubrette. Auntie Mistinguett is launching Micky on her way to stardom. She declares she wants to make sure Micky takes the right steps.

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1. ENGINEER Johnny Dark (Tony Curtis), centre, shows Scotty (Paul Kelly), right, and Duke (Don Taylor) his plans for a new racing car. The auto company decides to produce the new model.

2. LEARNING that auto magnate Fielding (Sidney Blackmer) has vetoed producing the car, Scotty and secretary Abbie (Ilka Chase) haven't the heart to tell Johnny only one car will be made.

3. ATTRACTED to Liz Fielding (Piper Laurie), the boss' granddaughter, Johnny finds that Duke, his war-time friend, is also interested in her. Liz likes both boys.

4. FURIOUS when they learn that Fielding is using the new model as a ruse to keep shareholders quiet and has no intention of putting it into production, both Johnny and Liz leave their jobs with the firm.

5. ENTERING his own car, Johnny is wished luck by Liz, who realises she loves him. Duke also starts in the race.

RACE CAR THRILLER

★ In the title role of "Johnny Dark," Universal's technicolor car-racing drama, Tony Curtis plays a young design engineer for a large independent motor firm.

In a gruelling border-to-border car race across the United States, Johnny tests out his design of a sports model. Tony Curtis was specially coached in racing technique to play this role.

Piper Laurie provides romance. Don Taylor, Paul Kelly, and Sidney Blackmer have supporting roles.

6. ENGINE TROUBLE nearly puts Johnny's entry out of the race. With the help of Fielding, who has a change of heart, Johnny is able to continue on.

7. CLOSE RACE nearly ends in disaster when Duke crashes. Johnny stops to help, but Duke waves him on to win.

8. CONGRATULATED by Fielding while Liz waits, Johnny learns that his design is to go into full production.

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A pirate prowls at Pagewood

With a crutch underneath one arm and with a stout leather belt hung with pistols and powder horns, a piratical Robert Newton, his fruity voice threatening and large eyes rolling, stalked the sets of "Long John Silver" out at Pagewood Studios, N.S.W.

***FILM STAR** Robert Newton in the title role of Long John Silver in the film which is being made in Australia.*

THERE, where the Treasure Island Film Company is making "Long John Silver" in colorful CinemaScope, Mr. Newton tramped the floor of the Cask and Anchor Inn crying "Come 'ere, come 'ere, you varmint" to Jim Hawkins, played by 12-year-old Australian boy Kit Taylor.

The part of Long John Silver isn't new to Mr. Newton, who took the lead in Walt Disney's version of "Treasure Island."

Dressed for his role in culottes, loose waistcoat, and tricorne hat, Mr. Newton balanced resignedly on his right leg, with his left tucked out of sight behind him, suspended in a leather harness of hooks and springs.

A special boxer's boot, black with criss-cross white leather lacing, has special loops on the sole which are attached to hooks. This Mr. Newton wore on his left foot.

"He's used to it," his blonde wife, Vera, told me. "When he was in 'Treasure Island' his left leg grew quite weak through lack of use. He lost weight, too—about 12 pounds —I think."

As she spoke, her husband extricated the unfortunate foot from the sling and put it on the ground.

He removed the boxer's boot and slipped his foot into a navy suede moccasin, which was worn over a modern brown sock. The left leg will not be photographed.

The right leg and foot, which will be photographed, were covered by a bulky knitted stocking and a black boot with a fine, upstanding tongue.

English-born Mr. Newton, who now lives in Beverly Hills, near Hollywood, has come to Australia not only to make the feature film but also to star in 26 television shorts.

Aged 49, he has been an actor since he was 14, has played in Shakespeare, Shaw, in Dickens' "Oliver Twist,"

By HELEN FRIZELL

in "Odd Man Out," "This Happy Breed," and "Androcles and the Lion," as well as many other films.

For the past six months, in preparation for this film, he has let his hair and beard grow. When I saw it, it was curling around his chin and growing well down the back of his neck.

At the nape of his neck a pigtail of matching hair was attached. His round face, expressively mobile, was covered with a technicolor make-up, which featured a suntanned effect and a pale orange lipstick.

Round golden ear-rings were clipped to the lobes of his ears.

"Bobby" Newton (as he's called by fellow workers) was perfect in the setting of the Cask and Anchor Inn.

The landlady, Purity Pinker (character actress Connie Gilchrist), kept him company.

The setting, designed by Australian artists Bill Constable and Desmonde Downing, had been carefully created by technicians.

New furniture had been carefully antiqued; spun-rubber cobwebs hung in corners.

Old bottle-glass windows in the inn, I learned, were made from glass dessert plates bought in a chain store and stippled over with rubber and colored paint.

Genuine antiques around the set included pewter mugs stacked on shelves and the pistols worn by Mr. Newton. These have been lent by Major Millett, of Melbourne.

Draughtsmen and carpenters were working on another set, the main street of the pirate town, Porto Bello, cobbled and overhung by beamed two-storied houses.

Though interiors are filmed at Pagewood, the company moves to Garie Beach, south of Sydney, for the exteriors.

Robert Newton, who has already been sailing in modern craft on Sydney Harbor, will see pirate vessels (made from converted barges) taking to the waters of Botany Bay.

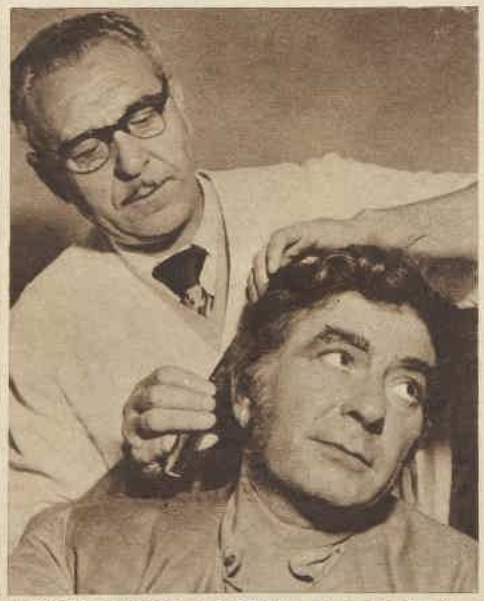
Stand-in for Long John Silver during the making of the film is an Australian actor, John Eastlake, who is accustoming himself to walking on one leg.

Back home in California the Newtons have left their six-months-old son, Kim.

Mrs. Newton, who expects to be in Australia for at least a year with her husband, told me she was missing her baby badly.

Insignia of The Treasure Island Film Company is a white skull-and-crossbones on a black background. Even the mail sent overseas by producer Joe Kaufmann and director Byron Haskin bears these stickers.

I found on my return to town that I had been walking around with the skull-and-crossbones stuck on my black handbag.



***DRESSER DIMITRI YUSTRIZOFF** attaches a pigtail to Robert Newton's shaggy hair. Mr. Yustrizoff, a make-up expert, worked with the Imperial Russian Ballet and German UFA films before coming to Australia in 1928.*

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CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

ROBERT WAGNER

★ *A tall young man with a cat's-whisker grin and an ingratiating manner is a top movie favorite with young America.*

HE is 24-year-old Robert Wagner, who, in addition to topping film popularity polls everywhere, has been selected by the Foreign Press Association as a "star of the future."

Wagner is not a Hollywood newcomer. On the contrary, he's been around sound stages there for almost four years, graduating from one-line bit parts to feature spots in a handful of 20th Century-Fox productions.

A promising lad, in other words, but hardly spectacular.

What, then, is the reason for his new-found popularity? The answer is not hard to discover and can be expressed in one word . . . CinemaScope.

Young Robert, his admirers maintain, is a wow on the wide-screen.

It took only one film — "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef" — in the new, widely handsome technique to change Wagner from "a nice kid" to a potential box-office hero.

In this picture he plays a dashing Greek fisherman in a way that wins the heart of Terry Moore as well as the audience. His skill as a swimmer, diver, and water-skier makes Bob a natural for this role.

Quick to sense public reaction to Bob's performance, his studio lost no time in putting him to work again, this time in the title role in "Prince Valiant," a top-budget costume piece based on an American strip cartoon.

"Prince Valiant" is due for Australian release later this year.

His assignment to a third major role in "Broken Lance," a big Western adventure, suggests that Robert Wagner is indeed booked for a full-scale CinemaScope future.

It must be an exciting prospect for the stage-stuck youth who passed up a job in his father's steel mills to learn about Hollywood at first hand.

His system had merit. First of all Bob took a series of part-time jobs, each one chosen to throw him in contact with movie people.

He caddied at the swank Bel-Air Country Club, toting golf bags for Clark Gable, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and John Hodiak, and polished planes at Clover Field, where some stars keep private aircraft.

Dish-washing at the Chatham Restaurant in Westwood and selling magazine subscriptions in Beverly Hills left time for Bob to study acting and play the field socially.

As escort to pretty youngsters like Gloria, Harold Lloyd's daughter, Carol Lee Ladd, and Melinda Markey, Joan Bennett's girl, he became a junior man-about-Hollywood.

More recently Debbie Reynolds and Terry Moore have been his night-clubbing partners.

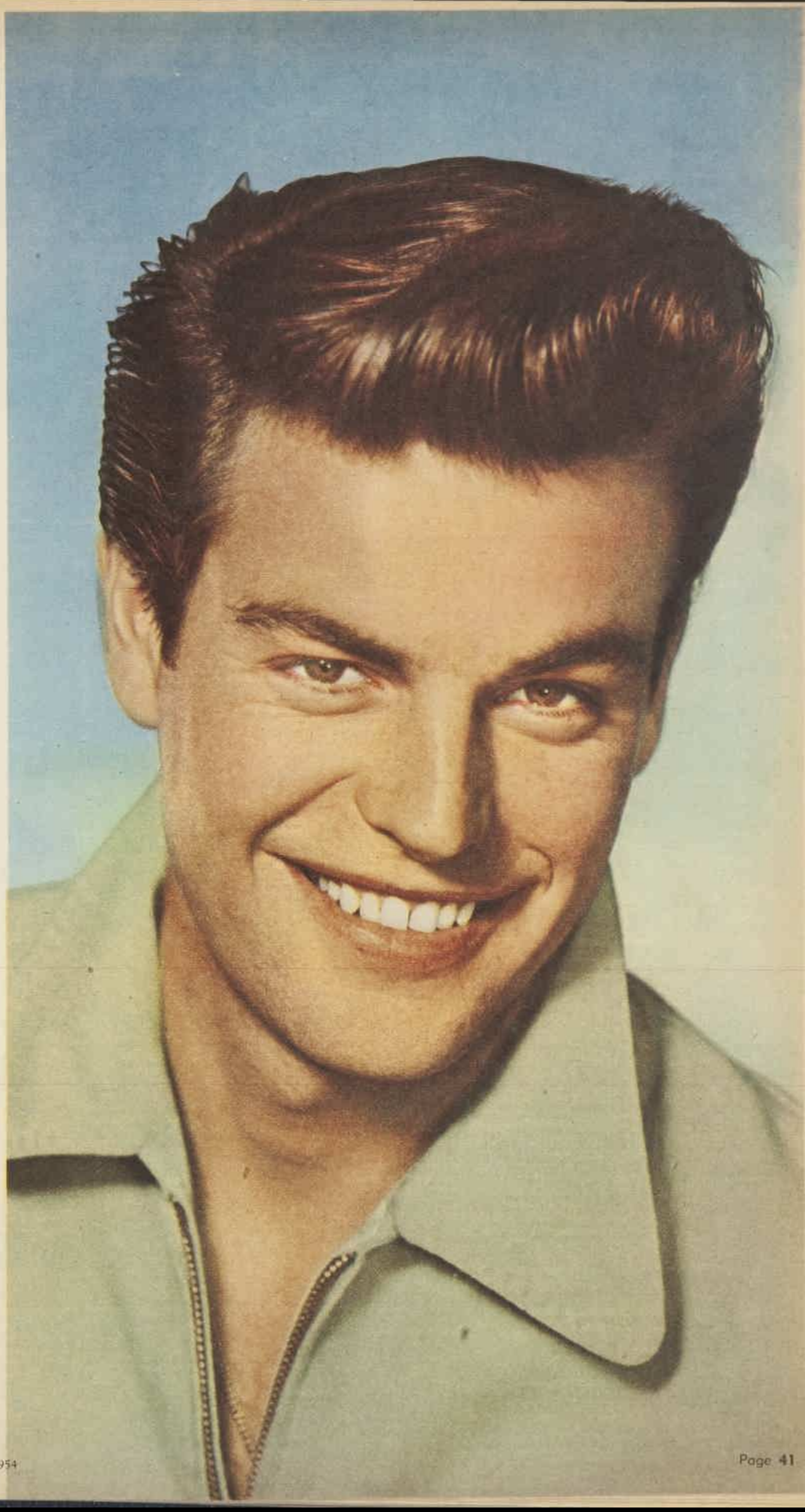
Robert Wagner's clean-cut good looks and unaffected manner won him a screen test and then a seven-year contract with Fox.

His first film bit was in "Halls of Montezuma" in 1950. Then he was assigned more important roles in "The Frogmen," "Let's Make It Legal," and the Jane Froman story, "With a Song in My Heart," in 1951.

In 1952 he appeared in "What Price Glory," "It Beats the Band," and "The Silver Whip."

In "Titanic" in 1953 he played the sort of role that he did best in pre-CinemaScope days—that of a shy but assured lad with loads of natural charm.

In reality he is an eligible Hollywod bachelor, six feet tall, 11½ stone in weight, and has brown hair and blue eyes.



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Continuing . . Appointment in Hongkong

from page 10

A nice couple comes aboard for Saigon and we all have a nice trip back down the coast."

It's Nils, isn't it? He's trying to get me away, she thought worriedly. Well, listen to him, Abby. He couldn't be kinder than your own grandfather. He's trying to take care of you.

"Now when we get to Saigon"—his big voice was full of false cheer—"you and me'll have us a real French dinner. I know a place."

Abby thought, he's cajoling me with a treat as though I were Valborg.

"But, captain——" she began gently.

"Yah, I know." He said it tiredly, accepting her refusal without needing explanation. "It was yust an idea."

"A very kind one."

He merely nodded to that. "I've known Nils since he was a pup"—he seemed to be starting over again—"and his sister, too. Stronghead pair, close as twins. Nils took it hard."

"Her death, you mean?"

He nodded heavily and pulled at his lower lip.

"He didn't know she'd been caught till he came back to Oslo after the war. All of 'em gone, even the little boys, only baby Hanne left with Frieda's mother."

He paused, seeming to consider, eyeing Abby with heavy care. He wants to tell me something, something difficult, she realised, and she waited, aware of apprehension.

"Hanne," he repeated. "Hanne." He looked into his glass and shifted a bit in his chair, and said slowly. "You look like Hanne, Miss Peck. It was the first thing Frieda told me. Even young Thea noticed it, and it's true."

Abby heard him in astonishment. "I look like his niece, this child?"

He nodded. "You're grown, of course, but you look just alike."

She wanted to laugh at the absurdity of it, but could not. She felt the sharp bite of distaste, of bitterness and hurt as the full implication coiled around her. She looked just like Hanne.

Frieda saw my face and it was Hanne's face, so she knew Nils would want me, she thought. The reason was as shockingly simple, as cruelly trivial, as distorted as that.

She lifted her eyes to meet the captain's watchful ones, the little amethysts dulled now in the heavy face.

He's wondering, she thought, wondering through his schnapps if this has been wise or even necessary. She felt that her own eyes were transparent and he could see plainly how it was with her. She felt there was more he meant to tell her, but the sight of her now had stopped him. He struggled a bit and failed.

She reached out and put her hand lightly on his. She felt as old as he.

"The schnapps was very good," she told him, "and so are you." Quietly, she left him with his bottle.

The horizon was even again with only a small picot edging of waves, and the water blue again, for the sun had come out in the late afternoon.

The calmed sea had revived Mr. Liu and he was walking the deck with short, smart steps as though recovering the lost days. He seemed full of bitter energy and his gunmetal oilskins rustled about him like leaves. He gave Abby his small, unsmiling bow as he passed on the first round.

She sat in the quiet of creeping twilight with only the metronome click of Mr. Liu's interval passing. The day was done, and her work, and now the trouble crept back with the night. She had shut out the thought of Nils all day, and with an urged concentration the children carefully respected she had finished her report.

There had been solace in the nice certainties of those rice statistics, she thought tiredly, and wished she could cope with herself as efficiently.

Mr. Liu had paused at the rail near her. To escape her trouble she rose and joined him.

"It was good to see you at dinner," she said sincerely.

"Thank you, Miss Peck," he returned in his incisive English. "You are fortunate to be so excellent a sailor."

Mr. Liu was no longer the courteous little cricket of the first days, nor even the fellow passenger for whom she had felt compassion, so helplessly seasick in his overpriced cabin. She glanced at him now a little curiously, saw his neat profile, the nice economy of facial bone, the fine fold of his eyelid and small perfect ear.

He seemed to endure her look in bitter containment, and she was dismayed to sense an active rejection, surprised to feel a chill dominance about him. His look of etched aloofness was suddenly remindful. It carried dignity unlike, yet comparable to, that of the man in hyacinth.

"Mr. Liu," she began tentatively. His withdrawal was more a contraction of muscle than true movement, and she became sharply aware of his dislike, unpleasant as a spill of snow down her collar. But she hurried on, determined.

"Do you remember the man we saw the first day? The man among the deck passengers, the man in the hyacinth jacket?"

"Hyacinth?" He examined the word and understood. "You mean the stowaway?" he asked slowly.

"I suppose he was that," Abby realised. "He looked so unusual," she went on lamely. "I just wondered if you knew him."

If he found her interest odd, he gave no sign. "Yes." He made the admission seem careful.

"Have you seen him?" she persisted.

Mr. Liu bowed briefly. "I believe he is no longer on this ship," he told her, turned his back on her sharply and walked away.

As she stood there, smarting from his abruptness, trying to make out the implications of what he had said, Frieda Lauritzen unexpectedly took his place beside her.

"Good weather again," she remarked.

Abby agreed and fell carefully silent. You like Frieda, too, she reminded herself stiffly, but she has also rejected you. Though she could neither see nor sense hostility in the woman beside her, she held herself guarded.

Frieda leaned on the rail tiredly. Nils has brought her around, thought Abby, as the captain said he would, her anger is spent, recriminations emptied.

Their storm had been private, risen from cause unknown to her, yet she thought of the captain's anger and what he had said of Frieda. So she wondered now, newly sensitive, how Frieda had found reason to blame Abby Peck.

She felt a cold protest against Frieda's blaming, and resentment began to form like a film of ice. Why should you meekly accept rudeness from Liu, accusation from Frieda? She stiffened in bitter rejec-

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Continuing . . Appointment in Hongkong

from page 42

tion of all the nagging involvements aboard the Hedvig.

But Frieda spoke then.

"Abby," she said, and the friendliness in her voice, the simple use of her first name broke completely through and Abby knew how thin her ice had been. She felt a young relief that Frieda's voice was kind, knew she was anxious for any warmth. "I want to thank you," the older woman told her, "for giving the children so much pleasure on this trip. They adore you, you know."

Abby smiled. "I loved being with them," she said truly. Valborg had been a mainstay, after all.

"And I hope you will have dinner with us while you are in Hongkong. I'd like you to meet the children's father, and he will want very much to meet you. He'll be out to the ship as soon as we anchor, but we'll all be rushed. You will dine with us?"

"I'd be delighted." If I am in Hongkong, she amended silently.

"Good. I'll phone the hotel or send a chit." She paused. "And now Nils asks you to join him in the lounge for coffee." She was still a moment, and added, "He understands you may not care to."

"Thank you, Frieda." But Abby made no move to leave. She postponed in dry resignation. Now was the time to withdraw, if ever at all, yet she knew she was going.

Frieda was watching her. "Are you quite sure you should go?" she asked carefully.

"I am in love with him." She said it unexpectedly, almost in appeal.

"Yes," Frieda said slowly. "Gunnar said you probably were." She rubbed the teak of the rail a little with her forefinger.

"Yet both of you wish I weren't."

"Perhaps," she admitted.

"I wish I weren't, too."

Frieda looked up from the rail. "I've wished that a long time myself." Her blue glance challenged. "But if the man you love is the man who's waiting for you" — she shrugged impatiently — "what more do you want?"

. . . . . .

He was waiting at the door of the lounge and she paused, steadying herself, holding the width of the panel between them. She looked up at Nils, hoping to measure him against her new emotion, hoping for some augury of what this meeting might hold.

Then she saw the ash tray on the table, the number of his crushed cigarette ends there, and realised Frieda had spoken the truth. Nils was not sure I would come. She looked on this proof of nervous waiting with surprise.

He had followed her glance.

"I've been desperately thinking what I'd do"—he pushed at the stub-filled tray—"if you refused to come." He gave a wry smile. "Thank you for this chance to let me apologise. I put on a poor show with everyone, it seems." He sighed. "At least Frieda has forgiven me."

She took the chair he offered. A coffee tray was set for two. "And Valborg?"

"She, too." He shook his head sadly. "Yes, Val has forgiven me," he repeated, then half grinned. "For a price, though. She wants a red jewel box like yours, payable in Hongkong." But he sobered at once, darkened. "But the captain hasn't let me off so easily, I'm afraid. Gunnar can be pretty righteous." He looked at her.

"He's very fond of you, Abby, and has appointed himself your protector. He thinks you're too nice a girl for me," he said frankly, "thinks I should let you alone. He may be right"—he shrugged a little angrily—"but I argued it was for you and no one else to decide."

"I came," she said simply.

"Yes, I have that much." Quietly he filled her demitasse from the pewter pot. "Black for you, isn't it?" he remarked and poured his own.

She looked down in the brown winking circle of coffee, remembering the first time he had offered her a cup. "No tiger's milk?" she asked slowly. That first merry and innocent morning was long ago.

"Do I watch it?" she echoed his warning with sudden sharpness. "Is there a pay-off, as we Americans say?"

He glanced up at the edge in her voice. "It's too late in the day," he returned evenly. "But some getost?" He sliced a bit of goat's cheese. "Or fruit?"

But resentment against him grew. "You have already comforted me with an apple!"

"Yes," he said.

"And a note I could not translate."

"Yes," he said again and his face was tight. "What could I say to you," he appealed slowly, "in any language? I couldn't think that morning. Not in English somehow. Nor Chinese," he added, with a sharp intake of breath. "Not even in Norwegian actually, for what I wrote was borrowed from a folk song. Daa er de morosamt aa leva," he quoted the ending. "When I hold my beloved, then life is worth living."

Those words should bring me around, she thought coldly, should make me forgive all the inner dishevellment he has caused me. Yet Nils had not held her as a beloved, she countered, and his strange violence of that night seemed to rise again, troubling the air. She saw he was watching her, trying to follow. Whatever he guessed did not please, for he frowned into his cup.

"Gunnar talked to you about me last night." There was accusation.

She nodded, then took a quick breath. "He told me about Hanne."

He looked up puzzled. "I told you about Hanne, too."

"But not that I looked like her, Nils. Not that I resembled this child so much that even Thea noticed it!"

"I see," he murmured. "Yes, it's quite true. It explains why I noticed you at the ball that night, why I was so interested."

"And perhaps why you have treated me like a child!"

"Nonsense!" he denied sharply, then sighed. "Please listen, Abby. You no longer remind me of Hanne. At first, yes, of course, but not when I saw you again and again. I looked for you everywhere that week and I was looking for Abby Peck. I waited outside your office. I went to the Sports Club. When you had tea at the Oriental I was there, and when you had dinner at the Cathay."

It was true, she thought in touched astonishment, she had been to those places.

His smile was ironic. "I discovered I was in love, and not with a child nor the resemblance of one. Let us say

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Continuing . . . .

Appointment in Hongkong

from page 45

I was a man suddenly in pursuit of a dream, Abby, a dream I meant to make real." He paused and finished flatly, "You are the one."

"What more do you want?" Frieda had asked, and Abby bent her head. Confusion flooded her again, brought her close to tears.

"Doubt me now, if you must," he went on in the same flat tone, "but I will prove it to you later in Hongkong soon and when I return to Bangkok." Then added in afterthought, "If you will let me."

"If I will let you?" She picked up his words, giving the polite phrase meaning, the thought of her granting permission to Nils suddenly seemed so wry, so absurd, that her stored-up tears became laughter, and he recognised this break of laughter for the relief it was, and the flat tension went out of Nils, too.

He rose deliberately and came around the table. "Do you want me to kiss you, Abby?"

"Yes," she said slowly, and it was at once so true she lifted her own arms to reach him.

This kiss was not like the first. This she understood and he drew her up from the chair and held her close. Yes, she repeated to herself, even though this has happened so quickly the roots must be shallow, the blossom forced.

"You love me." It was no question.

"Yes," she said again, and borrowed his words. "You are the one." And with admission she clung to him, suddenly in awe of her luck, the tremendous luck of simply being here and Nils the one.

"Ah, Abby," he said, "we are going to be very happy in Hongkong." He took her by the shoulders and stared down on her exultantly. "And all the rest of our lives."

. . . . . .

All was grey with first light and the Hedvig had moored to a bleak waterfront. There were no customs sheds, just the wharf and a few ragged coolies waiting below for the disembarking. There was a road leading away through a wooden pavilion, and distantly the outlines of town buildings rose against the early sky. The land spread back from the waterfront bare and ungrowing. Abby could not even see a tree.

"This can't be the real port," Abby wondered.

"I don't know." Thea puzzled and added, "But it's where we came the other time."

Inga nodded at this, and Valborg, too.

In contrast to the empty land, the afterdeck was in turmoil, and Abby and the children watched the excitement below. The excitement had begun early, in the small dark hours, long before Swatow was reached.

The deck passengers were laden, shouting and jostling, crowding towards the landward side, and before the steps were firmly settled up to the gangplank the crew was shoved aside by the throng. Some Chinese tried to scramble over the ship's side on their own, clawing in eagerness to be off and away.

She looked for her silk umbrella, for the young girl carrying her infant, but there were too many bundles, too many children, and in a matter of minutes the deck was cleared, and the laden Chinese fanned out towards the road, towards the pavilion and the distant town. There must be immigration offices up the road, thought Abby worriedly. There must be contraband to be checked, or, more important, insects, cholera. Then she turned herself firmly aside. This is their country, let them behave in their own way.

She and the children went down to breakfast, but her appetite was gone. The children shared her silence as she drank her coffee, quietly spooning up their porridge.

Valborg wiped her mouth hard with her napkin.

"I'm through." She shook her head at the platter of eggs, the bread and cheese, and announced importantly, "Uncle Nils wants to see me in the chartroom after breakfast."

At once all three children looked at Abby, their eyes very bright and sly. If even the children can tease you, you're hopeless, thought Abby, yet she felt a flush rising. They giggled.

"You're minxes," she told them severely.

"What are they?" asked Inga.

It was Thea who informed her. "Like lemmings, only their fur is very dear and the captain is going to raise them to sell maybe."

"Oh," said Inga, content, and Abby held her smile. Then Inga asked in a rush, "Are you going to marry Uncle Nils?"

She saw Thea nudge her sister disapprovingly, but they all sat looking at her, waiting.

She turned the question back to them, "Do you think it would be nice if I did?"

THE three children bobbed and beamed gratifyingly, and Valborg in an excess of delight jumped up and threw her arms around Abby. "You will wear a veil!" she cried.

"Can we be bridesmaids?" Thea pleaded, and Inga began to bounce up and down on her chair.

"Oh, please, please." Abby spread out her hands to calm them. Between Nils and the children everything will be settled for me, she thought with laughter.

"And you will go to America," Valborg added with satisfaction.

"Perhaps," she temporised hastily. "I must pack now," she told them, and frankly fled.

. . . . . .

The Hedvig had come slowly to anchor through the fog. Abby stood outside her cabin, ready. Her bags were paired at her feet, and her typewriter and cosmetic case. The hulls of neighboring ships showed plain, but beyond near the point only masts rose clear, pencils in the mist.

She could see the blurred edges of the Hongkong waterfront, the ferry slip, and the buildings rising in grey stone, all substantial in pattern familiar, and they all looked assured, repaired. One building on the corner was still crosshatched with bamboo scaffolding.

She now heard the thump of a boat against the ship and watched a heavy middle-aged man come over the side. He was wrapped in a mackintosh and swung a large brief case. The three little girls had been watching for him from the bridge, for they now came pelting down to girdle him with love and welcome. He gathered them all in his arms and leaned above them to kiss Frieda.

Then she heard Captain Malm's voice booming urgently. She heard Nils, too, all their voices overlapping in Norwegian. The father disengaged himself, spoke briefly with Frieda, and went quickly into the captain's quarters and closed the door.

Abby moved to the rail. Near the ship a dozen small boats bobbed around on the choppy waves.

Then like a sudden arrow, an official-looking cutter aimed towards the Hedvig, forcing water in wings from its prow. Abby watched it come, watched it glide to the ship's side.

Frieda appeared unexpectedly beside her to look down on the cutter too.

"It's the harbor police," she told Abby in a flat voice. "My husband knew."

Abby looked down on the uniformed British officials curiously, then with surmise. "Do they think there's something wrong aboard?"

Frieda did not look at her. "They want to check."

On what? Abby wondered. What was there to check on the Hedvig? Our deck passengers are all gone, cleared off. What other cargo have we? And she found she was shamelessly hoping if there were cause, the cause was Mr. Liu.

The captain had never heard of Mr. Liu before, she remembered.

But Frieda gave Abby an odd little smile.

"I'm afraid this happens to the Hedvig often," she told her tiredly. "But this won't affect you, Abby."

"Nils?" she asked quickly.

"He might be delayed," she admitted slowly, "but the customs officials will see you in the lounge in a minute, check your passport and medical papers, and you'll go to the police station later when you're ashore." She saw Abby's face. "It's a rule," she assured her, "every alien must register."

Frieda now leaned over the rail and called out in Chinese and had an answer.

"Nils has a boat for you. That one." She pointed and Abby noted the water taxi. "It will take you to the Kowloon side. Nils will come to the hotel when he can." She held out her hand to Abby. "Good luck, my dear. God bless. We'll see you."

Abby stood very still. So the harbor police were familiar with the Hedvig.

She appraised the cutter below. It looked very trim, the officers aboard her very efficient and she did not think they should be underestimated, and suddenly she realised with shock and dismay that for the first time in her life she was viewing the police as an enemy, an antagonist she wanted outwitted.

When she reached her hotel, Abby looked around her room, very pleased. It was like any one of a dozen hotel rooms she'd had in her life, and that was why. It was comfortingly familiar. She walked around, still in beret and raincoat. She tested the bed, pressed down on its plum-colored spread and it gave under her hand.

Then she stepped into the bathroom and viewed the bath. Almost fearfully she turned on the hot-water tap and put her hand under the gush. It not only ran well, but became wonderfully hot. No dipping water out of a big earthenware jar and splashing yourself. Here was utter luxury, and she turned on the hot tap full tilt.

When she had dressed in her black wool frock, adjusted the sapphire earrings, and straightened the seams of her hose, she stood very straight, eyeing herself in the long mirror, hoping to see herself as Nils might. I guess you look exactly what you are—she raised an eyebrow at the slight

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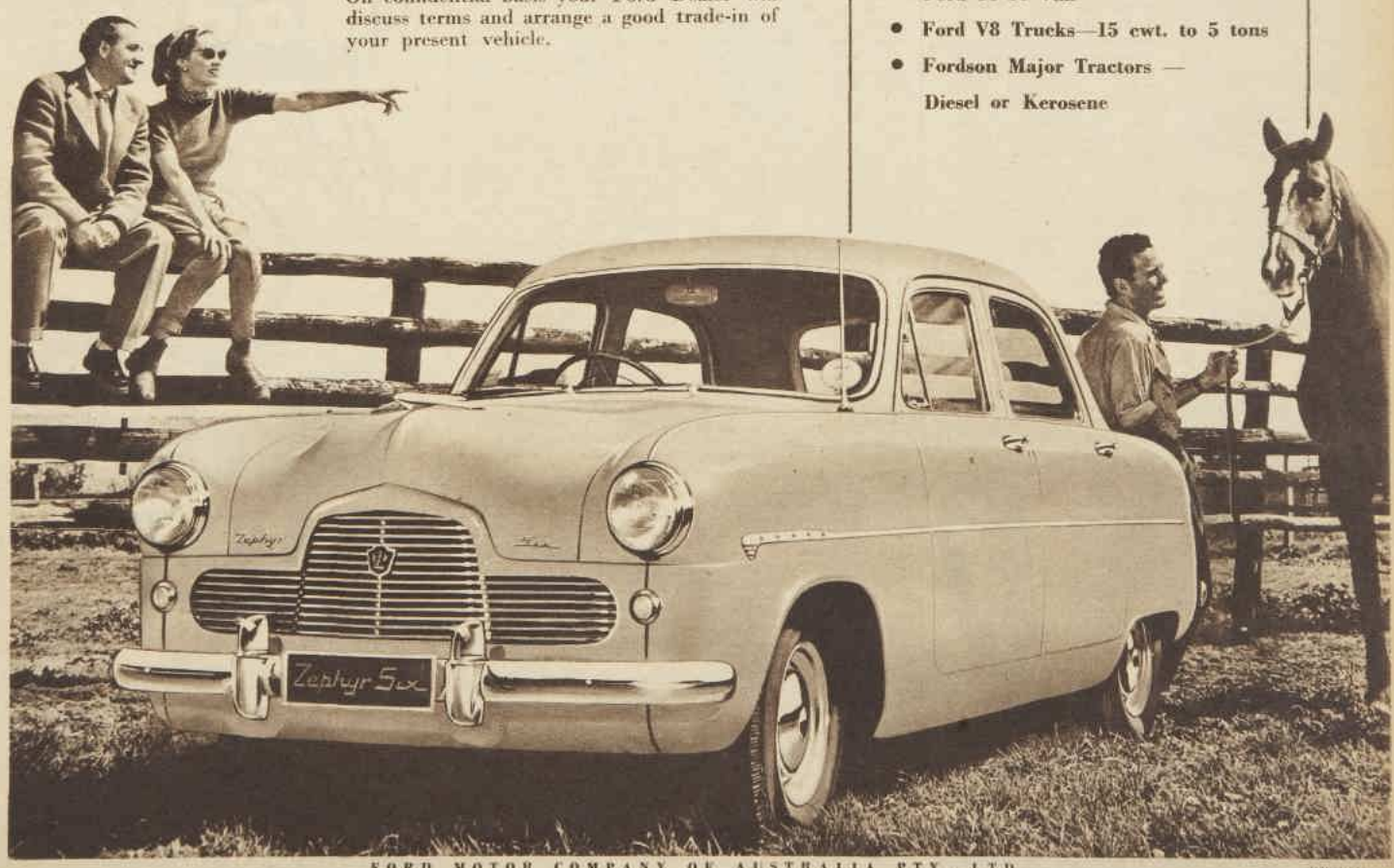

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CUTS MEAT BILLS

AT GROCERS AND DELICATESSENS everywhere

Continuing . . Appointment in Hongkong

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erect image—just very clean and very eager. A little breathless, really.

She was ready now and she glanced at her watch and went to the window to look down on the hotel's half-moon drive, though it was rather too soon to hope for Nils. The paving gleamed silver in the mist and the leaves of the shrubbery were glossed.

Save for a few parked cars, an empty arc lay below, but beyond in the street, in Salisbury Road, the queue of Chinese still waited. She had seen the long line earlier when she arrived and it was still there, a string of patient forms huddled among the usual baskets and bundles, and with her own usual feeling of despair she asked what were they waiting for this time.

Why are they out there, so many of them, damp, chilled, and enduring? What was this multiple weight of patience for this time? She turned on her heel, deciding to have tea in the lobby below. She would see Nils as he came in.

She was alone in the elevator and suddenly she asked the operator, the slim, uniformed Chinese, "Why are all those people waiting out in the street?"

He glanced at her. "There's a train to Canton tonight, miss."

She sighed a little. Why did you need to ask, want to know, have to care? Nils would never have noticed them, she thought. He knows China, so he would have stepped over them, through them. She shook her head.

Nils is as wrong as I, for if I care too much, he cares too little. Yet do you know for sure how Nils feels about anything? He has shown attitudes that shock you, differences for which you have no ready compartments. All you really know is that you were taken by a persuasion that so flattered, so piqued, you simply fell flat.

Why were you so easily smitten without even the standard props? Not even games on deck for gaiety, only a wretched swarm of deck passengers on a rather dubious freighter.

Viewed with any detachment at all, the whole affair became preposterous. That very freighter was being checked by the harbor police this minute. What would her father and Aunt Susan think of that? The thought appalled her. Here was a ship searched for shabby dealing, actual lawbreaking, and Nils was part of this unpleasant scene, and herself as well.

But not any longer, not Abby Peck. She was filled with horror by her own lax condoning, her compromise with honor, and she felt a rising sense of panic. The desk of a British air-lines office was lighted at the end of the lobby. There was a way out right now.

She began to walk quickly. She had enough money for a ticket anywhere—London, New York, Benghazi, or Yakima. She was fleeing now and she glanced at the glassed doors, but saw no shadow of Nils arriving. She scanned the scattering of people at the tea tables and so it was she saw Mr. Liu.

The unexpected sight of him, neat and real, calmly sipping his tea and reading his paper, stopped her. As a fellow passenger, he was an extension of the Hedvig, and seeing him here, occupied in such a placid, ordinary way, suddenly made her fright and flight seem theatrical.

She sank in a chair at the table nearest her and ordered tea. Mr. Liu seemed to be looking at her now, yet he turned slowly back to his paper without show of recognition. Then briefly she was not sure it was he, nor did she care; the resemblance had been rescue.

Yet she glanced at him again, curious. The dark business suit, the horn-rimmed glasses were unfamiliar, but the fine neat profile was surely his, the small perfect ear, and gunmetal oilskins lay beside him.

Why in Kowloon, she wondered idly, in an Occidental hotel? It was not Abby Peck he was waiting for, she thought with some irony, for he now rose, paid his tab, and detoured widely to avoid her table. She watched him go toward the side entrance.

It was Mr. Liu most definitely. She knew that walk, the same sharp smart steps that had taken him around the deck full of bitter energy.

Abby made tea and paper last almost an hour. Finally she rose. It was darkening now and the mist had become fine rain. The line of waiting Chinese out in the road had disappeared. They had now jostled and shoved their way into cars for Canton. There was no Nils . . .

THERE was no Nils. Abby stood by the windows looking down on the drive again, along the curve of walk that led to the corner of the building around which he should appear.

But the walk lay in glistening emptiness below, so she turned away, tired with tension.

Stop thinking about what may have happened, stop thinking about the harbor police. Just wait sensibly for one more hour, then order dinner sent to your room. News will come somehow. Frieda will not forget you. Meantime, do something.

You can make your cosmetic case elaborately tidy, she decided, and had just set back the red lid when the double rap came on the door.

"Nils?" she asked, and when he strode in, filling the room with a fresh rainy smell, her relief was so exquisite she leaned back against the dressing-table and simply looked at him. His damp mackintosh was in one hand, a spray of gardenias in the other.

He looked at her quizzically. "You were expecting someone else?"

She shook her head. "You," she said. Then she whispered, "Oh, Nils," and went to him.

He stroked her hair gently. "You weren't really afraid I wasn't coming?"

"No," she lied in part, "but I thought there might be trouble on the Hedvig."

"With the harbor chaps?" He paused. "No, that was routine, but there were other matters."

"So the captain is all right?"

"Gunnar?" He laughed. "Just left him talking business with Lauritzen in the Hongkong Bar." He tilted her chin. "And I thought your concern was for me."

"It is. It was," she said contentedly.

"Gunnar and Lauritzen expect me back in a bit. Then I'll return for you eightish to take you to dinner." He laughed and lifted her up. "The Parisian Grill and champagne."

"And gardenias," she added. She lifted the rain-dotted paper from the flowers and moved towards the dressing-table, trying them against the shoulder of her frock. He followed to stand behind her, folded his arms across her breasts, kissed the smooth twist of hair. They

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APPLES ON THE TREE. In addition to providing luscious fruit, an apple tree with its graceful shape and foliage adds decoration to the home garden. Joan Cobb, of Dee why, N.S.W., took this picture in Silandro, Northern Italy, an apple-growing district.

FRUIT TREES

A few fruit trees enhance any garden and are both decorative and practical. In small gardens, if there's room, plant one or two trees as specimens in the garden beds. In a medium-sized or big garden it's worth while having a small orchard.

JUNE to July is the best time to plant deciduous trees, and spring or early summer is best for citrus.

Few people have sufficient space for trees of all the fruits they like, so it becomes a matter of choosing first favorites, making sure that the varieties selected are those recognised as the best for local conditions.

Usually the choice lies between apples, pears, plums, apricots, peaches, quinces, and figs in semi-tropical and colder areas. Citrus fruits can be grown in the warmer parts of this climatic zone.

If there is not sufficient space in your garden for trees and you want to grow fruit, plant strawberries, loganberries, raspberries, passion-fruit, or grapes.

In tropical areas choose any of the tropical varieties.

There is only one real problem in fruit-growing, and that is combating the fruit fly.

Unfortunately, in spite of all efforts to prevent its spread, all States except Tasmania now have to cope with the fruit fly. In Victoria it is not yet very serious, but from past experience it seems unlikely that this will continue.

Fruit fly is difficult to control, but it is possible to escape trouble by choosing varieties of fruit that mature early in the season before the fly becomes active.

There are too many varieties of these trees to discuss fully. Gardeners should contact the Government Department of Agriculture in their State for this information.

If planning to plant citrus (not lemons), try to obtain trees grafted on to reliable Trifoliata stock. This will give protection against a bad root-rotting disease.

This is the time to plant deciduous trees. For best results, they should be planted 15 to 18 feet apart, in well-prepared soil which has been well dug but not overloaded with manure.

It is essential to have good drainage, because if the soil is waterlogged or sour the trees certainly won't grow. If the condition isn't alleviated, it is likely that they will die. In very heavy soils it may be necessary to dig trench outlets.

Fresh manure is not desirable close to young trees, but there is no harm in adding plenty of good compost to the soil.

Before planting trees, cut off any damaged roots.

Dig the holes to such a depth that when the soil is levelled after planting the trees will be no deeper or higher than they were in the nursery. Holes should be slightly raised in the centre to give the roots plenty of room to spread out.

After placing the tree in position, drive in a stake,

GARDENING

taking care not to damage the roots. Fill the hole in with good top-soil and tread down firmly, finally giving each tree two to three gallons of water.

Finish the job by tying the tree to the stake, but keep a watch in the future, because trunks grow quickly, and the ties will cut the bark unless they are loosened at intervals.

Fruit trees may be grown on the espalier style, flattened against a fence, so that they look like a creeper, or on a wall of the house. This attractive style is achieved by training through pruning during active growth.

The young tree as received from the nursery is in one of two forms.

It may be a whip, a long, unbranched stem, which should be shortened back to about 18 inches or two feet at planting, making the cut where there are three strong buds. These will grow into three evenly spaced branches.

The alternative is a three-branched tree. These branches should be cut back to about one-quarter of their length, making cuts just above outside buds. Next year two buds will develop from each branch and the framework will then consist of six branches.

Early pruning is concerned entirely with shaping the tree, but once it is mature it is more important to prune for cropping.

The object of the pruning is to obtain a framework which resembles a vase, having some 15 well-spaced branches. Once achieved it is not hard to maintain the shape. The aim is then to keep up the supply of fruiting wood. A well-pruned tree that bears well has the framework filled up with short, fruiting branches.

The principles of pruning are quite simple and depend on knowing where the fruit buds are produced.

Apples, pears, and plums develop permanent fruit-spurs and so the yearly pruning consists of shortening branches back to fruit-spurs near the main trunk. This encourages the development of more spurs, so that eventually the tree is covered with short, sturdy fruit-spurs.

Apricots and peaches develop fruit-buds on new wood, so pruning aims at developing new laterals. Each winter existing laterals should be cut back to two to three buds measured from the main branch. These buds generally will produce one or two flowers and a leaf-bud, which will produce a new lateral.

Trees planted in winter should be given a top-dressing in August, using 2lb. of blood and bone or a dressing of animal manure.

In subsequent years, manuring should be done in June or July, using 2lb. to 4lb. of blood and bone or complete fertiliser for small trees and up to 12lb. for large trees; or 20lb. of animal manure for small trees or up to 100lb. for large trees.

These quantities should be halved if fowl manure is used.

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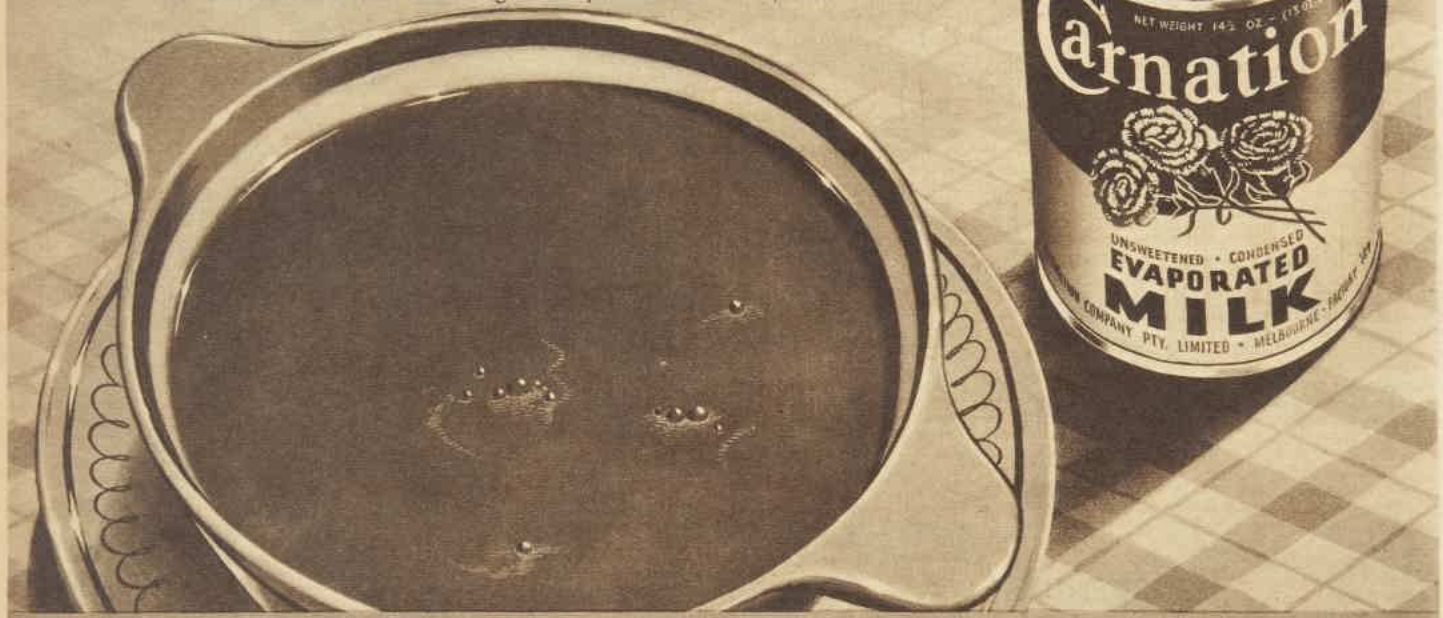

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FISHAPHOS

Continuing . . . .

Appointment in Hongkong

from page 48

smiled at each other in the mirror as she reached over to find a corsage pin in her case.

"So this is Abby's 'wonderful red box,'" he quoted Valborg with a grin, and added casually, "Did you find the package?"

"What package?" She had bent to the gardenias and now, looking up, saw his face, unsmiling in the mirror, the brow furrowed. He was looking at her open case.

"May I?" he asked, and raising the jewellery tray he lifted out a narrow package, roughly wrapped in a piece of newspaper.

"What is it?"

"Stones," he said and weighed them on his palm, not looking at her. "Worth a bit," he added.

She stared at the package helplessly, knowing so well how it had come there. "Uncle Nils wants to see me in the chart-room after breakfast." Then the child had come down to help her pack. She asked very quietly, "You had me bring these through on my special passport, Nils?"

"Yes," and now looked at her. "It seemed the simplest way, Abby."

"And you bribed Valborg to put them in my case."

"There was no need to bribe her," he told her gently. "She wanted to do this for you."

"For me?"

"Who else?" She had closed her eyes against him, feeling despair, and he explained. "I didn't wish to ask you, Abby. You're a bit squeamish, you know."

"Squeamish?" The word had a bad taste.

"Naively respectable, then."

She ignored that. "'Squeamish' seems a pretty poor word for honesty, Nils."

"And honesty is a pretty pompous judgment on a little customs evasion," he countered evenly. Then he added patiently, "You're in the Orient, Abby. There's been smuggling into this port since the beginning of time. Consider this your initiation, that's all."

She looked up from the flowers. "Were you wooing my special passport as well as me?"

"You know better," he said, "though it was quite a convenience." He teased, his eyes narrowed with amusement, knowing very well her argument against him was done. "Now see what it is, why it will make such a difference for us."

He folded the paper back and she saw the long narrow sack, like a piece of belting. It was sewn of silk and she saw the color of it.

She felt coldness spread from the centre of her and she closed her eyes with the desperate wish to disbelieve. One compromise for Nils is only training for the next and harder one, she thought in sickness. She looked on the soft blue sack with fascination, the perfect corners, the fine stitches.

Why couldn't you have guessed in the beginning somehow? It had to be the man in hyacinth to whom Nils rented his quarters. The rich stowaway. What lay in Nils' hand could belong to no other.

"You stole this," she told him flatly.

She did not see his surprise, only heard his sudden sigh. "I simply took what I must have, what we must have," he answered, and when he saw her head droop forward he went to her, pulled her body to sit beside him on the bed. His arm held her strongly.

"Listen carefully now, Abby. Don't think of this. Let me take care of us." He pleaded softly, "Don't judge me. Just love me."

How simple it sounded, how good. And how far will you go because Nils asks it? How much is love worth without honor?

"The stones were stolen in the first place." Could he really believe this justified? "The man came aboard in a hurry."

This is the end of the line, you can stop here, not know any more. But Mr. Liu knew. He had known all along and he thought I was part of it. Where is the man in hyacinth now? she asked dully. "I believe he is no longer on this ship," Mr. Liu answered again.

"Abby?" Nils' arm held her warm.

She turned and looked at him and could not see him as he was, only the violent mask of his face that late night she'd been waked by a cry. He had kissed her with passion that was not love. She knew now what that passion had been.

She wrenched away from him and went to the windows.

"Did you throw him overboard?" That she was asking such a question seemed unbelievable. Another bad line from a bad play. Had she hoped for denial? No, she'd known he would make none, and it couldn't matter anyway. The end of the line was way back there when she'd seen the hyacinth silk. There was a long silence.

"It was unfortunate. Gunnar and Frieda will agree with you." He spoke quietly and in an incredibly reasonable tone, as though the topic were weather, the price of rice. "I hadn't planned to, but in the end it so happened."

SHE saw again the angry cut on the cabin boy's cheek. The captain was trying to warn you, trying to save you this.

"I'm sorry you had to learn this now, before . . ." He let the sentence hang as he thoughtfully shook a cigarette from his pack.

She couldn't bear the casual gesture. "Before what?" she urged.

"Before I had made love to you," he said simply.

"Would that have made any difference?"

"Perhaps." He shrugged now, tiredly.

"Abby"—the contrition in his voice reached her—"this has been too much for you to take at once."

"I was miscast." She didn't care whether he understood or not. "I didn't ever know my lines."

She heard his intake of breath. "There was only one line that mattered and you said it, dear. You love me. Remember?"

He waited, but there was no response in her. She saw his hand find a chair, saw his knuckles whiten under the strength of his grasp, and she flattened against the window, expecting him to hurl it. Instead, he began to swear, softly, passionately, on the edge of fury.

Finally, he turned, spent, and searched her face again.

"I have to go, but I can't leave you like this." He came close to her. "Listen, no matter what, you must come with me now. Let me take you to Frieda."

She heard his voice, the possession in it. "No. No." She pressed against the window again, putting her hand to the frame as something to cling to should he try to take her with him. He saw the gesture and dropped his arm. He will not hurt me, she thought. I look like Hanne.

Wearily he smoothed his hair, picked up the package and dropped it in his mackintosh pocket.

At the door he turned.

"I'd lock you in if I could," he said slowly. "Just wait for me, Abby," he pleaded, stressing the words as though she were far away, and she was. "I'll be back." He closed the door softly.

He will be back, but he must not find me. This is quiet rain, no storm, so there will be planes going out tonight for somewhere. Shanghai, Manila, somewhere.

"You love me, remember?" Remember to the end of time, but not now. This is the blessed hiatus between emotions, and you feel nothing. Yet she knew she was waiting for him once more. Look on him one last time, then the appointment is over.

The doors below came open and Nils strode along the curve of shining walk, his mackintosh swinging wide and careless, and his hair looked silver as the rain. He turned the corner, but she still stood against the window, her hands flat on the pane.

And so it was she saw Mr. Liu again. The brim of his hat was down, but the walk was unmistakably his and the gun-metal oilskins reflected light. She saw him walk sharply to the corner.

She began to beat wildly, frantically, on the pane. Stop him, oh, stop. She beat futilely. Mr. Liu knew. He knew all along. It was Nils he was waiting for. He was down there waiting for Nils to come—and go.

She ran, snatching her handbag, her raincoat, hearing her breath catch in gasps. But even as she reached the elevator, the strength went out of her, collapsed utterly.

She swayed a little. Bring the curtain down. You know the plot now. All the characters have disappeared into the wings. This is in the Greek tradition, the murders are done off-stage. You go home now, go home.

She stepped stiffly into the elevator. Smooth your hair, set your face, and walk straight down to the airlines desk and buy a ticket home. Though there was no hurry at all. She had plenty of time, all the rest of her life. Nils was not coming back for her, ever.

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Continuing . . . .

Five Beautiful Sisters

from page 9

jet curls and violet eyes, but she was also the best-natured.

"The sprouts are ahead of their elders," she observed as she passed Emmy the rolls. "Neither Stephanie nor I have a date. Have you, Emmy?"

"Not yet," Emmy returned shortly.

Stephanie looked up. Her red hair hung in smooth waves; when she lifted her head it made a golden halo, and her blue eyes were angelic, too. "Seen Kirk Slocum lately?" she asked too casually.

"Sure. He's been at the Bluebonnet when I go to lunch—with John Bellamy."

They all stared. Melanie exclaimed, "Gosh, Emmy, your boss!" And Mum said, "Bring him to dinner, dear. How about Saturday night?"

Dad pushed back his cup, ran a hand over his balding, sandy head. "Leave Emmy alone."

He always barked, as if it were the only way to make himself heard in this household of petticoats. "If she doesn't want to fetch him home, she doesn't have to!"

Mum's blue eyes went round. "Why shouldn't she—"

"Let's be excused," Dad barked again, and, in the confusion, Mum's question was lost. But Stephanie caught Emmy's arm. "Kirk rang me up the other day, Emmy. He seemed to be fishing for a date, but I didn't know you were—I mean—"

"Don't let me stand in your way," Emmy advised dryly.

Next day, after dictation, John Bellamy said, "I met Slocum in the hall today and he scowled at me. We're making progress."

"Yes?" Emmy drawled. "Well, he rang Stephanie for a date." It was stretching the truth a bit, but Emmy felt perverse.

"Oh!" John Bellamy was evidently taken aback. "Well, we'll have to try something else. But what?"

"I suppose," Emmy offered edgily, "that I should take you home to dinner."

"Why not?" He brightened. "Why not, Emmy? And—you'd better call me John."

Emmy bit her lip, then said, "Saturday night? And, remember, I warned you . . . John."

Emmy got a new dress for Saturday night, a yellow-and-black Hawaiian print which she hoped made her look mysterious. But Stephanie said, when Emmy came downstairs, "You look sweet. Like a little girl, Emmy."

"Well, you don't look like a little girl." There were stars in her sister's eyes. "What's up?"

"Emmy, Kirk's asked me to the Yacht Club dance!"

"Fine thing," Emmy commented under her breath, as she went on into the living-room. At least, John Bellamy had been warned about her sisters. He'd be on guard. She hoped.

Her hopes died before they saw the light of day. John came, greeted Emmy warmly, then stopped in midsentence, staring past her. Emmy turned, and there was Gabrielle, late home from a tennis date and trying to slip upstairs to dress.

Gabrielle's white sharkskin shorts and thin jersey T-shirt were rumpled, even a bit soiled, but didn't detract one iota from the charm of her slim, tanned legs and slender body . . . no more than did the windblown state of her short curls, or her flushed cheeks. In fact, Gabrielle seemed more beautiful that minute than ever before.

Here's where I came in, Emmy thought. Then, in husky politeness, "Gabrielle, this is John Bellamy. John, my sister . . ."

Gabrielle smiled, and from then on it all ran according to form. John wore the usual slightly dazed air all through dinner, stealing awe-struck glances at Gabrielle, who now wore a sleeveless white pique dress that had big flowers splashed on it—blue, to match her eyes.

Emmy let the talk flow about her, because she didn't feel witty, like Gabrielle, or deeply serious, like Stephanie, nor had she at hand any of the wise-cracking chatter of Pamela and Melanie, the amber-eyed honey-blondes.

She was just Emmy, plain of face and speech. Just Emmy, with heartache inside her, as she watched events move over a long, familiar path . . . through dinner, and afterwards, when John Bellamy stood up and looked at Emmy.

"Shall we go to the films?" he asked without any hesitation. "Perhaps your sister would come along."

Emmy lowered her lids, because it might be that a look as daggered as hers would kill. She held her voice smooth. "Of course, why not?"

Five minutes later the three of them rode away, Emmy in the middle, and John and Gabrielle flinging witty speeches across her, each one nicking her a bit as it grazed past.

Gabrielle pointedly made Emmy sit by John in the theatre, but whenever anything funny happened on the screen John leaned out to share his laughter with Gabrielle.

As for Emmy, there wasn't anything funny anywhere. She just sat there thinking of Kirk . . . of this new humiliation she'd brought upon herself.

A curse on John Bellamy and his cold-blooded schemes!

Just one good lick she got in. Back home, she followed Gabrielle out of the car, then turned. "Goodnight, John," she said decisively. "Thanks—for everything."

He took his dismissal, but his mouth tightened. Inside the house, Gabrielle turned a shocked gaze at her.

"Will you shut up?" Emmy cried, and fled upstairs to her room.

John Bellamy was still angry the next Monday morning. There was a distinct coolness between himself and Emmy during dictation. Then he asked, "Will these letters be done by noon?"

"Probably not," she told him, "but I'll work through. I brought my lunch today."

His face tightened still more. "So this is a brush-off?"

"Not exactly. Your taking me to lunch was a project, and it failed. Kirk's asked Stephanie to the dance."

John said stuffily, "May I have the honor of taking you, Miss Smith?"

"No!" explosively. "You've done enough. You took me to lunch, and came to my house for dinner, and—"

"And met your family."

The brightening of his eyes added fuel to Emmy's anger.

"That's what they all say," she flared.

"So that's it." Violently, he pushed his red hair till it stood on end, like a torch somebody had just touched a match to. "I asked your sister to come with us out of common politeness, and youre jealous."

"I'm not!" savagely. "I hope you even ask her to the dance."

His eyes narrowed. He reached for the phone book.

"It's Elwood 7381," she snapped, and watched him dial the number, then ask to speak

To page 53

Always look for the name

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Continuing . . . .

Five Beautiful Sisters

from page 52

to Gabrielle at the dress shop where she helped design clothes.

"I know it's late," he apologised when Gabrielle answered, "but will you go with me to the Yacht Club dance?"

Emmy, gathering her notes, heard her sister's low murmur, then John's assurance. "You won't hurt Emmy. She doesn't want to go with me, in fact."

Emmy had her notes together by then, and she left, her head very high.

At the door, John stopped her. "I'm going out of town this afternoon," he announced coolly, "for about five days. You can work on those permanent notes for my files."

"I'll get them done," she promised crisply, although all the starch seemed gone from her life.

It helped, daytimes, to have John Bellamy away. She could type hard and keep from thinking. But at night John seemed to haunt her like a belligerent ghost.

That first evening Dad barked, when she came in late, "See here, Emmy! Gabrielle says Bellamy asked her to the dance. And the one you brought home before—he and Stephanie—"

"I'm just a decoy," Emmy returned smoothly, as she sat down. "I lure men within reach so my sisters can wing 'em."

"Emmy!" Stephanie exclaimed. "You said—" And Gabrielle cried out in the same breath, "John told me—"

Emmy waved a hand. "They're both all yours, darlings. And now, pass me some of everything." If she ate, she wouldn't have to talk.

"But what'll you do, Emmy?" Mum asked worriedly. "Dad and I have to go to the dance. We're on the committee—"

"Oh, Emmy, I hadn't thought!" Gabrielle broke in. "You'll be home alone."

Emmy lifted her head, spoke fiercely from her pride. "Oh, no. I'll go with Mum and Dad. There's always some boy without a steady date."

She would have taken the words back, if she could, but they were spoken, hanging on the air like a flock of dark, twittering birds.

. . . . .

It was the night of the dance. Gloomily, Emmy regarded herself in the mirror. Outside her room, the confusion of the others getting dressed was a mounting crescendo. They were working eagerly towards glamor, but Emmy would wear her customary well-scrubbed look, she thought bitterly.

Melanie peered in, her net hoop-skirt swinging about her young silk-clad legs. "Gabrielle wants your earrings," she said, and breezed on.

Emmy took out the earrings that were her legacy. They were large, quaint, with an exquisite sapphire set in each long, dangling triangle of gold filigree.

"I wish I had something more to leave you, Emmy," Aunt Emmeline told her the day she gave them. "You deserve something special, to keep your head above water with those others. And maybe I can give you something," she added slowly, "if you're not too young to understand."

Then it came. About men. "It's all a matter of dignity," Aunt Emmeline explained. "Never lose that, under any conditions. That means you'll never quarrel with any man. If a break comes, you'll get out of his life, gentle and smiling, with your dignity intact."

"Yes, Aunt Emmeline," Emmy offered dutifully.

Her aunt gave her a sharp look. "Can you understand, honey? Even if another girl gets him, you'll still hold him. Every time she cries or nags at him, he'll remember you, who never raised your voice. He'll put a halo on you in his memory. And he'll come back. Usually you won't want him, but he'll come."

Aunt Emmeline stopped, resting. When Emmy had thought her asleep, she opened one eye. "And about the earrings, wear 'em when everything seems lost. They were always lucky for me."

"May I have the earrings?" Gabrielle asked from the hall.

"Sorry," Emmy called back, "but I'm wearing them myself this evening."

"Oh," Gabrielle said, unbelievingly." Emmy knew what she was thinking. The sapphires which went so beautifully with Gabrielle's eyes were lost on Emmy. The quaint, dangling triangles didn't go with Emmy's face, nor her dress, nor her style.

"And nobody knows that better than I," she muttered as she screwed the baubles in place, then stared at herself in the mirror.

She looked like nothing more than a little girl dressed up in some woman's cast-off jewellery.

Gathering her mass of brown hair, she twisted it high and tight off her face, anchored it with pins. Whether good or bad, Emmy didn't know, but, definitely, it did something, and the dangle-bobs seemed a little closer to belonging.

Emmy started on make-up,

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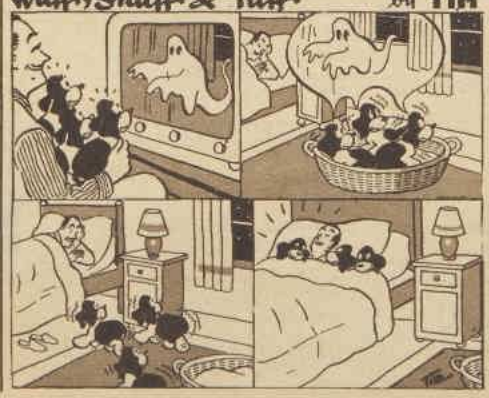
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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a spot of rouge low . . . then high . . . finally, none at all. She dug into a drawer for a violent purple lipstick Melanie had given her for Christmas. The effect was startling, but it helped. Now, if she could make her eyes fit into the picture . . .

She did a fair job, she thought, as she surveyed the result. She didn't look like Emmy, but her hair and face and eyes and the earrings all matched. Now for the dress.

She got her own demure blue frock, picked up the manicure scissors, started snipping.

Her sisters had gone ahead with their dates, and Mum and Dad were already in the car, impatient to be off, when Emmy came down, her white stole wrapped about her. Mum was near-sighted and left off her glasses for evening affairs. Dad would find a poker game, so neither parent would be a problem.

At the Yacht Club, Emmy had a moment's compunction when she unveiled herself. The dress was entirely startling. What there was of the taffeta bodice hugged her waistline, then plunged uncertainly above, making the long, full net skirt seem too daring.

Emmy wore no jewellery except the earrings. A tiny string of pearls or a gold chain might have taken away the naked feeling, she thought, but it was too late now.

Touching one dangling triangle for luck, Emmy sailed, head high, into the ballroom. Just for an instant she stood there, meeting startled glances, wishing miserably she were home. Then a tall, broad-

Continuing . . . . Five Beautiful Sisters

from page 53

shouldered man, crewe haircut looking funny with his tux, strode towards her.

"Hi, Emmy Smith," he grinned. "Let's dance." Then she was out on the floor with an old schoolmate whose name she scarcely recalled. A minute after that another man tapped the old classmate on the shoulder. And, after him, another.

I know how Aunt Emmeline felt, Emmy told herself later. I know why she got three husbands easily. She felt the way I do, and when you feel this way, men come flocking. Most men, that is.

Kirk Slocum didn't cut in or seek her out. Neither did John Bellamy. Under the excitement, a queer ache gnawed inside Emmy. Then, about mid-evening, when a waltz ended, Emmy and her partner found themselves beside Stephanie and Kirk, and Emmy felt it was time to do something.

Stephanie's eyes were disapproving, but Emmy smiled past her to Kirk, giving a slow lift to her long lashes. It worked. Kirk said, "Shall we change partners?" and danced off with her.

"What's happened to you, Emmy?" he demanded, his tones queerly desperate. "Why did you run away from me?"

Emmy couldn't have done what she did, after that, if she hadn't been wearing her earrings. But it was as if she had learned the lines and gestures and were giving them as rehearsed.

"I'll tell you—outside," she whispered, and Kirk took her out into the moonlight, quite forgetting Stephanie.

"When I was little, we used to come here and peek in at the dances," she said. "It was fun." Then she sighed, because she realised suddenly that life wasn't fun any more.

"Tell me about when you were little," Kirk said, and they sat on a bench and talked, and they laughed together, and Emmy wondered, now and then, why the queer ache stayed inside her.

She was with Kirk again, and she knew that the slightest swaying towards him would bring his arms about her, but she didn't want that. What did she want?

Before she could figure it out, a man came tramping down the path to stand before them. John Bellamy, grim under the moonlight. He gave Emmy a quick, distasteful glance before he turned to Kirk.

"You brought another girl to the dance!" he reminded Kirk severely. "And you've been out here an hour!"

"Oh, my gosh!" Kirk jumped to his feet. "Emmy, I'm sorry. I mean . . . I'll be seeing you again. I've got to see you." Then he trudged towards the clubhouse like a small boy heading for the woodshed.

John drew a long breath, then exploded. "And you had me believing your sisters took your men away from you! You had me sorry for you, and all the time—"

"You shut up!" She jumped up, as furious as he. "Nobody asked you to manage my life. You just butted in, and made me take you home, and—oh, what right did you have?"

"I told you!" he shouted in exasperation, running a furious hand through his brash red hair. "You're my secretary, and a good one, and—"

"I'm not your secretary. I resign!"

"You will not!"

"I already have! I don't want to see you ever again, you interfering old busybody. You—"

"Why, you little vixen!" His hands shot to her shoulders, and then he was shaking her . . . shaking her . . . making the eardangles dance, tumbling her hair down . . . making her heart beat faster, then stop entirely for an instant as she realised the truth.

She did want to see John Bellamy again! She wanted to go on seeing him, even if it meant him going on this way, shaking her. She wanted it, because—because she loved him.

She loved him. John, not Kirk. And John had eyes only for Gabrielle. The new hurt in Emmy was a rising tide that turned again to fury.

Her hands curled to fists, and her fists beat against his chest, because it was all so hopeless. Wear the earrings when everything seemed lost, Aunt Emmeline had told her. Well, it was all wrong. Aunt Emmeline's legacy was no soap for Emmy.

Then she recalled the other part of the legacy. "It's a matter of dignity . . . If a break comes, you'll go out of his life, gentle and smiling—with your dignity intact."

If she had remembered, dignity might have helped, but Emmy had booted that away, too. John Bellamy would never put a halo on her, even in memory.

The fight went out of Emmy all at once. Her two fists uncurled and dropped, and she was like a limp rag doll for John to shake.

He stopped, looked down at her again. "Hey! You're crying!"

She bent her head down, began pulling at the earrings. "It was these," she explained quietly. Maybe she could still salvage a shred of dignity and leave John, gentle, if not smiling.

"Give them to Gabrielle, will you, please? Tell her they're hers—for keeps. I was crazy to wear them, but Aunt Emmeline said to put them on if—when—"

"Yes, Emmy?" quietly, as he looked at the trinkets in his hand.

"She said to wear them when everything seemed lost."

John stuck them into his pocket. "Everything isn't lost, Emmy. Kirk left Stephanie tonight—for you."

"Kirk?" she echoed vaguely. "Oh . . . him."

John put a finger under her chin, turned her face up, stared bewilderedly into her eyes. Then, like a lighted candle flaring to full flame, his own eyes brightened.

"Emmy!" he breathed. "Emmy! Why, I'll be darned! Emmy!" jubilantly. "I love you!" His arms jerked her close and his lips bent to hers.

When finally he lifted his head, he said, "I'll have to go to Gabrielle now, sweet. We'll get through the rest of the evening some way . . . and I'll give Gabrielle the earrings." He grinned, pulled them from his pocket, and looked at them again. "I don't want you to wear them any more tonight."

"I won't, Johnny. Only—" She held out her hand. "They were a legacy, and I guess I'll keep them. After all—"

After all, Aunt Emmeline's legacy was good, even if a girl couldn't always hang on to her dignity when dealing with a red-headed man. And there might be other times when everything would seem lost.

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Notice to Contributors

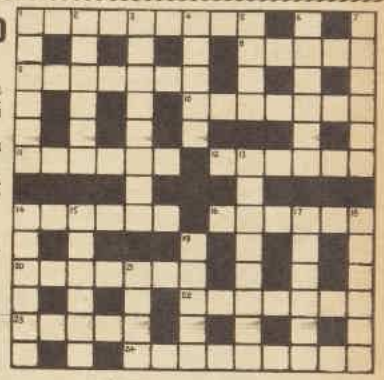
PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Domestic who follows a Russian river is rather good for taking notice (9).
8. Happening in a regular tea (5).
9. Task that wearies yet makes fat in the beginning (7).
10. Make shorter a card-game (7).
11. Watch narrowly to hinder a small hole for lace (6).
12. Stocks saintly crude metals (6).
14. Have innings at a sweet potato (6).
16. Once such benefit was due to everybody who could read (6).
20. Calm a donkey and you with age (7).
22. Is this a cigar from the ocean? No; it's algs (3-4).
23. Escape (5).
24. Peer crest (anagr. 9).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Service no longer frozen? (6).
2. Sarcasm squashed on anger (6).
3. Habit with regard to food with tea for a permanent unit of the army (8).
4. A highest point is vertical (5).
5. Pull apart a listener after tea (4).
6. Give in return but leave the end inside (6).
7. Puts into circulation (6).
13. Old form of taxation (8).
14. Shaped by the hammer (6).
15. Fine woven fabric is on little Susanna after tea (6).
17. Take offence about disturbed nest (6).
18. Broken dry one is over there (6).
19. Turns a holy collection into critical examinations (5).
21. Affirm but first welcome (4).

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST 3D MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENT

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Stand a mirror between the pictures, as shown, glass facing to the left. Rest the tip of your nose on the edge of the mirror. Now look towards the right-hand picture with both eyes.

MM42

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By One Food and Cookery Experts

CURRY with all the Trimmings...

Teenagers are happiest in an informal atmosphere, where they can help themselves to whatever they fancy.

TAKE YOUR PICK of fluffy rice, raisins, chutney, or peanuts with a serving of this delicious fish curry. Adults as well as teenagers will enjoy every bite. See the recipes for this and other buffet-style party dishes below.

BUFFET-STYLE service has a stimulating effect on appetites, so vary the food as much as possible and provide plenty of it.

Curries, creamed fish, or meat casseroles and rice, spaghetti, or macaroni dishes are the best choice for hot dishes. They are appetising, very satisfying, and easy to manage with a plate in one hand and a spoon or fork in the other.

Cold salads with sliced cold meat and all the colorful and attractive salad pieces, are always popular and make the buffet table look more inviting.

Sweets need to be really luscious for young appetites. Tarts with delicately browned meringue toppings, ice-cream dishes with fruit sauces, or layered cakes with creamy fillings usually top the popularity poll.

Tiny bread or biscuit savories with varied toppings are just the thing for the few remaining empty corners of the table.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

FISH CURRY

Two onions, 1 cooking apple, 1 small banana, 1 dessertspoon raisins, 1 to 1½lb. fish (Murray cod or snapper), ¼ cup chutney, 1½ dessertspoons curry powder, 3 cups fish stock or water, salt and pepper to taste, seasoned flour, fat for frying, lemon, parsley.

Brown sliced onions in hot fat, chop roughly. Peel, core, and slice apple, brown in fat, then chop. Peel banana, halve lengthwise, brown in fat, mash with fork. Place apple, onion, banana, and raisins in large saucepan with stock or water, salt and pepper. Simmer 1½ to 2 hours until thickened. Add chutney and curry powder, simmer 10 minutes. Dry fish fillets thoroughly, lightly coat with seasoned flour, fry in small quantity hot fat, turning to brown both sides. Break into chunky pieces, add to curry. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes, fill into heated serving dish. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

OVEN-COOKED CURRY

One and a half pounds topside or round steak, 1½ tablespoons fat, 1 onion, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 dessertspoon gravy browning, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 2½ cups stock or water, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 carrots, 2 small cooking apples, salt and pepper.

Wipe steak with damp cloth, remove skin, cut into ½in. cubes. Brown slowly in hot fat, turning to brown evenly. Add sliced onion and brown. Blend flour, gravy browning, and curry powder with stock or water. Add to meat, stir until boiling. Add sultanas, chutney, lemon juice, salt and pepper, and peeled, chopped carrots and apples. Fill into casserole, cover and cook in moderate oven 2½ to 2½ hours. Top with cooked rice or spaghetti or serve in separate bowl.

PRAWN AND BACON PILAU

Eight ounces bacon, 1 small onion, 2½ to 3 cups chopped tomatoes, 1 cup rice, ½ clove garlic, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1lb. cooked prawns.

Chop bacon, rind removed, cook gently until crisp; remove. Fry chopped onion until soft and yellow in bacon fat. Add tomatoes, washed rice, finely chopped garlic and parsley, mix well. Cover, bring to boiling point. Reduce heat, simmer 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Leave in warm place (not over direct heat where it will burn) for further 20 minutes. Fold in shelled halved prawns and bacon, fill into casserole, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Note: Crab or lobster meat or smoked cod or haddock (cooked and coarsely flaked) may take the place of prawns.

ALL-IN-ONE SALAD

Four to six ounces thinly sliced luncheon sausage, stuffed olives, 2 cups diced cooked potato, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 2 to 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 lettuce, 4 or 6 hard-boiled eggs, paprika, 8oz. cottage cheese, 2 to 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz. walnut halves, cucumber, tomato, and onion slices, radish roses and celery curls.

Remove skin from luncheon sausage slices, fold each into a cone shape and secure with cocktail stick. Top sticks with halved olives. Fill cone shapes with potato and peas mixed lightly with parsley, red pepper, onion, and mayonnaise. Arrange on bed of lettuce on large platter. Halve eggs lengthwise, dust yolks with paprika, add to platter. Soften cottage cheese by beating with milk, roll into balls and sandwich each with two walnut halves. Pile into centre of platter. Arrange cucumber, tomato, and onion slices on platter and garnish with radish roses and celery curls.

ORANGE MERINGUE PIE

One 8in. cooked and cooled pastry-case, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon gelatine soaked in 3 tablespoons cold water, ½ cu. sugar, ½ cup orange juice, good squeeze lemon juice, grated rind ½ orange, pinch salt, extra ½ cup sugar.

Separate eggs, reserve one egg-white for meringue topping. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, orange juice, lemon juice, orange rind, and salt. Cook over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add soaked gelatine, stir over bowl of ice until cool and beginning to thicken. Fold in two egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with two-thirds of the extra sugar. Fill into pastry-case, chill until firm. Beat remaining egg-white and sugar to a stiff meringue, spread over orange filling. Lightly brown under low griller, chill and serve.

PINEAPPLE TORTONI TRIFLE

One 7in. sponge cake, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 tablespoons pineapple syrup, 1 pkt. strawberry jelly, 2 cups boiling water, 1 small tin pineapple pieces, ½ cup macaroon crumbs soaked for 1 hour in 3 dessertspoons sherry, ½ pint cream, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Cut sponge into fingers, arrange in serving-dish. Sprinkle with sherry and pineapple syrup. Cover, allow to stand at least ½ hour. Dissolve jelly in boiling water, allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, spoon half over sponge, chill until set. Add a layer of well-drained chopped pineapple. Beat cream until stiff, add sugar. Fold macaroon crumbs into half the cream, spread over pineapple and jelly. Decorate with balance of jelly chopped finely and remaining cream. Chill before serving.

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VEGEMITE

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Prize recipes

SALMON ASPARAGUS RING, delicious served with stuffed hard-boiled eggs and asparagus spears, makes a good hearty luncheon dish for end-of-autumn days. See recipe.

A simple fish dish made in a small ring-tin is a novel and unusual way of using salmon. The recipe wins £5 prize.

IF preferred, any tinned or cooked fish may be used instead of salmon.

A consolation prize is awarded to braised sweetbreads served with a piquant sauce. Sweetbreads are often neglected because the method of cooking them is not understood. They are similar in flavor to brains, but firmer in texture and make delicious savories when carefully cooked.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

SALMON ASPARAGUS RING

Two eggs, 1 cup cooked rice, ¼ teaspoon curry powder, ½ tin asparagus soup (16oz. size), 8oz. tin salmon, 3 hard-boiled eggs, asparagus spears if available, parsley.

Beat eggs, add rice, curry powder, and soup. Drain and flake salmon, removing any dark skin or bone, keeping liquor for future use. Add fish to rice mixture, reserving some for stuffing the eggs. Fill into greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Halve hard-boiled eggs lengthwise, mix egg-yolks with reserved salmon and moisten with liquor. Replace into egg-whites. Turn fish ring on to hot serving-dish, garnish with stuffed egg-halves, parsley, and asparagus spears.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Paul, 4 Dartmoor St., Lockleys, Adelaide.

BRAISED SWEETBREADS

One pound sweetbreads, 1 small carrot, 2 sticks celery, 1 tomato, 2 rashers bacon, 1 pint stock, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Wash sweetbreads, soak in cold salted water 1 hour. Drain, cover with fresh cold water, bring to boil, cook 20 minutes. Place in cold water, drain. Remove skin, tubes, and membranes, press between 2 plates. Note: This is the preliminary preparation for sweetbreads. They may then be braised as follows, or fried. Place sliced carrot, chopped celery, and chopped skinned tomato in saucepan. Cover with sliced or cubed sweetbreads. Top with bacon rashers (rind removed), add stock, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil, simmer 1 hour. Prepare sauce. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add sauce and strained stock from sweetbreads, stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Place sweetbreads under griller to brown for a few minutes before serving with the vegetables and sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Gregory, c/- "Olivet," off White Horse Rd., Ringwood, Vic.

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MORTON HERRINGS WITH MACARONI

1 lge. tin MORTON HERRINGS IN TOMATO SAUCE. 1 hard boiled egg. 4 oz. Macaroni, ½ pt. white sauce. Chopped parsley.

Cook macaroni in salted water till tender, then chop, put a layer in well greased dish, next a layer of MORTON HERRINGS with some small pats of butter. Continue layers till dish is nearly full, put all tomato sauce from tin over layers of macaroni and fish. Make white sauce and pour over all, cover with well buttered paper; bake for 20 mins. Garnish with parsley and slices of hard boiled egg.

MORTON HERRING FRITTERS

1 large tin MORTON FRESH HERRINGS, 2 oz. grated cheese. Pepper. Frying batter. Frying fat.

Split MORTON HERRINGS, remove skin and bones, divide each half into 2 or 3 pieces according to size required. Make batter in usual way, stir in grated cheese, dip pieces of fish, coating carefully, fry in hot fat until nicely brown. Drain well, sprinkle with pepper and serve piping hot.

MORTON HERRINGS

FRESH or in TOMATO SAUCE

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Continuing . . . . **The Fallen Petal**

from page 3

Or even being unkind. And she didn't want him to think that. After all, everything was dead, finished.

Six months ago she had felt she never wanted to see him again. But then, six months ago, seeing him had meant something.

Now, seeing him meant nothing. And she didn't want to hurt him. So, almost timidly, she came down the hill again and into the sunshine, and sat on the same seat, wondering if he would be there.

As she thought about it, she doubted very much if he would. He had always been so sane, and sanity pointed opposite ways now for both of them. She wondered if anybody among all these people, placidly sunning themselves and watching the river, would know them.

If someone would say, "Look, there's Lorna Hallowes and Tim Mercer. Remember? Yes, old Mercer's son. Nasty business, that."

She remembered, too, the days when Hallowes and Mercer had stood for security, honesty.

They were ideal partners. Her father, hard-working and easy-going. Howard Mercer, ambitious and enterprising.

Their two houses, close together in the same suburb. The good school that cost so much, her mother, proud of her genial husband and pretty daughter. And Howard Mercer, her father's partner, always dropping in.

She had called him Uncle Howard. And she had always liked Timmy.

As she grew up he stopped being Timmy and became Tim, driving a long, rakish sports car while her hair streamed in the wind. Tim was always at everybody's party, and always he took her with him.

She remembered her father saying one day: "Partners in business, good friends, everything around us we want. Life's as compact as a rose."

Then came a storm that shook the compactness to pieces, and everything changed.

They knew nothing about it till they opened the paper that morning. It had happened off the Cornish coast. Howard Mercer had been warned of the squall, but he wouldn't turn back. They found the yacht capsized off the headland, and three days later they found what was left of Howard himself.

Then the police called and asked, very seriously, to see her father. They had with them the letters Howard Mercer had left behind.

No, the police said, it wasn't an accident. He had known he would never come back that night. It was the way out he had chosen.

And slowly the compact rose that had symbolised their life began to shed its petals. Slowly, one by one, till nothing remained.

Her father hadn't been implicated. Howard Mercer admitted, in those last notes, that the blame was all his.

But John Hallowes was censured, blamed for not knowing what had been happening, for not keeping a closer watch on transactions which involved other people's life savings.

Howard Mercer was dead, but John Hallowes still lived to endure scorn and hate.

It was all that, Lorna thought, which had killed her mother . . .

One of the fallen petals, she drifted, drifted till at last she came to the tall, white office off Aldwych and the drab, brown house south of the river where she had a single room.

She sighed and glanced along the path. Tim was there.

He came up shyly. "You didn't come yesterday," he said, "or the day before."

"I don't come every day," she told him.

"Lorna, where do you have lunch?"

"It depends."

She wasn't going to tell him that she ate sandwiches in the office.

"I usually have sandwiches," he said. "It saves money."

"But you shouldn't! You're awfully thin already, Tim."

"I'll get over that. It's only for a time. Like to walk down by the river? Or shall we sit?"

"Let's walk. I sit all day."

"And I stand." He laughed. She remembered Tim's laugh from the old days. It wasn't the same now.

"Lorna," he said, "do we talk about it? Or not?"

She stirred against his shoulder. "It wasn't our affair."

"But it was. They belonged to us."

She thought a minute. "That's why I didn't come yesterday or all this week, Tim. I didn't want to see you. I didn't want anything that reminded me of—of all that. That's why I came to London. To feel free of it all."

"I'll leave you if you want. I'll get away from London if you'd rather have it that way."

"I'm the one who should go if it means anybody going. It's more important for you to get in step again and build up a career than it is for me."

"But why?" he asked.

"Because—well, it means more to you. With me it's only a matter of earning a living till—oh, I don't know! Till I get married. I suppose."

"You mean you've met somebody——"

"No, of course not! I've been here only a few months."

"People would notice you, want to marry you, in a few hours," he said unhappily.

"You only say that because you've always thought I'm quite extraordinary, but I'm not."

"You were to me. I suppose we're dramatising ourselves, Lorna. There's no need for either of us to go. London isn't a village. We probably won't see each other once in six months."

"Unless we look for each other."

"There's no reason to do that."

"Of course not. That's the best way out, Tim. The sensible way. Not to look for each other."

At five minutes to one they crossed the road again and wandered slowly back, both a little sad, knowing that soon the interlude would be over.

"Lorna," he said, "it's your birthday on Sunday, isn't it?"

"I'd almost forgotten."

There it was again! They were both remembering her last birthday. Her twenty-first. The party . . . Her mother so radiant and happy. The tables on the lawn that warm night.

Tim roaring up in his new car, hugging her, bringing a mammoth box of chocolates to devour on the spot and an exquisite ruby brooch—for keeps, as he said.

And then Tim's father coming, a hand behind his back, and saying guess what? And she couldn't, so he told her to hold out her wrist, and strapped around it a diamond-studded watch that quite put Tim's present in the shade.

She glanced down at the watch now, and knew Tim was also looking at it and thinking the same thoughts.

"I can't help it," he said. "It's still your birthday, and there are only the two of us. Lorna, I haven't a bean; I can't take you anywhere."

"I wouldn't want it, Tim."

"But Sunday's special! Look, won't you meet me in the afternoon, and we'll walk in the park, and have tea somewhere, and go to a cinema?"

"All right," she said. "I'd like that. Just for once."

She met him at three o'clock on Sunday and they went into the park. It was hot, the sun gilding distant clouds that promised thunder later. They walked by the lake and watched the ducks, then strolled back to the shadow of the plane trees and lay on the grass. She looked at him, smiling wistfully, knowing she liked being with him more than anyone she had ever known or ever would. Not because of the way he looked, but just because he was Tim.

She wanted to lie there on the grass for ever, with Tim's arm just touching her shoulder.

"Happy," Tim asked.

"Why shouldn't I be?"

She twined grass between her fingers. "Tim, let's not go to the cinema. Let's come back after tea. It'll save money, and this is all I want, really it is."

So after a long while they strolled out of the hot glare and found a little place open, and ate salad and cakes and drank hot tea.

And they came back again to almost the same place.

The threatened thunder was muttering far to the west, and a bank of coppery cloud moved over the sun. A sudden, hot little wind blew scurries of paper about the grass. People began to move away. They seemed alone in the world, the lake a metallic sheet beyond the path, darkness coming down like a curtain.

She could see his face white and strained. He moved a little nearer, he slid an arm under her shoulders.

"Lorna, I can't help it. I can't let you go. Not after all this time."

He drew her face nearer. He kissed her slowly, gently, and then again as if he could never stop.

"To blazes with it!" he said, and she looked up at him in surprise. Tim had never said anything like that to her before. "To blazes with it all! Why should we suffer?"

Why indeed? She crooked her arm round his neck.

"Let's walk," he muttered at last. "Let's get it straightened out, Lorna."

He began to fold the newspaper, then stopped, his face grim, staring at the smudged page.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing." He looked away from her, crumpling the paper.

But she took it from him. There it was, only a headline and a few inches on the middle sheet, but it struck between them as dangerously as the lightning that was now flickering over the trees.

ECHO OF HALLOWES-MERCER SCANDAL

The paper dropped between them. "Had you seen it before?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"I wonder what it is? It's getting so dark . . . Have you a lighter, Tim?"

"Who cares what it says?" His voice was savage. "Another poor devil who lost his savings gone in the river."

"Tim," she told him, "it's no use."

"It's not our fault," he said again.

"We've got to be sensible, Tim."

"I know. Being sensible means not seeing you again. But I can't do that, Lorna. There's no one else but you. There never was and never will be."

"It would always come between us. You know it would. Every time a thing like this

To page 61

Trix washes woollens wonderfully well. You can trust it with even the most delicate knitteds.

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FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3178. — Three-piece lingerie set designed with pleated nylon and lace trim. Sizes 30in. to 36in. bust and 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. 36in. pleated nylon, 14yds. 1in. lace insertion. Price complete, 4/6.

F3177

F3179.—Slim-line suit with bolero jacket. Sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

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F3178 F3179 F3180 F3181 F3182

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 665.—SMALL GIRL'S JACKET AND PLEATED SKIRT

The smart little suit is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is wool-de-chine; the color choice includes blue, grey, brown, green, and strawberry-pink. Sizes: 18in. length for 2 years, 29/6; postage and registration 1/9 extra. 20in for 4 years, 31/6; postage 1/9 extra. 23in. for 6 years, 33/9; postage 2/- extra; 27in. for 8 years, 35/9; postage 2/- extra.

No. 666.—HANDKERCHIEFS

The handkerchiefs are clearly traced ready to embroider; each handkerchief has a different design. The material choice is sheer Irish linen in white and pastel shades of blue, pink, lemon, and green. Sizes 11in. x 11in., price 1/3 each, postage 4d. extra. Set of three, 3/6; postage 6d. extra.

No. 667.—TEACLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES

The cloth and matching serviettes are clearly traced ready to embroider in a cut-work design. The flowers and leaves are done in satin and stem stitches and the edge in button-stitch. The material choice is white or cream Irish linen. Sizes: Cloth 36in. x 36in., 22/6; postage and registration, 2/- extra. 45in. x 45in., 33/9; postage and registration, 2/6 extra. 54in. x 54in., 43/9; postage and registration, 2/6 extra. Serviettes, 11in. x 11in., 1/6 each; postage 4d. extra.

No. 668.—SMALL BOY'S SHIRT

A tailored shirt styled with short sleeves and finished with a pocket is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is brushed-back cotton tartan, the design choice includes Victoria, Buchanan, Royal Stuart, Cameron, and Anderson. Sizes: 4 years, 10/9; postage 1/6 extra. 6 years, 11/3; postage, 1/6 extra. 8 years, 12/6; postage 1/9 extra. 10 years, 13/11; postage 1/9 extra.

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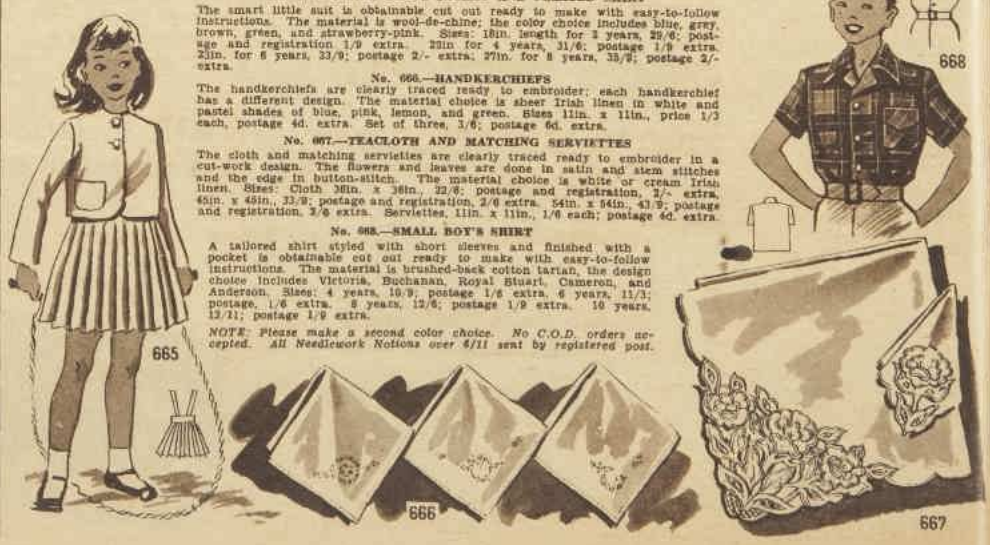

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Sydney, August, 1953. Betty James of Sydney says, "I like to have plenty of beaus and dates, and a girl doesn't get them if she's half-safe. That's why I use a deodorant that stops my perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Kills odor instantly, safely, surely, better than anything else I've found."

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Continuing . . . . The Fallen Petal

from page 59

happened. Every tiff we had, Tim, every time one of us lost our temper, it would be there."

There were tears in her eyes. She could have told him there was more to it even than that. She would never be able to forget her own father and what all this had done to him.

Even now she somehow felt she had betrayed him, being with Tim like this, wanting him, being in his arms.

Howard Mercer's son!

"We could live it down," he said. "We could, Lorna. It's not as if there's anything to quarrel or argue about. It was Dad's fault. Maybe—maybe he was a rotter. Maybe he did everything they say. Well, he's dead, isn't he? Isn't that enough? Do you want me to go on paying, too?"

"It's not that, Tim."

He waited, but she couldn't tell him what it was. She couldn't convey to him that sense of guilt, of shame that she had even been with him today. She knew it was unreasonable and unfair to make him go on paying, but there wasn't any other way.

"There can't be anything for us," she said. "We've got to face it, Tim."

He stood silently for a minute, then turned away without a word and left her.

. . . . . .

Afterwards, she couldn't remember where she went that July evening while the storm roared over the city.

It was the telephone message that brought her back to reality and made her realise how right, how sensible she had been. How impossible everything was between herself and Tim.

"A gentleman rang up, Miss," her landlady said. "Said he was your father. I told him you was out . . . Says he's sorry he missed your birthday, but he's had a touch of flu and he'll be coming next Sunday. Gets in Waterloo one-thirty."

She nodded. And then she began to laugh, a hysterical little laugh. Her father wouldn't have much money, either. That was another echo of the Hallowes-Mercer scandal.

Perhaps she would sit in the park with him and they'd have tea at the same cafe, then sit on the grass again.

That would be funny. Oh, very funny!

She laughed again. And then, suddenly, began to cry.

All that week she avoided the gardens at lunch-time. She tried not to think of Tim. And when she had to think of him, she tried to hate him. Because of what his father had done to hers, because of her dead mother, because of that compact rose of a life shattered and all its petals blown to the winds.

Most things you can do something about. This, you couldn't. She could never be in Tim's arms without seeing her father's sad eyes accusing her, without seeing the wreckage of all their lives.

And when she met her father next Sunday at Waterloo, she knew more than ever how right she had been. She forgot Tim, quite forgot him for the first time in all that desolate week.

He couldn't speak at first, and neither could she. They clung together on the platform, and she buried her face against his coat to hide her tears.

"Sorry!" he said at last. "I'm being really possessive, Lorna, but you're all I've got left. Come on—smile!"

They had a cup of tea at the buffet and left the station arm in arm. "The day's yours," he told her. "It's your birthday, even if it's a week late. What do you want to do, where do you want to go?"

"Anything and anywhere so long as you're with me. I don't care."

"Then let's walk about and talk," he said. "And then we can sit in the park . . . There'll be somewhere near there where we can eat."

"Yes," she said, "there is."

They crossed the bridge and leaned on the parapet, watching the boats and the gulls.

So once again she sat on the grass in the park, though mercifully her father didn't take her to the same restaurant.

They talked about all the things but those nearest their hearts. About her job, and how she liked London. It wasn't till quite late that she plucked up enough courage to mention home.

His mouth tightened under the clipped moustache.

"We've got to face things, Lorna. It's all gone. But we're both young enough to start again, aren't we?"

"Where are you—what are you doing?" she asked.

"Well, I've got two very comfortable rooms. And I'm working for a man who used to be a client. I'm enjoying myself, really I am! No responsibility for the first time in years. Just sitting at a desk from nine till five and having a nice fat cheque at the end of every month."

He laughed, but the laugh wasn't quite steady. And in spite of his cheerful manner she saw the haunted eyes, the tired gestures.

She came as near, just then, to hating Tim as ever was possible. Not because he was Tim, but because he was Howard Mercer's son.

But if only things had been different! She hated Tim, and yet her whole heart cried out for him. Soon, when her father had gone, she would go back home and there would be nobody left.

Not in the present, nor in the future. It was only pity for her father and the fierce conviction that she'd done right that kept her voice steady.

If only she could keep smiling till the train left! If only she could send him back thinking she was happy!

They were ten minutes early. Coming back to the station, he hadn't spoken much. But now, as they stood beside the train, he tilted up her chin and told her again to smile.

"Lorna, I didn't want to mention it before . . . You've done right to leave everything behind and make a fresh start. But there's something I want to ask you . . ."

He hesitated. "I'm not sure how you'll take it, Lorna. We were pretty well off, you know that. Well, those days are over. But I've been able to realise on just a little that we can legitimately call our own. There's not much. Thirteen or fourteen hundred, probably. That's all I've got to give you."

"But it's yours!"

He shook his head. "No, it's yours. But there's a point, Lorna, I don't like mentioning. I'd like you to share it. With Tim."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"With Tim Mercer," he went on. "He's got nothing, Lorna. He lost his father. You still have me. He's had to bear disgrace we were spared. And I've always looked on you both as my two youngsters.

"It's all I've managed to scrape out of the wreck. You're the chief sufferers, you and Tim. It's not much, but it might help. To start a little business. Or perhaps train for something."

His mouth twitched. He put his hands on her shoulders. "You used to share your sweets and toys when you were children. Will you go halves with him now, Lorna?"

No words would come. She took his hands.

"He's moved out, Lorna. Come to London somewhere. I've tried to trace him . . ."

He climbed into the carriage, and leaned out.

"We'll find him somehow. Funny if you dropped across him some day, wouldn't it?"

Still she couldn't speak. She nodded again, and then the words came in a flood.

"I—I thought I saw someone like him last week. In the gardens at lunch-time. Shaking crumbs out of a bag for the sparrows. He—he always used to do that at school. I'll look out for him . . ."

The train started to move. She ran along the platform. "If it is—if it's Tim, I'll tell him . . . Goodbye, Daddy. Goodbye, darling . . ."

She stood till the last swirl of smoke curled under the canopy and the red light disappeared. Then she hurried away. There were tears in her eyes still, but she was singing.

The petals of one rose might lie scattered, but now, she knew, there were other roses yet to bloom.

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AHF42

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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"NERIDA."—Smart slim-line winter dress made in wool frocking. The color choice includes maize, grey, and aqua, all flecked with black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £6/14/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £6/15/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/4/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £5/6/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"MARCIA."—Attractive long-sleeved shirt blouse made in rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes pink, blue, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 28/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/3. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

"GINA."—Practical and smart winter skirt made in novelty check wool. The color choice includes grey with green and white, grey with yellow and white, and grey with blue and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24½in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 59/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 47/3. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 60. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

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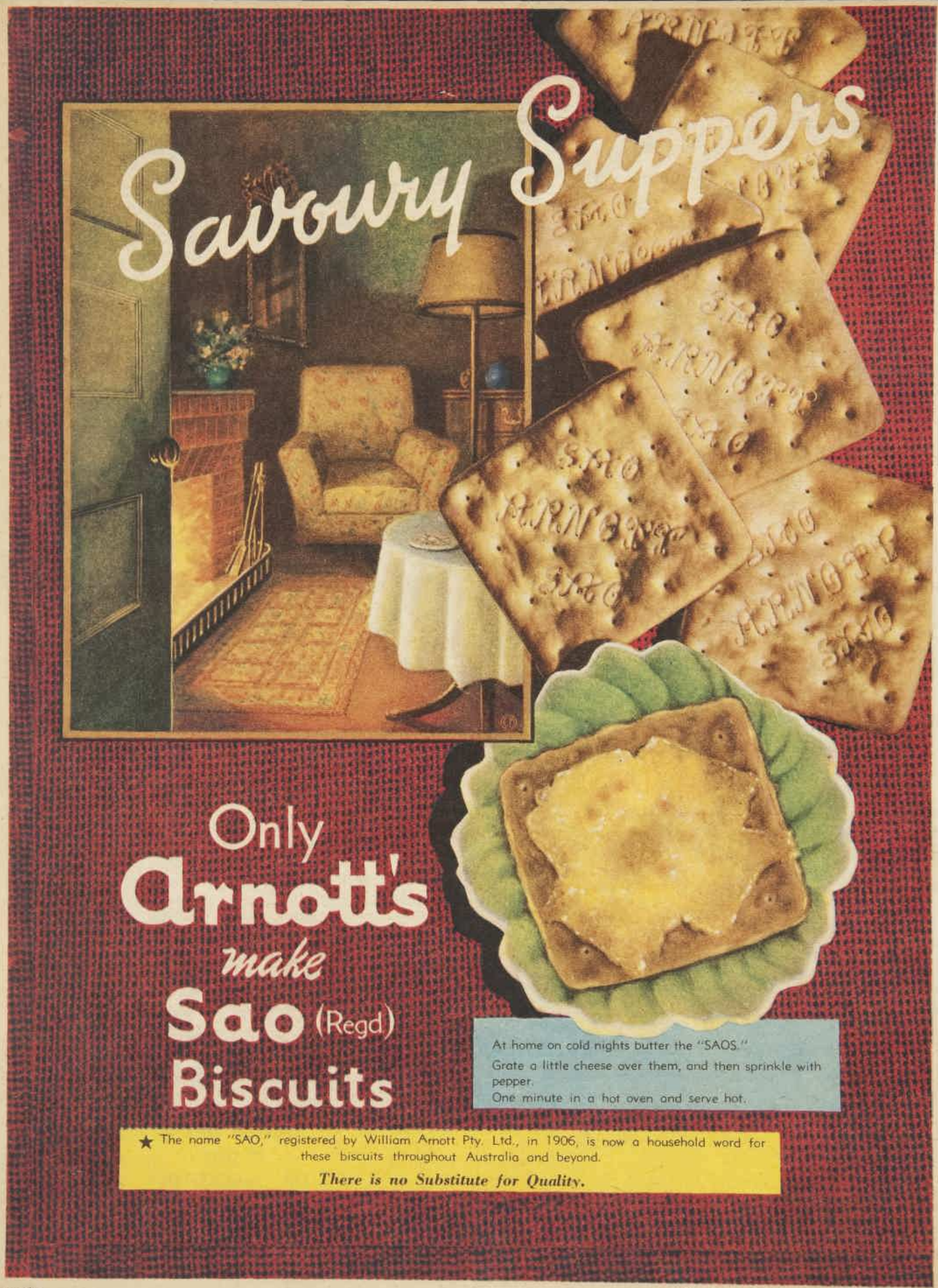

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Double Feature

By Rosamond Du Jardin

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Supplement to The Australian Woman's Weekly — May 19, 1954

DOUBLE FEATURE

GRAN said, laughter deepening the web of fine lines at the corners of her bright blue eyes, "In view of the fact that it's going to be such a small wedding, I can't see why you're all running around in circles, getting into such a dither over it."

"Dither, she says!" Pam Howard regarded her grandmother with a fine imitation of severity, then swung back to the mirror to adjust the little hat on the back of her dark head.

"It's all very well for her to talk," Pam's twin sister, Penny, craned her neck to see into the mirror over Pam's shoulder. "She's just the bride."

Gran chuckled, standing there in the doorway of the girls' pleasant maple-and-checked-gingham bedroom. Gran was a symphony in soft grey-blue, from the smart hat that topped her white head to the matching high-heeled pumps on her trim small feet. Gran's figure was frankly plump, but her sheer dress fitted well and brought out the color of her eyes and accented her fresh clear complexion.

"Look at her," Pam said to Penny in a whisper meant for Gran's ears as well. "She looks perfectly gorgeous and in less than an hour she'll be Mrs. Henry Hancock. But does that give her any right to stand there gloating over us poor spinsters?"

"My heart bleeds for you." Gran shook her head in mock sympathy. "Eighteen and not married yet." She turned away from the door, announcing as she left, "I'd better go see how your mother's getting along. She's probably worse than you two. You'd think no one ever got married before."

Pam's laughing grey glance met Penny's in the mirror. "It isn't every day your grandmother does, though," she confided.

Penny laughed, too. But then she said, sobering, "Do you realise how dreadfully we're going to miss her? Even if she does live right here in Glenhurst, it won't be like having her in the same house with us."

"I know," Pam nodded. "If it were anyone but Henry, I'd hate him for taking her away. But he's such an old dear."

"Like one of the family," Penny agreed.

They left it at that. Penny stooped to adjust a stocking seam, then moved away from the big oval mirror in a swirl of sheer skirts that crackled beguilingly with the taffeta petticoat beneath. She caught up her own trim little hat, a duplicate of Pam's, from the bed. The twins were dressed just alike for their grandmother's wedding, although they didn't go in for identical clothes nearly so much as they had when they were younger. It had been Penny's idea to stop the practice, since it so often led to their being mistaken for each other. Penny hadn't liked that, although Pam used to think it was rather fun.

A faint reminiscent smile curved Pam's lips as her glance followed her sister in the mirror. Her dark hair was so much like Pam's own, their features, the slender roundness of their young figures were so similar, it was almost like seeing oneself in duplicate. Yet there were subtle differences of expression, even of bone structure in the shape of brow and chin, that made each girl easily identifiable to those who knew them well.

When they first moved to Glenhurst, they were forever being taken for each other. But soon their new acquaintances realised that Pam was the one who talked a lot, who laughed and was at ease with everyone. Penny was more quiet and serious, not so sure of herself. Pam had led and Penny had followed, stumbling a little sometimes, not too happy or at home in the midst of the gay, smooth crowd of which Pam immediately became a part.

But the year just past had brought about a distinct change in Penny. No one was more aware of that than Pam. Penny had gradually loosed the bonds of Pam's loving and unintentional domination. She had learned to stand on her own feet and make her own friends, people who shared her likes and interests, which were quite different from her sister's. The climax of her new independence had come on the night of the senior prom, when Penny had been elected Prom Queen by the vote of the entire student body, while Pam had been merely one of her court of attendants.

PAM hadn't minded, however, after the first shock of surprise. She had been glad for Penny, sincerely proud of her triumph. Moreover, Penny's emergence as a person in her own right had brought the twins closer, somehow, than before. And during the remainder of their last year at high school, a warmth of mutual respect had augmented the natural affection they had always felt for each other.

It was only in fleeting, infrequent moments such as this that Pam found herself looking backward with a faint and wholly unreasonable nostalgia to the old days when Penny had clung to and depended upon her.

A year ago, Pam realised, Penny wouldn't have had an idea as to how to go about getting a boy really interested in her. Now Penny had Mike. A tightness came up in Pam's throat as the picture of Mike Bradley moved across the screen of her mind. Mike was tall and Viking-blond, with blue eyes equally adapted to narrow with laughter or penetrate almost too deeply. Mike had been editor of the Glen Crier, a big wheel in half a dozen student activities. He could have had any girl to whom he crooked an encouraging finger. And there had been a time when Pam had wanted him badly, but Mike had chosen Penny.

Pam felt a warmth of inner humiliation creep across her face at the memories crowding in upon her. Once Mike's attentions had been hers for the taking and Penny had only hovered like a vague wistful shadow on the edge of their association. But Mike had been just one of a crowd of boys then, so far as Pam was concerned, along with Randy Kirkpatrick, Spark Matthews, Joe Henderson. Pam couldn't remember a time when she hadn't had several boys sharing her time and attention. She felt no undue pride in the thought, it was just the way things were. Boys liked Pam and she liked them. She could twist them around her fingers, make them do as she wanted.

Penny had never been able to understand how she did it. Still, by the time Pam had realised that Mike was rather more important to her than the others, she had lost her chance with him. He had turned to Penny, they had become deeply interested in each other, and Pam was the one left out.

She still had more boys interested in her than she could well handle, notably Randy Kirkpatrick, dark and rather quiet, but attractive and wealthy. Pam was fond of Randy, they had lots of fun. But sometimes, seeing Penny and Mike together, a queer lost feeling of emptiness caught at Pam. As though she had missed something warm and sweet and vital that had once been almost within her grasp.

Her sister's voice broke into her thoughts, asking, "If we're both all ready, why don't we go help Mother?"

But Celia Howard's quiet laugh sounded from the doorway before Pam could answer. "Never mind. I'm just as ready as you are."

The twins turned to look at her and admiring smiles curved their mouths. Mother wore a dusty rose shantung suit in a soft feminine style that did flattering things for her still slim figure and pretty face. The grey in her crisply curly hair only made it seem more blond under her rose-colored hat with its little puff of veil.

Penny exclaimed, "How nice you look!"

And Pam nodded agreement. "Perfectly scrumptious!"

The sudden realisation struck her of of how very much Mother would miss Gran. They'd all miss her, of course, but Mother most of all. Gran had willingly taken over the details of cooking and housekeeping, so that Celia could devote her full attention to managing Howard House, the interior decorating shop that supported them all.

Mother had bought the big old house and remodelled it into the shop, with living quarters above, secure in the expectation that Gran would stay on with them, just as she had for so many years. Yet it was obvious that Mother was wholeheartedly delighted over Gran's imminent marriage. She was putting Gran's happiness ahead of her own convenience, just as she always put the twins' needs and desires before her own.

Maybe Pam thought in a moment of rare insight, it's because she knows how lonely it is to be a widow.

Her glance lingered thoughtfully on her mother's face.

Then Gran spoke, in her brusk, dry way, from the hallway behind Celia. "Well, don't just stand there, all of you. We haven't all day, you know."

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"Darling," Pam teased, "brides aren't supposed to sound so anxious."

"I'm not going to keep Henry waiting," Gran said firmly. "This sort of thing is hard enough on a man his age without making him all nervous and upset because I'm late."

"You're cute," Pam said, flying to give Gran a hug.

And Penny, too, came to press her cheek briefly against Gran's.

Gran put an arm around each of them, her blue eyes suspiciously bright. "I'm going to miss you two, pesky as you are," she said.

Mother said, "It won't seem natural without you."

"I'll only be a few blocks away," Gran's tone was calm, but feeling quivered underneath.

Mother nodded, as though she didn't quite trust herself to speak. Pam felt a curious thickness in her own throat and, glancing at Penny, she sensed that her sister, too, was struggling to keep her innermost emotions from showing too plainly.

"Why don't we all break down and have a good cry?" Pam suggested drily.

The absurd remark cleared the air just as she had hoped it would. A burst of laughter relieved the tension that had threatened to build up too disturbingly. Penny squeezed her arm gratefully and Mother's brief look was warm with appreciation.

And Gran said, still chuckling, "Trust Pam to keep things from getting too sticky."

Just then they heard the downstairs door open and the voice of Dorothea Crane, Mother's good friend and assistant in the shop, call out, "Hello, up there. Anybody ready?"

That meant that Dorothea had the Howard House station waggon parked out in front. She had promised to come and get them in plenty of time.

"We're coming," Mother said, her voice almost as natural as though they had a wedding in the family every day.

Afterward, Pam couldn't remember too much about the brief, moving ceremony in the small chapel of their church. There were tall white flowers at the altar. The dozen or so guests filled only a few front pews. Mike Bradley and Randy Kirkpatrick were there, with Randy's parents and a few other couples, friends of Gran's and Henry's.

Light fell softly through the stained glass windows as the minister's deep voice began, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here . . ."

Was Gran remembering, Pam wondered, those same words falling on her ears so many, many years ago, when she had married the twins' grandfather? He had been dead so long now and Gran was no longer young. But the words must be the same, the measured enduring words of the marriage ceremony. Pam tried to concentrate on the service, but her thoughts kept skipping off on the oddest tangents.

Henry was such a dear, but it would be quite strange to have to call him Grandfather. Or would he expect that, she wondered. He looked almost unfamiliar, standing there so erect and solemn in his well-tailored dark suit. Usually his taste ran more to colorful sport shirts and baggy slacks.

She watched him slip the ring on Gran's finger. What would it be like, Pam wondered, to be a bride, to be getting married, not when you were old like Gran, but when you were young and filled with crowding, turbulent feelings?

Her glance slipped sideways to Penny's face, but Penny was so intent on the proceedings she didn't notice. Was Penny, too, thinking about being a bride? Was she dreaming of marrying Mike, of repeating the slow, sweet words, "I, Penny, take thee, Michael . . ." and feeling Mike's hand shake a little as he put the ring on her finger?

Pam's eyelids stung. But she wouldn't cry at a wedding. She wouldn't!

And then the organ music came up in a great swell and the wedding was over. And she hadn't cried—quite. The minister shook hands with Gran and Henry and they came briskly back down the aisle, beaming and happy. Everyone crowded around them at the back of the chapel and there was laughter and kissing and congratulations.

Pam and Penny started whispering to each other just before Mike and Randy came up to them, confessing in practically the same words, "I almost cried—" They broke off, their glances locking, laughter easing the thickness in both their throats.

And Mike Bradley said, approaching, "Look at them, giggling their heads off. Don't you two know that weddings are very serious occasions?"

"Why, no," Pam said, pulling her gaze from Mike's face to flash Randy a welcoming smile, "nobody told us."

The wedding reception was held at home in the comfortable second floor apartment above Howard House. Both Gran and Henry had preferred it so, liking informality and the easy privacy of familiar surroundings. A local caterer took charge of the details, so that Mother didn't have to do a thing, except to be the gracious hostess, which came quite naturally to her.

Everything tasted delicious. Chicken salad and crisp buttery little rolls, ice cream and the wedding cake, decorated with lovely white sugar roses. There was much laughter and advice to Gran and Henry as to just how to cut the cake. There were toasts drunk in the clear, bubbly champagne which the Kirkpatricks had brought.

Pam didn't like the taste of the champagne very much. It made her nose tickle and felt almost sour going down her throat. But it engendered a pleasant after-warmth, a feeling of airy happiness.

Randy murmured into her ear, standing close beside her and lifting his glass toward her before drinking. "Here's to us."

"To us," Pam smiled and took a small sip.

BUT Randy didn't smile. His glance remained grave, almost brooding, on Pam's face. She felt a little uncomfortable under his look. More and more often lately Randy's attitude made her feel uncomfortable. Sometimes he looked at her so seriously, sometimes he said such solemn things, it was disturbing. She liked Randy well enough, but she wasn't by any stretch of the imagination in love with him. And she had been troubled by the recurrent suspicion in recent weeks that he might be falling in love with her.

Oh, dear, Pam thought, that would complicate things!

She laughed up at Randy, demanding, "Why are we drinking to us? Gran and Henry are the ones to drink to."

"I already did," Randy said. And Pam was relieved when his slow, rather wry grin lighted his face. "So now I'm drinking to the bride's granddaughter and me. Anything wrong with that?" Pam shook her head. With this Randy she felt quite at ease. It was only with the brooding dark stranger that she wasn't sure of her ground.

Penny and Mike came up to them then and the conversation became four-cornered and trivial.

The big high-ceilinged rooms echoed with talk and laughter until Gran and Henry left. Everyone hurried down the stairs before the departing couple, to throw confetti and call out farewells and best wishes and then watch as the red tail-light of Henry's sleek new car grew smaller and disappeared into the night.

None of the guests lingered much longer. The Kirkpatricks and Randy and Mike were the last to go and then, with the door shut, there were only the twins and Celia left and the apartment was suddenly too quiet.

"Well," Mother said, sitting down on the couch and kicking off her high-heeled slippers, "that's that." The smile she gave her daughters was just a little tremulous.

Penny collapsed beside her, enjoying a luxurious stretch. "Everything went off perfectly," she said. "It was a lovely wedding."

Pam perched on the arm of a chair, dangling one stockinged foot and yawning. "It certainly was," she agreed. "Everyone said so. You know," she admitted with the complete frankness that was a part of her charm, "I was afraid it would seem—well, sort of queer. I mean a wedding where the bride and groom were so old. But it didn't. They were sweet, both of them."

Mother nodded. "I thought so, too. And they're so right for each other."

Pam said, "Henry must have more money than we realised, getting a new car like that."

Mother laughed. "Is that a nice way to speculate about your new grandfather's financial standing?"

"We just want to be sure he's got enough to support Gran in the manner to which she's accustomed," Pam said, laughing, too. "It's not that we're mercenary."

"I don't think you have to worry about it," Mother said. "In fact, right now I'm too tired to worry about anything. I'm going to bed."

"Me, too," Penny agreed, yawning.

Mother asked casually as she got up, "Didn't I hear Mike and Randy suggesting that you go for a little drive?"

Pam nodded. "We were too tired, though."

Mother stopped and stood there, one hand resting on a light switch, her glance penetrating on her daughter's face. "You're sure?"

"Sure of what?" Pam asked innocently.

"That you were too tired to go," Mother said. "That it wasn't just that you didn't want to leave me alone, for fear I'd get all morbid and weepy over Gran's leaving?"

"Why, of course not," Penny said.

And Pam echoed, "What a weird idea!"

Mother stood there, a slow smile spreading gradually across her face. "Fakers!" she said fondly. "And you know what? I'm glad you stayed. Happy as I honestly am over Gran's marriage—well, I might have felt just a bit martyred if you and all the wedding guests had gone off and left me here alone. Because I am going to miss her very much. I can't truthfully deny that."

"We all will," Penny said. "Why, Gran's been with us since Pam and I were ten years old, since—" her voice trailed off and she went over and put her arm around Mother.

"Since Rick was killed," Celia Howard said simply, her voice low. And then she said, her eyes gentle on Penny's face, "Don't ever hesitate to speak of your father, dear. When someone is gone from your life, it helps to keep him near if you talk of him sometimes."

And so they lingered for a moment, discussing Richard Howard, who had died eight years before in a skidding car. Memories came crowding all about

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them, but Mother's memories must have been richer, fuller-bodied than those of the twins, because Rick had been her husband. Pam's and Penny's memories of their father were misty, vague.

"Always remember," Mother said, "that he was the kindest man in the world and that he loved us all dearly. He would have liked to see you two grow up; he'd have been proud of you, just as I am. Sometimes," she added, her tone rueful, "I've felt it isn't quite fair to you, living in such a female sort of household. You miss a lot."

"We're one female less now," Pam reminded. "And at least there's a grandfather in the family."

"So there is," Mother said, with a little smile.

They turned off the rest of the lights and headed for bed. But after the twins had kissed Mother good-night and had gone into their own room, Pam still felt too keyed up and excited to settle down and sleep. Penny put on her pyjamas and creamed her face and got into bed, while Pam still sat on the little slip-covered stool before the dressing table, fiddling with her nail polish, brushing her hair, re-arranging the perfume bottles.

"For creep's sake," Penny said finally, "are you going to stay up all night?"

"I might," Pam said. "I'm just in the mood for it."

"Come to bed," Penny coaxed. "Aren't you tired? I am."

"Yes and no," Pam said maddeningly. "My feet are tired but inside I feel just like that champagne looked in the glasses, full of little rising bubbles. Penny, don't you ever feel—oh, full of questions that you don't know the answers to, and sort of impatient to be all grown-up and mature and at the same time just a little scared at the idea?"

"Yes," Penny said, raising herself on one elbow to stare at Pam. "That is, I don't know the answers to all my questions and I'm anxious to be grown-up, but I can't say I'm exactly scared."

"Sometimes I am," Pam admitted.

"Why?" Penny asked. "What are you afraid of?"

"That's one of the questions I don't know the answer to," Pam said.

"Go to sleep," Penny murmured drowsily.

But Pam still sat at the dressing table, thinking. She wondered if the reason the future didn't frighten Penny was because she had Mike. Maybe, if you were really crazy about each other, as Penny and Mike were, it made things more sure and solid than when you hadn't made up your mind about a boy yet.

She glanced across the room at her sister. Penny had already fallen asleep. Her face looked young and serene against the plump whiteness of the pillow. One hand was curled under her cheek.

Penny had known from the very beginning that Mike was the one she wanted. And she had won his interest and affection by being herself, by breaking free of her dependence on Pam.

But Pam remembered, I could have had him once.

And the feeling of emptiness and loss, of unfulfillment, grew into an actual pain within her.

. . . . . .

"Honestly," Pam moaned, swishing the dish cloth distastefully over the scouring powder she had just sprinkled on the sink. "I had no idea how much work Gran must have done."

"Hadn't you?" A faint grin lifted the corners of Penny's mouth as she dried a saucer. "I knew it was plenty. Only Gran never seemed to mind. I think she enjoys housework."

"Well, I don't," Pam said flatly.

"Some I don't mind," Penny admitted. "Dishwashing I could live without. But the rest of it isn't too bad."

"You can have it," Pam said. "All of it."

The warm mid-day sunshine falling through the window above the sink reminded her abruptly that she didn't have too much time. Laurie McGregor's splash party at the country club pool was scheduled for two o'clock and it must be after one right this minute.

Pam tossed the dish cloth crookedly on the towel rack and told her twin, "I've got to rush. Randy's picking me up at a quarter to. And I haven't had my shower yet and my nails are a mess. Look," she held up her slightly pink-ened fingers for Penny's inspection. "Dishpan hands."

"It's just from the hot water," Penny pointed out. "A little lotion will fix it up. Anyway, everybody has to do dishes sometimes. That's life."

But Pam shook her head positively. "Laurie doesn't."

THE McGregors were as rich, maybe even richer, than the Kirkpatricks, Pam thought, as she hurried into the bathroom and began stripping for her shower. Randy and his parents lived in a great English-style house in Park Lane, one of Glenhurst's nicest residential streets. And Randy had an old convertible, which he always referred to dryly as his "hesp."

But the McGregors had recently built a dreamy sprawling brick ranch house not far from the country club, with acres of beautifully tended grounds, complete with stone terraces, a three-car attached garage and a stable for a couple of saddle horses.

Pam sighed a small heartfelt sigh, just thinking of all the wonderful things Laurie McGregor had and took entirely for granted. The little English roadster, the beautiful, unostentatiously expensive clothes, the generous amount of spending money. Pam's thoughts centered wistfully on Laurie's possessions as the warm needles of water splashed down around her shoulders.

Oh, well, might as well be philosophical about it, she admonished herself. It was only money, as the saying went. And even though Laurie had so much and was a very attractive girl, she hadn't been able to hang on to Randy Kirkpatrick. He used to pay her a lot of attention before the Howards moved to Glenhurst.

"But now he's mine," Pam murmured aloud, and felt a very human sense of satisfaction.

Why shouldn't Laurie, who had practically everything, lose Randy to someone else? Pam strongly suspected that Laurie was only friendly with her because she was too proud to want people to think she was jealous.

A little smile curled Pam's mouth as she toweled herself briskly dry. She didn't care, actually, why Laurie was friendly toward her, why she invited her to her parties. "So long as she does," Pam told her reflection in the medicine cabinet mirror with a little chuckle . . .

Later, lying beside Randy on cushioned pads at the edge of the pool, Pam felt lazy and luxurious. She loved the country club and all it stood for. The white-painted brick clubhouse with its shaded terrace and thick-carpeted lounge, the flower-bordered paths and the azure-lined pool, the tennis courts and golf course—all of these things seemed in Pam's mind to be symbols of a way of life that approached perfection.

Maybe some day, if Howard House became a more and more successful enterprise, the Howards could afford to join the club. Pam had to smile a little at her own fantastic day-dreaming. Right now all Mother's efforts were bent on earning enough to let both twins start college. It would be a long time before they could afford any such grand gestures as joining the country club. And, in the meantime, since she managed to come here often with Randy, or Laurie, or some of the rest of the crowd, why should she worry?

"Penny for your thoughts," Randy said, grinning at her.

Pam grinned back. "Payment in advance," she said, "or I won't tell you."

"You mean my credit's no good at a time like this?" Randy demanded in mock indignation, slapping his wet trunks.

"In that case," Pam smiled at him sweetly, "we'll make an exception. I was just thinking how lucky I am to have friends who invite me to elegant places like this."

"Oh," Randy said. "Was that all? I thought you might have been thinking about something vital. Me, for instance."

"You're one of my friends, aren't you?" Pam's tone was teasing and there was a warmly personal note in it.

She wondered, Why do I automatically flirt with a boy, even one I don't really want to encourage too much?

It was habit, actually, and Pam knew it. The right teasing easy words rose to her lips without her putting any conscious thought on it. And the boys loved it, they flocked around to be teased and flattered and flirted with, they ate it up and begged for more—Pam's thought broke jerkily.

Not all boys, she reminded herself. Not Mike Bradley.

At first, though, Mike had been just like all the others. Now he was Penny's and she was welcome to him, Pam told herself. But the words carried no conviction, even in her thoughts. She wished she could forget about Mike. Maybe, if she concentrated very hard on Randy—

She proceeded to do just that all the rest of the golden afternoon. Laurie's party was lots of fun. They had delicious hamburgers at the pool's edge, served from a gleaming portable grill by a waiter. And there were tall tinkling glasses of limeade with sherbet and a variety of fancy cakes.

"We won't dare swim after this," Pam moaned.

And Randy chuckled, "We'd all sink."

So they sat, lazy and surfeited, in the sunshine, talking and joking. The afternoon waned and the sun's rays slanted, lengthening the shadows about the pool. But no one felt like breaking up the party and going home. It was such fun to be young and gay and in congenial company.

Laurie McGregor asked, pushing her soft hair back from her eyes, "What's happened to Mike Bradley? I haven't seen him for ages."

Pam said, "He's working. Didn't you know?"

"He's the workingest guy ever," Randy said with a grin. He and Mike were good friends. "Days he drives Langan's delivery truck. And nights he works at the movie. I'm surprised you haven't seen him there."

"Who shuts themselves up in the movies in the summer?" someone asked.

"It might be worth it to see Mike," Susan Farnsworth drawled, her dark eyes dancing impishly. "I miss him."

"You'd only be wasting your time," Laurie assured her. "Pam's twin has him all sewed up. Hasn't she?" Laurie asked then, her wide blue glance going from Susan to Pam.

"Oh, definitely," Pam nodded. "I

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can't even get him away from her myself."

There was laughter then, with Pam's laugh augmenting it. No one would have suspected she was half serious.

"Just don't let me catch you trying," Randy told her quizzically.

Susan Farnsworth inquired, "Was that why Penny didn't come today, because Mike couldn't be here?"

"She said she had to work," Laurie said.

Pam nodded. "We sort of take turns helping Mother in the shop. She has to be out a lot on jobs and Howard House has been so busy lately it's more than her assistant can handle."

She felt a faint warmth of color creep across her face. In her heart Pam knew that Penny worked in the shop a good deal more than she did. But Penny hadn't minded refusing Laurie's invitation, while to do so would have been a real sacrifice for Pam. Penny wasn't keen on going to the country club with Pam's crowd, especially when Mike couldn't be there. She had been quite willing for Pam to go, while she helped in the shop in Pam's place. Why, Penny might not have come to Laurie's party, anyway, Pam thought defensively. And the feeling of shame of having imposed on her twin, receded.

Someone noticed the time and a general exodus toward the locker-rooms and showers began. Afterwards they all gathered on the clubhouse steps to say "so long" and to thank Laurie. Randy and Pam gave Susan Farnsworth and Mitch Martin a lift home. It was Pam who offered to do so, but Randy didn't seem to mind.

Still when they had dropped the others at their respective homes and were headed toward Howard House, Randy told Pam, "Sometimes I get a queer hunch that you like me better in a crowd."

"Of all the crazy notions," Pam said lightly.

"Is it?" Randy's dark glance met hers briefly, probingly, then returned to the road ahead. "Then why do you always try to put off being alone with me as long as possible?"

"Because I offered Susan and Mitch a lift?" Pam demanded. "We couldn't just let them walk home, could we?"

"Someone else would have taken them if we hadn't," Randy said. "But it's not just Sue and Mitch I'm talking about. It's not just today. I've had this feeling for quite a while, this idea that you're not too interested when there's just the two of us."

"Oh, Randy," Pam coaxed, "don't go being difficult and spoiling things when we've had such a grand afternoon. Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Sure," Randy said. "I had a swell time. You always treat me fine when we're with the crowd. It's different when we're alone, though."

"How different?"

"I don't know exactly," Randy admitted, frowning. "I get an idea you're kind of—putting me off some way, that you don't want to talk about anything important or serious."

"Randy," Pam said firmly, "you have too much imagination. That's your trouble." She went on in a gently patient, ingratiating tone. "I go about with you more than anyone else, don't I?"

"I guess so," Randy had to admit.

"And would I do that," Pam pressed, "if I didn't like you? After all, you're not the only man in my life."

"You're telling me!" Randy's tone was wry. "Maybe that's why I worry."

"You needn't," Pam assured him. She leaned her head against his shoulder and the breeze blew her soft dark hair upwards like a caress across his cheek. She could feel his shoulder relax a little, as though some tension, some pent-up resistance, had gone out of him. Pam had never known a boy she couldn't get around if she just put her mind on it.

. . . . . .

Sunday breakfast was a leisurely affair for the twins and their mother, to be eaten comfortably in robes and slippers before getting dressed for church. It was their best chance for talking over things that had happened, for discussing problems.

The food was always special, consisting of favorite dishes which hurried week-day mornings left no time for. This particular Sunday Celia, looking fresh, and pretty in a pale blue housecoat, presided over the waffle iron.

A spirited conversation was under way, touching on Penny's and Mike's plans for a trip into Chicago to the Field Museum that afternoon, Pam's enthusiastic description of the summer theatre she had attended the previous night, and Celia's interested queries and comments on both subjects.

Penny said, helping herself to the maple syrup, "It's wonderful how many things you can do that are fun and interesting and still cost practically nothing."

"Museums," Pam's tone was lightly derisive. "Who wants to spend their time dragging around dumpy places like that?"

She wondered if Penny's professed enjoyment of such activities was real. Or did she simply have to pretend for Mike's sake? Mike was always so broke, his and Penny's outings had to cost very little. He was saving towards college, trying hard to get together enough before fall to pay his fees and tide him over until he could line up a part time job at school.

Pam didn't know Mike's family very well, but she was aware, through Penny, that all the Bradleys' savings had been absorbed a few years before by medical expenses attendant upon the severe illness of one of Mike's two young sisters. Mike knew that any education beyond high school that he succeeded in getting would be squarely up to him. That was why he had taken on two jobs this summer.

PENNY exclaimed, her tone sincere enough to convince anyone. "We love museums! There are so many different things to see, you never get bored. And afterwards we're going to eat at a little place on Rush Street, where they have absolutely fabulous spaghetti and then Mike has tickets for a radio broadcast."

Pam thought: And none of it will cost him anything, except the train fare and the spaghetti. And Penny will be quite content and think she's had a marvellous time. How can she be like that?

The question hung unanswered in Pam's mind. In some ways she couldn't understand Penny at all. She knew well that she wouldn't be satisfied with museums and free radio broadcasts. Or with just movies or picnics or long walks or evenings at home listening to records. Things had to move at a faster, gayer tempo to keep Pam interested. With Randy there was always something new and different to do, some exciting and expensive place to go.

Take last night for instance. With Sue Farnsworth and Mitch Martin, they had driven almost fifty miles to see a Hollywood star perform at a North Shore summer theatre. And after the show they had eaten and danced at the Beach Walk and had driven home very late through the moonlit summer night.

Pam smiled a little, remembering what fun it had been. And yet, she realised honestly, it had been the things they did, the places they went to, which had made the evening so exciting. With Mike beside her instead of Randy. It would all have been infinitely more enjoyable. But Mike couldn't afford to give her such an evening—and besides, Mike was Penny's . . .

Pam came back to the present at the sound of Mother's voice, saying warmly, "I've got some news for you two—good news."

Both girls looked at her inquiringly. Their mother's eyes moved from one young face to the other and there was a lilting note of pleasure in her voice as she told them. "I went over the Howard House books last night in detail. I've been afraid to promise you both that you could start college this fall, for fear I couldn't manage it. But now I'm sure I can."

"Oh, glory!" Pam exclaimed, feeling her heart lift.

And Penny said, her eyes lighting, "Oh, Mother, how wonderful! You're sure it won't be too hard for you?"

Celia Howard shook her head. "I know we can work it out," she said confidently. "Not one of the most expensive schools, but some smaller one, where the tuition and living costs won't be too steep."

"I like a small school better, anyway," Penny said.

And Pam agreed, "Lots of them sound wonderful in the catalogues. I've been afraid to even look at those too seriously, because then I'd get my hopes up and just die if we couldn't both go."

The pleasurable sense of relief within her swelled and bubbled. Penny was experiencing this same crazy intoxication of excitement and delight, Pam knew. Their glances flashed wordless messages back and forth to each other. Neither of them had talked much about it, but each had faced in her heart the possibility that only one of them might go to college this fall, while the other waited until next year, spending the intervening time helping Mother and Dorothea Crane with the work at Howard House.

Pam had realised that if a choice had to be made, Penny would be the logical one to go first. Penny was much the better student, and had always applied herself to her studies much more conscientiously than Pam.

But, golly, Pam thought, college sounded like such fun! She wasn't sure she could have borne it to be the one left out. A whole new way of living, new friends, a different background.

In her mind's eye Pam saw a shining scene. Old stone walls with ivy clinging to them, broad paths bordering a velvet lawn. Couples in bright clothes, walking along arm in arm, the men all tall and handsome, the girls pretty and vivacious. Sorority and fraternity houses, bright-lit for parties in the grey dusk . . .

Pam's entranced thoughts broke of their own weight. "Clee," she exclaimed, laughing, "I guess I've been seeing too many college movies! I'm getting all starry-eyed and breathless."

"Me, too," Penny admitted, her grin a little wry. "And I'm so glad we can both go. I've known in the back of my mind all along that if we had to make a choice, Pam should go first."

Pam stared at her in astonishment. "I thought you should—and I wasn't sure I could take it."

"Oh, no," Penny shook her head. "You'd get so much more out of it—the social part. You'd make so many more friends."

"I'd have fun," Pam admitted frankly, "but I'm such a poor student. Why, what would I do without you there to needle me into studying?"

Mother was smiling at them both, her glance pleased and proud. "I'm glad each of you decided the other would be the one. That makes it all

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the nicer for you to be able to go together. Unless—" a faint questioning note crept into her voice, "you'd prefer to go to different schools?"

"Oh, no!" the two short words exploded at her in two voices, equally appalled.

"We couldn't do that!" Pam added. "We've always been together."

And Penny said seriously, "If I still copied Pam the way I used to, it might be a good thing for us to separate. But it isn't necessary any longer."

"Of course it isn't," Mother agreed. "It's purely a matter of choice for you both. Each of you can stand alone as an individual. And if you'll enjoy going to the same college—well, that's the thing to do."

Pam said, laughing, "Besides, think how many more clothes we'll have if we can pool our wardrobes!"

Penny nodded. "And it would be awful not to have Pam there to tell things to. We've confided in each other for years."

"We couldn't break the habit now," Pam said positively.

Mother admitted, smiling, "Somehow, I was pretty sure you'd feel like that. So now all you have to do is study those catalogues you've been collecting and find a school you can still get into that appeals to both of you—and that we can afford."

"Details," Pam said airily.

And Penny agreed confidently, "We'll find one."

But choosing a school proved to be far from a simple task, although the twins had narrowed the field down to three or four even before Mother had spoken. Most of their friends were already enrolled at the schools of their choice. Only a few still remained undecided.

College was the big event that summer, and talk of schools cropped up whenever any of the June graduates were together. They discussed heatedly and at length the respective merits of big universities and smaller schools, of co-ed institutions, of colleges that afforded the boys some sort of military service tie-in. Most of Pam's crowd would be attending well-known colleges in the East. Penny's cronies had picked smaller ones where expenses were somewhat lower.

Randy Kirkpatrick had little choice, actually. He had been listed for Cornell, his father's old school, for as long as he could remember. His grandfather had gone there, too.

"Just a victim of tradition," Mike Bradley cracked one day when Pam and Penny and Randy and he had got on to the fascinating subject of colleges for perhaps the hundredth time. "Doesn't it take the fun out of it to have everything decided for you in advance?"

"Oh, I don't know," Randy argued. "It's certainly less bother and Cornell's a good school. And I didn't have to beat my brains trying to make up my mind like the rest of you."

The four of them had driven out to the woods for a Sunday afternoon picnic. Sunday and a couple of weekday evenings were the only times Mike had free. He sat now, his back braced comfortably against a slanting tree-trunk, his long legs thrust out. Penny sat beside him, her arms clasped around blue-leaned knees, her glance warm on Mike's face.

Why must she look at him like that, Pam thought with a sharp thrust of impatience, as if he was so special?

She dropped her glance to the square of plaid tablecloth spread on the ground. Randy, sprawled on his elbows beside Pam, reached out to help himself to another olive. Only a few scattered remains of their lunch were still jumbled together on the cloth, some olives and potato chips and a couple of rejected sandwiches.

"That's half the fun," Mike told Randy, "making up your mind. Of course," he added with his swift grin that Pam looked up in time to see, "with me it isn't just a matter of which school I prefer. The question of where I'll have the best chance to earn some money comes into it, too."

"You'll work it out," Randy said, and there was a note of genuine admiration underneath his banter. "Why, if you were set down on a campus where there wasn't a single job available, you'd have some kind of service dreamed up inside of twenty-four hours to sell the rest of the students at a profit."

"Thanks, pal," Mike chuckled. "I never knew you thought I was so smart."

"Not just smart," Randy corrected. "You're willing to work for your money."

PAM said lazily, turning over on her back to lie staring up at the blue sky with its lacy pattern of leaves and branches. "Think of the fun poor Mike'll miss, having to grub along at a job in his spare time."

"Okay, lily of the field," Randy said, reaching out to tousle her hair affectionately, "that's about enough out of you."

"I mean it," Pam said. "It's the extracurricular side of college I'm looking forward to."

"You would," Mike told her. "You'll probably go in so heavily for the social stuff you'll get flunked out."

"Oh, Penny wouldn't let that happen to me," Pam smiled at her twin. "I can count on her."

"You're telling us?" Mike cracked. "Personally, I couldn't see why they didn't just give Penny two high school diplomas and be done with it."

Pam threw a sandwich crust at him and Mike caught it and tossed it to some patiently waiting sparrows nearby.

"All the time insults!" Pam exclaimed, laughing. "Can I help it if I'm not a brain like Penny?"

"I'm not a brain, either," Penny denied. "I'm just not allergic to studying. But we'll both have to buckle down in college. It's lots harder than high school."

Pam said lightly, "Oh, I'll get by. I guess you have to keep your grades up to a certain level to be pledged by a sorority."

"You are how her mind runs?" Randy said fondly. "Baby, let me tell you. The main object of college is to impart knowledge and deepen your thinking power, not just offer you a four-year binge of fun and gaiety and Famour."

The good-natured raillery went on. Mike helped himself to a generous handful of potato chips. He fed a couple to Penny, then pulled her close against him, so that she lay in the easy circle of his arm, her head on his shoulder.

Pam's expression didn't alter, seeing them so, but something dark and ugly twisted within her. And she pulled away impatiently from Randy's caressing hand and made little stabbing motions with a twig at the grass in front of her.

Mike said thoughtfully after a time, "I've just about made up my mind to go to Harwood. It's in my price range and the job opportunities are tops. And there are a couple of English professors there it would be a privilege to work with."

Mike wanted to write, or to teach English, Pam knew. And Penny, too, was interested in writing.

Now she said, immediately enthusiastic, "I think I like Harwood best, too."

Pam glanced at her in surprise. It was the first time she had heard Penny express such a positive preference. Harwood was one of the schools they were still considering, but Pam was by no means sure about it. There were others that appealed to her more. Harwood was quite old and located in a small town. There were only a few more than a thousand students and this seemed rather small to Pam. Why, it wasn't even as large as Glen High! And there were no sororities or fraternities there, only clubs. Pam thought disdainfully that Mike was welcome to go there if he liked, but she had other ideas.

Aloud she said flatly, "It doesn't sound so hot to me."

"Why, Pam?" Penny's voice was troubled.

"Oh, lots of reasons," Pam said.

"It's a good school," Mike argued. He proceeded to give the reasons for his opinion, with Penny backing him up staunchly. Pam couldn't help wondering, her glance going from Mike to Penny and back again, whether there was a suggestion of pressure being brought to bear upon her.

Probably, she realised resentfully, the two of them had already hatched a full scale plot to attend the same college. But if they imagined they could manipulate her into any such course, they were badly mistaken! She meant to pick her own school, and not strictly according to Mike Bradley's ideas, either! If Penny had her heart set on trailing after him, it was just too bad. They'd both find that out.

As the enthusiastic discussion of Harwood College and its many merits went on, Pam felt a stubbornness of which she hadn't known she was capable rising within her.

. . . . . .

A few nights later Pam came out of her bedroom after dressing for a date with Randy to find Penny and Mike ensconced on the couch, dark head and fair almost touching as they pored over a Harwood College catalogue. Their voices broke over her like a tide, telling her what a wonderful school Harwood was. And nothing would do but that Pam must sit down and look at the catalogue with them, although she explained that she had only a few minutes before Randy would be along.

They brought Mother into the discussion too, and she listened with obvious interest and approval to all the things Mike and Penny told about Harwood. The good student-teacher ratio. The well-known people who had been there. The location, which, Mike explained drily, was far enough away from home for independence, but not so far that trips back for the holidays would break you.

"Doesn't it sound just perfect?" Penny exclaimed, an eager little note in her voice that Pam had to steel her heart against. "I'd love to go there."

Mother nodded, admitting, "There are a lot of things about it I like very much. What do you think, Pam?"

"It's not something to be decided all in a rush," Pam said coolly. "There are other schools I like better."

"Oh, Pam, why?" Penny cooed. "It sounds wonderful to me. None of the others we can afford compares with it."

Mother's blue gaze was quietly thoughtful on Pam's face. Pam had the feeling it penetrated too deeply and her own eyes fell under that level, evaluating look. She said, her tone sharply annoyed, "To hear you and Mike, you'd think Harwood was the best college in the whole country!"

Before Penny could answer, Mother said, "Of course it's not wise to hurry such an important decision. You should both be satisfied with whatever school you choose."

"But we've already considered so

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many," Penny argued. "And if we don't decide pretty soon, we may not be able to get in at all."

Mike tactfully said nothing, but his silence backed her up eloquently.

After a moment, Mother asked, "There isn't anything special you don't like about Harwood, is there, Pam?"

Nothing, Pam thought, except that Mike's so keen on it. And I'm not going to let him order my life, just because Penny thinks she can't live without him.

"Oh, nothing special, I suppose," she admitted shortly. "It's just that I can't see why Penny's so keen on it."

Pam noticed how Penny's eyes met Mike's in a long look. Do something, Mike, Penny's glance said clearly. Help me persuade her.

Mike said, his grin ingratiating, "Don't be like that, Pam. You know how much Pen and I want to go to the same college. And Harwood sounds best of all the ones we've considered."

"To you, maybe," Pam said.

Mike's eyes met hers squarely and there was a challenging gleam in them. "Why are you so stubborn all of a sudden?" he demanded. "Don't you want Penny and me to go to the same school? Your Mother thinks it's okay. Don't you, Mrs. Howard?"

"I see no reason why you shouldn't," Mother said.

"It's silly to think I care about that," Pam told him.

"Then it must be that you don't want to go to the same college with me," Mike pressed bluntly. "Why, Pam?"

"That's silly, too," Pam said, feeling her heart beat faster. She thought: This must be what a lie-detecting machine picks up and shows on a chart as a lot of pointed zig-zags.

But luckily there was no lie detector, nothing to give her away. And aloud she added merely, "Must you take everything from such a personal angle, Mike? Just because I'm not sold on Harwood doesn't mean I've got anything against you."

She heard the downstairs door-bell ring then and knew that it must be Randy. Never had an interruption been more welcome, never had she murmured a hasty good-bye and hurried down to meet him with more genuine delight. Opening the door, she slipped out into the summer night and almost into Randy's surprised arms.

"Wonders will never cease," he said dryly. "You're ready."

"If you start picking on me now, too," Pam said, as they went down the walk, "I can't take it. Enough is enough!"

Randy helped her into the green convertible, then went around and got in beside her. As they rolled away from the kerb, he asked, "Who's been picking on you?"

"Oh, not picking exactly," Pam admitted, leaning back and letting the summer wind ruffle her hair with cool fingers. "But Penny and Mike are working so hard on me about that wretched college and I can't see what's so special about it."

"Harwood, you mean? It sounds pretty good to me."

Pam shrugged. "No better than several others."

"But unless you've got a particular school in mind that you prefer to it," Randy argued, "I should think you could be big about the situation and let Penny have her way."

"Mike, you mean," Pam said, and felt once more the quick hot pulsing of anger. "It makes me so mad the way Penny just leaps to do whatever Mike wants her to!"

"You imagine that," Randy said good-naturedly. "It works both ways. Mike would want just as much to please Penny. The thing is, they're so keen on going to the same school and if this one seems to offer what they want—"

Pam's jaw set stubbornly. "Can't we talk about anything else? I'm sick of the whole business."

But for once Randy didn't immediately accede to her wishes. He said slowly, "You know what I sometimes wonder?"

Pam shook her head.

"Whether you aren't kind of jealous of Mike."

"Of all the ridiculous things to say!" Pam gasped.

"I mean jealous of his influence on Penny," Randy pursued his train of thought doggedly. "She used to turn to you so much for advice, she used to sort of copy you. I've heard her admit it herself. But now she's more independent, more her own self. And maybe, unconsciously, you resent her slipping out from under your influence. Maybe you blame Mike for it when actually it's just that Penny's becoming more mature."

"Really," Pam said icily, "that is the most fantastic bit of nonsense I've ever heard. What do you think you are, a psychoanalyst or something?"

"I was figuring on investing in a second-hand couch," Randy grinned, "and going into business."

"Save your money," Pam advised. "You're a failure already."

"I'm not so sure of that," Randy argued. "I've even got another theory that might account for your behaviour."

"Do tell me, Dr. Kirkpatrick," Pam cooed. "I can't wait to hear your newest interpretation of my subsconscious."

"It could be," Randy said, after a moment's stretching silence, "that you're jealous of Penny."

"Jealous of Penny?" Pam repeated incredulously. "Why?"

"Because Mike's so crazy about her," Randy said.

"And why should I be jealous because of that?" With an effort Pam kept her tone even.

"Maybe jealous isn't the right word," Randy said. "Maybe 'resentful' would be better. Maybe you resent Penny's taking Mike over and his being so important to her. Could it all be tied up with the complication of you and Penny being twins, I wonder?"

"Or could you just be off your rocker?" Pam suggested.

"That's a possibility, too," Randy admitted, chuckling.

ALL at once Pam laughed too. It was better to laugh, she felt, than to grow angry, although hot, unreasonable rage out of all proportion to the cause bubbled like lava just under the surface of her apparent amusement.

"If anyone asks me for a reference," she said, "I'll tell them you're a big fake."

"Heck," Randy said, "there's my fascinating career in psychoanalysis nipped in the bud." After a moment he asked, "But if I'm all wrong about it, just why don't you want to go to Harwood College when Penny and Mike are so keen on it?"

Pam sighed. "Can't we drop the subject? I'm tired of discussing it."

"I guess we'll have to," Randy said. "Because here we are."

A good movie unrolling before your eyes is a wonderful cure for too much thinking, Pam found. She quite succeeded in losing herself in the imaginary troubles besetting the heroine of the film. She even managed to evade the tiny voice within her which sought to argue that there might be a grain of truth in Randy's version of her motives. By the time the show was over Pam's anger with Randy and her distrust of herself were alike entirely dissipated.

They didn't get back to the subject of college at all. Randy drove out along the river road and they stopped at a little restaurant for sodas. And then, because the night was fine and it wasn't very late, they drove on a bit farther, and Randy stopped the car at a point where there was little traffic and only the murmur of frogs and crickets and the gentle lapping sound of water to disturb the dark stillness.

He drew Pam into his arms and their lips met and clung for a moment. His kiss wasn't distasteful to Pam, but it didn't stir her. It was just Randy's kiss, familiar, to be taken for granted, nothing to get excited about.

Randy said, his voice husky, "Gee, Pam, I'm going to miss you when I go East. I wish you could come, too."

Pam didn't wish it at all. She was looking forward to the chance college would afford her to substitute someone more exciting for Randy.

She said, not wanting him to know how she felt lest their pleasant easy relationship fall to last out the summer, "We'll always be friends, Randy. I'm very fond of you. You know that." Even in her own ears the words sounded flat and insipid.

"Fond is a feeble word for the way I feel about you," Randy told her. "Is friends all we'll ever be, Pam."

"We're too young to get serious—" Pam began.

But Randy broke in almost roughly, "I don't feel too young, Pam. I'm in love with you."

"Oh, Randy," Pam said, her voice distressed. "Don't spoil things."

After a moment Randy asked, "Is that what my loving you would do, spoil things?"

"I'm not ready to fall in love," Pam said. "Not with you, not with anyone. I'm not sure enough of myself yet, not sure what I want, what would make me happy. You should feel the same way."

"Maybe I already know what I want," Randy's tone was wry.

"Oh, Randy," Pam said gently, "you just think that. You'll meet so many other girls when you're away at college you'll forget all about me."

"Oh, sure!" Randy said, his voice harsh. "Is that what you're figuring on doing, forgetting me?"

Pam tried to keep her impatience from sounding through her tone. "I don't see why you want to make such an issue of everything lately," she told him. "Why must you get so serious?"

After a moment Randy asked, not too steadily, his belligerence gone, "Would you—rather not go out with me any more, Pam? Maybe that's the best solution. Because I seem to have lost my light touch where you're concerned."

"Of course not," Pam denied quickly. That wasn't what she wanted at all. She said in her most wistful, coaxing way, "Can't we just let things ride as they have been? Please, Randy?"

Her voice stopped and there was no sound in the night except the croaking of frogs and the sprightly chatter of crickets and the murmur of the water. Randy sat staring straight ahead, his profile strained and unhappy in the moonlight. It hurt Pam to see him so. Impulsively she reached out to lay her hand on his.

Randy turned his hand over and gave her fingers a tight reassuring squeeze. He even managed a grin, although it was a somewhat feeble effort. He sighed, "Yes, I guess so."

But the night and the place and being together seemed to have lost their magic. Randy turned the ignition switch and the convertible's motor roared into life.

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Some decision about college would have to be reached soon. Time was running out. Penny, Pam knew, was just as conscious of this as she was. Yet the question of whether or not they should attend Harwood lay dor-

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mant. Pam felt that Penny was purposely evading the issue, giving her time to get used to the idea of Harwood, so that the sharp edges of her resistance might wear down.

Using psychology on me, Pam thought dryly. But it won't help.

The thought of psychology summoned up a disturbing memory. Not even to herself would Pam admit that there might have been some truth in Randy's analysis of her motives. Jealous of Mike? Resentful of Penny? How absurd could you get? She was simply, she told herself, declining to let Mike Bradley make up her mind for her.

Once when she and Mother happened to be alone in the shop during a brief lull between customers, Pam asked her, "Do you think it's a good idea for Penny and Mike to go to the same college? He seems to have such a strong influence on her."

A little smile tugged at the corner of Mother's mouth as she looked up from a new bolt of drapery material she had been examining. "Do you think it's a bad influence, Pam?" she asked, her tone only half serious.

"No," Pam had to admit in all honesty. "But you felt it was such a fine thing when Penny learned to make her own decisions and not depend so much on me. So I should think the same thing would hold true in her relationship with Mike."

Mother said, more soberly now, as she saw how earnest Pam was, "I'm not worried about Penny that way any longer. She's become a lot more adult in the past year. And Mike's 'influence' on her, as you call it—well, I don't think it's any stronger than her influence on him. They mean so much to each other—"

"But that's just it," Pam broke in. "Don't you think it would be better for Penny to meet different boys, not just cling to Mike, as she's bound to do if they go to the same school?"

Celia Howard thought about that for a moment, then she said, "Penny will meet different boys at college, whether Mike's there or not. And I think she's mature enough to judge whether Mike is more important to her than the others. Mike and Penny are both so sensible. They'll work things out."

Pam had the impression that her mother meant to go on and say something more, but some customers came in just then and the opportunity was lost.

Did Mother feel, Pam wondered, that she was less mature and sensible than Penny? Resentment flared up in her at the mere suspicion. Just because Penny had gained some measure of poise and self-confidence, just because she had begun making up her own mind instead of basing her decisions on Pam's judgments—well, that certainly didn't detract any from her. Pam's poise and self-confidence. And she had been making her own decisions for years.

It seemed to her, trying to find a peg on which to hang all her smouldering dissatisfactions and resentments, that Mike Bradley was the cause of most of her problems. Before she and Penny had met him, things had been much smoother and simpler.

A few nights later Pam was handed a perfect opportunity for working off some of her annoyance with Mike. And it all came about without a bit of connivance on her part—up to a certain point, that was.

Often, when Mike was working and Pam had nothing special to do, she and Penny would go to the movies. Mike would be ushering, or taking tickets during the early part of the evening, but when the last show was well under way he would be free to join the girls and walk home with them.

Such had been their plan on this particular night, but Penny developed a headache at dinner time and decided that watching a double feature would only make it worse. It was too late to call Mike and tell him of her change of plan; besides, one of the films was a musical Pam had especially been looking forward to seeing.

"Why don't you go, anyway?" Penny suggested. "Then you can tell Mike I had a headache and he'll walk you home."

"I suppose I could do that," Pam agreed, "if you wouldn't mind."

Penny said, "Of course I don't. All I'm going to do is get to bed early. No use to spoil your evening, too."

So Pam proceeded to dress in her yellow peasant skirt and a ruffly blouse. And merely because Penny's short fleece coat was hanging in the closet where it belonged and her own had been tossed aside in some momentarily unremembered spot, she wore Penny's.

It wasn't until she had reached the theatre and bought her ticket and had gone inside that she began to realise that the groundwork had been inadvertently laid for a natural mistake. She encountered Mike in the dim inner lobby and, as he led her down the darkened aisle to a seat, he murmured, "What happened to Pam?"

To Pam? Almost, but not quite, Pam repeated the words aloud. Then it struck her that this was too good a joke to spoil. Mike taking her for Penny—nothing like that had happened for such a long while! And Pam used to love fooling people, confusing them as to just which twin they were talking to if there seemed to be even the slightest trace of uncertainty in their minds.

She managed to curb the amusement bubbling up within her as she whispered back, "She had a headache."

"Oh," Mike said, "too bad."

Pam nodded solicitously and Mike murmured, "See you later," and went on back to his station at the end of the aisle.

All during the show, to which she gave only the surface layer of her mind, Pam savored the richness of the joke she meant to play on Mike. Since he had taken her for Penny, Pam saw no reason for enlightening him. It should be easy enough to continue the harmless deception, provided she was careful to avoid any place where the lights might be too mercilessly revealing.

I wonder, Pam thought, what Penny and Mike talk about when they're alone? I wonder if they ever discuss me—and what they say?

It would be interesting and informative to find out, she reflected. Of course, if Mike had realised his mistake by the time he joined her she could always pretend she had thought his inquiry had been about "Pen" instead of "Pam." It would be a quite natural mistake on her part and nothing to be embarrassed over.

But when Mike slipped into the empty seat beside her more than an hour later he was still obviously laboring under the delusion that she was Penny. He didn't have to say a word for Pam to realise that. The way he reached over to take her hand warmly and strongly in his was a sufficient indication of his error.

With an exultant little smile, Pam curled her fingers in his, just as she had seen Penny do so often. And when the show was over and they went out into the lobby, still hand in hand, Pam quickened her pace just enough to keep a bit ahead so that he couldn't get a full view of her face.

Mike pulled her to a slower pace as they reached the safer dimness of the street. "What's your mad rush?" he asked good-humoredly.

"Oh, was I going too fast?" Pam murmured innocently.

"I might have bought you a chocolate bar if you hadn't gone through the lobby in such a hurry," he told her.

Pam shook her head. "Bad for the complexion," she offered the same excuse she'd often heard Penny use in declining. "Thanks just the same, though."

Mike's fingers stayed locked with hers as they strolled slowly down the street. Pam felt her heart race and a kind of warmth flow through her that was never engendered by Randy's touch. When should she tell Mike the truth? When should she make him feel foolish for getting Penny and her confused? Not yet, a small inner voice whispered, not too steadily. Not quite yet. It would be such delicious fun to continue the masquerade just a bit longer.

"Like a soda?" Mike asked, as they approached the drugstore.

Pam said, hoping her momentary panic didn't sound through her voice, "Oh, I don't think so, Mike. Let's—let's just go for a walk, shall we?"

"Through the park," Mike agreed, squeezing her fingers.

The park lay dim and quiet in the moonlight. Pam and Mike took the gravelled walk that led along one shore of the small lake. They talked and were companionably silent and talked again. Pam was careful to avoid her usual vivacious chatter lest Mike sense his mistake.

Once Mike asked, "Any luck yet persuading Pam to go to Harwood?"

Pam said slowly, speaking just as Penny would have spoken, she felt sure, "I've been letting things rest, hoping she'd be more willing if we gave her time to get used to the idea."

"Yes," Mike said, "let's keep our fingers crossed. She's very stubborn about it."

Pam said, knowing her sister's loyalty, "But she has a right to choose the college she wants, Mike."

Mike pulled Pam close into the circle of his arm and pressed his cheek against her hair. "There you go again," he said, his tone gently teasing, "making excuses for her. Of course, she has a right to choose, but so do you. And you'd think, for once, she could put your preference ahead of her own when she knows how much it means to both of us."

Of all the positions for a girl to be in, Pam thought, amusement and resentment, with just an undercurrent of shame, warring within her. Standing there, pretending to be Penny, with Mike's arm around her, while he condemned her, Pam's, actions! She wanted to laugh, but in some twisted crazy way she felt like crying, too.

But, of course, she could do neither. So she merely said, her voice coaxing, "Let's not talk about it now, Mike."

And so they walked on as before, sometimes speaking and sometimes silent. And when they had traversed the length of the little park their footsteps led them along familiar streets towards Howard House.

Only the inner hall light had been left burning against Pam's return. But she couldn't risk even that illumination. Because sometime during the evening, Pam wasn't quite sure when, she had lost all urge to confess her deception to Mike, to laugh at his discomfiture. Why, she asked herself, had she got into such a spot? And how could she escape without letting Mike know the truth?

As he followed her across the deeper darkness of the little entrance porch, Pam felt panic mounting within her.

"Can't I come in for a minute?" Mike asked, as she stood hesitant at the door. "It's not much after ten."

"But you have to get up so early," Pam objected.

"Such solicitude," Mike chuckled.

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"I have to get up early, too," Pam admitted. "Tomorrow's my day to work. And we've got a shipment of furniture coming in we'll have to make room for. I think you'd better go, Mike."

Maybe Penny wouldn't have been so adamant, Pam realised. But she couldn't take a chance of Mike recognising her.

"Okay," Mike said. "You've convinced me."

But he took a step closer and Pam was in his arms. His face, dim in the darkness, was coming down to hers and she found herself wanting, more than she could ever remember having wanted anything in her life, to feel his lips on hers.

Tell him, her conscience said clearly, sternly. Tell him now that you're Pam not Penny.

But Pam ignored the voice, her hands tight on Mike's shoulders, her lips lifting to his. As he kissed her, she felt her heart quicken and the magic of the night, the moment, washed over her in slow waves. Then, as the kiss ended, Pam drew a deep, shaken breath and pulled away from Mike, opening the door and slipping inside with only a choked, "Good-night."

She leaned there, just inside, against the door she had shut behind her. And for a moment she didn't think at all, but only felt the warm, uplifting aftermath of that stolen caress. It was the faint sound of Mike's footsteps, going rather slowly away, that brought her back to the present and a quick upsurge of shame for what she had done.

. . . . . .

Pam was glad she was busy the next day, almost too busy to think, to face squarely the deep sense of shame that rose in her whenever she remembered the previous evening. How could she have done such a thing to Penny, who trusted her?

She tried to keep her attention fixed on drapery material and lounge chairs and stark white modern lamps, on all the familiar details that were a part of helping Mother in the shop. But her mind wandered despite her efforts to keep it focused on the business at hand. And she would feel again the touch of Mike's fingers and know once more the stolen magic of his kiss there in the summer darkness. And then she would think of Penny and shame would well up in her.

Near lunch-time Gran dropped in, bringing a pan of warm, newly baked pecan rolls. Henry, she said, had gone in to the city for the day on business.

"He asked me to go, too," Gran said, "but I hate Chicago on a hot, sticky day. Only trouble is, I hate eating alone, too. So I thought if I brought you some rolls you'd ask me to stay to lunch."

"And so we will," Mother informed her, laughing. "You didn't even have to bring the rolls. Come on upstairs. Penny must have lunch about ready."

There was usually a noontime lull in business at Howard House. So they trooped upstairs and found that Penny had salad and tall glasses of iced tea already on the table. She had slept away her headache of the night before and she looked fresh and pretty in a yellow sun-dress that left her tanned back bare. She greeted Gran with pleasure and laid an extra place on the gay cloth and poured another glass of tea.

When they were seated around the table, Gran said conversationally, her smiling glance on Penny, "Henry and I saw you at the show last night. But you and Mike rushed across the lobby so fast we couldn't catch up with you. We were going to offer you a lift home, but the way you were holding hands it looked as though you'd rather be alone, anyway."

In the moment of silence that followed, Pam felt Penny's eyes and Mother's staring at her. A hot embarrassed flush rose to her cheeks. She tried to say something, but no words obeyed her brain's command. What could she say?

After a brief pause, Penny told Gran simply, "I wasn't there. It was Pam you saw." There was a note of tension in her voice that Gran was quick to detect.

"But I was sure—" she began. And stopped. Because what could Gran say, either?

Pam had herself under better control now the first shock was past and her mind was working lucidly. She even managed a little laugh as she asked Gran, "Wasn't it a riot? He took me for Penny and I got such a bang out of Mike—of all people!—making a mistake like that. I just couldn't enlighten him right away. You know, Pen," her glance sought her sister's now, "how I always used to enjoy fooling people. And so one's got us mixed up for such a long time! I simply had to string Mike along for awhile."

When her gay voice stopped there was uneasy silence.

Mother's tone was grave, her glance direct on Pam's face as she asked, "Didn't you mean to tell Penny, Pam? It seems like quite a shabby trick to me."

"Oh, for creep's sake!" Pam cried impatiently. "Why do you all act as though I'd done something perfectly horrible? It was just a joke. Of course I meant to tell Penny, and Mike, too."

Almost, under the censure in Gran's and Mother's eyes, the stark accusation in Penny's, Pam could believe that what she said was true. She would have told Penny eventually, she assured herself hotly. It was silly of them to imagine she wouldn't. And as for Mike Bradley, it served him right. If a boy couldn't tell his own girl from her sister—

Her thought broke as Penny asked flatly, "But you didn't tell Mike last night? You let him go through the whole evening thinking you were me?"

JUST for one wild instant Pam felt an impulse to lie, to tell Penny that she had enlightened Mike before the evening was over. If she could warn Mike before he talked with Penny, he might even back her up, since he, too, must see that Penny would be less hurt by a lie than the truth. But Pam's temptation died quickly. She couldn't lie to Penny. They were too close, they knew each other too well. Penny would see through her, just as she would see through any pretence on Mike's part. The truth would be best.

"No," Pam admitted, "I didn't tell him—yet."

Penny said nothing more. Her eyes dropped from Pam's and she began eating. Gran and Mother took their cue from her and followed suit. The conversation, rather stilted at first but growing more easy, drifted to other topics.

Pam tried to take part in it with her usual animation, tried not to notice how quiet Penny was. But unease grew in her and the realisation that Penny would undoubtedly have some questions to ask when they were alone lay like a weight upon her. And Mother would take her to task, too, and Mike would be furious when he found out the truth.

But more than anything else, it was the sense of her own wrong-doing that took the edge off Pam's appetite and made her toy with her salad and eat one of Gran's delicious pecan rolls without even tasting it.

When lunch was over, Gran offered to help Mother in the shop for a while. Pam knew it was a ruse to leave her and Penny alone together, to give them a chance to talk out their difficulties. Apprehension made her jittery as the two older women went downstairs. Then the phone rang, affording Pam a temporary reprieve. She was glad when Penny went to answer it.

But her heart gave a queer twist as she heard her twin say "Hello? . . . Oh, hello, Mike . . ."

That does it, Pam thought. Now she'll tell him and—oh, why didn't I have sense enough not to get myself into all this?

She proceeded to clear the table and stack the dishes rather noisily in the sink. The rush of water from the faucet also helped her keep from listening to Penny's part of the telephone conversation. Pam tried not to think, as well as not to hear, but the clatter of dishes and silver, the sound of running water, weren't so effective in stopping her thoughts. She had the dishes half done when Penny came out to the kitchen.

"That was Mike," Penny said, an angry crispness in her voice. "You didn't have him as completely fooled as you thought."

Pam's questioning glance came up to meet hers and Penny went on, "He told me to tell you he did take you for me at the show and even walking home. But when you kissed him good-night, he knew the difference."

Pam felt rage and humiliation redden her face. She glared back at Penny, exclaiming, "That would be easy enough for him to say when he knew you'd found out about it!"

But Penny shook her head. "You're wrong. He did know. The first thing he said just now was, 'Did Pam tell you what she did last night?' That was before I'd told him about Gran seeing you, or anything. He knew, all right. And he's awfully mad at you. And so am I," Penny said, her grey eyes glinting furiously. "I think it was a low, sneaky trick! You know how Mike and I feel about each other. What were you trying to do?"

Pam's voice rose. "It was just a joke and you act as if it was something terrible! I only wanted to fool Mike—I'd have told you—"

"Would you, Pam?" Penny asked sternly. "If it hasn't been for the accident of what Gran said, I wonder if you wouldn't just have kept quiet, waiting to see whether Mike had found out or not. And if he hadn't, I doubt I'd ever have learned what you did. I think you'd have kept it all locked up inside you, a kind of cruel secret to gloat over."

"What an awful way to talk to me," Pam gulped, tears pressing hard against her eyelids. "You've changed so, Penny, since you've fallen for Mike Bradley. You'd never have accused me of such things before."

Penny said, "Maybe I never saw through you before! How could you do such a thing behind my back?"

"I told you it was just a joke," Pam choked. "We used to fool people sometimes and you never took it so hard."

"But that wasn't the same," Penny argued. "Can't you see it wasn't? We were children then, now we're grown up." She accused Pam, "You kissed Mike and you had no right to—it was like stealing—" her voice ran down and she stared at her sister, eyes wide and starkly questioning.

"It doesn't make sense," she said then, her tone shocked, "unless you're still attracted to Mike—unless you want him for yourself and are jealous of me—"

Pam had to stop her. She couldn't have Penny probing into her feelings

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like that, bringing out into the open things she had tried to keep hidden even from herself. She felt the hot tears spill over and run down her cheeks as she sobbed, "You haven't any right to talk that way—to accuse me—" She broke off and ran out of the kitchen and into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Pam lay there on her bed, muffling the sounds of her wild weeping with her pillow. Emotions struggled against each other within her. At first anger and resentment towards Penny were the strongest, but gradually these were overcome by a kind of sick shame at her own inexcusable conduct.

It was never easy for Pam to see, or at least to admit, that she was wholly in the wrong. She could always find such logical excuses for her conduct. But now, search as she might, she was without defences against the accusations of her own conscience.

She seemed to hear again Penny's hurt voice saying "You had no right to kiss Mike—it was like stealing—"

And in her heart Pam knew that her sister's words were true. She had tricked Mike, she had stolen that caress which had climaxed a stolen evening. She had pretended to be Penny and Mike had been deceived until he kissed her.

What was so special about Penny's kiss, Pam asked herself rebellionsly?

And a small voice within her answered, Penny loves Mike, while you simply want to win him back to prove to yourself you can. When he was yours for the taking, you liked him no better than Randy and the others. It was his being attracted to Penny that enhanced his value in your eyes.

Pam lay there, her face hot in the damp pillow, hearing and yet not hearing the everyday sounds of a summer afternoon going on outside the window. The cars passing by. The voices of children. The intermittent song of birds in the tall old trees that shaded Howard House. But try as she would to shut her ears to it, the voice inside her was louder than these familiar sounds.

It said in detached accusation, Randy was partly right, you know. Randy saw through you, which was why you resented what he said. You have been jealous of your own sister for winning Mike away. And you've fought against his influence on her, not for her sake, but because you liked having her cling to you and take your advice and seek your help in making decisions.

That built you up and made you feel important. But Penny has become more mature than you, for all your poise and assurance. In deep, vital ways, Penny is more grown up. And you don't like it, you can scarcely bring yourself to face the fact. So you look around for someone to blame for your own shortcomings and Mike's your scapegoat. That's why you've fought against going to the college of his and Penny's choice. You've wanted to separate them.

The noises outside the window went on. Pam's thoughts continued to sit as judge and jury on her recent actions. She wasn't crying now, she was past tears. Still, she couldn't lift her face from the shelter of the pillow.

After a while she was aware that the door had opened and closed. Then the bed springs gave a little as someone sat down beside her. Still Pam didn't raise her head. She felt a hand on her shoulder and knew that it was Mother's hand, even before Celia spoke, before she said gently, "Don't cry any more, Pam."

"I'm not," Pam said. "I'm just—so ashamed. I don't know what to do."

Mother's hand stroked her shoulder. "I know."

Pam said, her voice still muffled by the pillow, "I don't see why Penny should ever forgive me—but I can't bear it if she won't. I don't see how I could have acted the way I did."

"She'll forgive you," Mother said, "if you're sorry. Wouldn't you forgive her if she'd done something that hurt you and then saw she was in the wrong and felt ashamed?"

Pam said in a small, choked voice, "Penny wouldn't play a low trick like that. She's got too much sense. She doesn't do crazy things on impulse—and then wish she could just die."

Mother comforted, "Everyone does things they're ashamed of sometimes. Penny's mature enough to realise that."

"She's more mature than I am," Pam admitted. And as though that confession had opened the floodgates, she found herself spilling out to Mother all the things she had only so recently acknowledged to herself. Telling her what Randy had said and how she had come to realise the truth of it. Putting into hesitant words the ugly fact that she had been holding out against the school both Penny and Mike wanted to attend, just to be contrary, to make things hard for Mike.

"But if you see these things now," Mother said, "you can do something about them. It's only when we're too blind to realise the causes of our own bad actions that we have to worry. Penny will see that. She'll forgive you. I know."

"Maybe," Pam's tone was still doubtful, "if I tell her what a dope I've been if I give in about Harwood—" her hopeful glance went to Mother's face as she lifted her head at last. "Oh, Mother, do you think she'll ever trust me again?"

Celia nodded. "Ask her. I don't believe Penny, or Mike, either, will hold out against you, now that you're able to see you've been in the wrong."

MAKING up with Penny was easier than Pam had dared to hope. She should have realised that the close bond between them would tend to make her twin just as miserable over any threatened serious break as she herself was. Besides, Pam's abject apology, her unqualified admission that she was wholly in the wrong, were so unprecedented Penny was bound to be touched.

Before the pinkness caused by Pam's tears had faded from her eyelids, Penny had forgiven her. And when Pam went on to capitulate completely on the long-unsettled question of college, any resentment that might still have lingered in Penny's heart was quenched by the flood of her delight and relief.

"Oh, Pam!" she exclaimed, her own eyes suspiciously bright and her voice a bit unsteady with emotion. "You really mean it? You'll go to Harwood?"

Pam nodded, admitting ruefully, "I guess the only reason I've been so mean about it was because I unconsciously wanted to make things hard for Mike. And I knew I was hurting you, too, but I couldn't seem to stop anyway. Oh, Penny, how can a person get into such a state? I'm glad it's all come out into the open at last, so I can get it off my mind."

"So am I." Penny said, "It's seemed lately as if there were a sort of wall, shutting us apart, so that we couldn't talk things out the way we always have."

"I felt that way, too," Pam agreed. "Only I didn't blame myself for putting up the wall. I thought it was Mike who had come between us."

Penny's grey glance was direct, almost too direct on Pam's. She asked, "Do you—still like Mike, Pam? I mean a lot—the way you used to before he and I began going about together?"

Pam's eyes didn't fall before her sister's. She felt the old temptation to cover up, to seek to hide the truth even from herself, but with an effort she resisted it.

She said, her voice low, "I'm not quite sure. For a while I felt I was attracted to him, more than to Randy or Joe or any of the others. But I wonder if it isn't just that he hasn't been paying any attention to me and the others have. You know how I am, Pen," she said, a little rueful grin tugging at the corner of her mouth. "I can't seem to help it, either. If a boy's interested in me, then I begin to lose interest. If he's hard to get, that makes him practically irresistible."

Penny said flatly, "Well, just remember, hands off Mike." There was a laughing glint in her eye that lightened the solemnity of her tone, but Pam knew she wasn't entirely joking.

"Okay," Pam agreed meekly. "After last night, I know it's hopeless anyway."

In a way Pam was glad the quarrel between her and Penny had occurred, although she would always feel a qualm of humiliation over the circumstances that had brought it about. But afterwards, their relationship seemed to settle back on to its old firm foundation.

No longer was there the friction, the pulling two ways that seemed to have existed between them over college and Mike Bradley. They were twins again in the fullest, richest sense of the word, knowing a special closeness and understanding because of the accident of simultaneous birth.

Pam enjoyed, too, being back in Mike's good graces, as she was after the first natural upsurge of his anger against her had cooled and he had learned that she had given in on the question of college.

"So you finally decided to stop being a worm," he said in his old, half-brotherly way.

"If you go calling me names, I might change my mind again," Pam threatened.

"I take it back," Mike said in mocking, abject apology.

His hand caught Penny's then and he swung her into a gay jitter-bug step around the Howards' living-room. Pam hadn't seen them both so crazily care-free and happy for a long time. They danced till they fell in a laughing state of exhaustion on the couch beside Pam. And Mike reached out to put an arm around each girl and give them a bear-hug.

He said feelingly, "We'll have such fun at Harwood, the three of us."

"All right," Pam said, "convince me. What's going to be so wonderful about Harwood?"

Listening to Penny and Mike wax enthusiastic, Pam felt a new sense of anticipation rising within her. It was as though she had kept her own expectations dammed up by her perverse decision not to go to the college of Mike's and Penny's choice. Now, listening with an open mind, she found herself catching fire from their enthusiasm and realised that the school really did have a lot to offer.

"They have a fine dramatics department," Penny told her. "You've always been interested in that sort of thing."

Pam knew that Penny had mentioned this fact before, but it had made little or no impression on her then. Now she found herself warming

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with excitement at the idea of studying dramatics.

"They even have a showboat they operate in the summer," Mike put in. "It goes up and down the river with a student crew, giving old-fashioned melodramas in different towns where they tie up."

Pam stared at him in surprise. "You mean it? I didn't see anything about that in their literature."

Still, she realised, she hadn't looked at the catalogue very thoroughly. She had been so bent and determined not to go to Harwood, she hadn't paid much attention to it.

"But that's a summer course," Penny put in. "We couldn't be gone in the summer, too, Pam. Mother couldn't afford it and anyway we wouldn't want to leave her all alone."

"Oh," Pam remembered, with a little pinch of disappointment. "That's right."

Still they went on discussing the college showboat, just because it was unique and so interesting. And even if she couldn't enrol in the unusual course, because it wouldn't be fair to Mother, Pam found her imagination dwelling on it. A real honest-to-goodness showboat, like the ones that used to ply the rivers when girls wore hoop-skirts, and movies hadn't even been invented. And a student crew that, in addition to putting on the plays, had to set scenes and supply music, handle the lighting and costumes, sell tickets and swab decks.

It sounded quite fabulous and Pam felt a surge of regret over her and Penny's inability to participate in it. Still, she tried to cheer herself, a college that was original enough to offer such a course must make a lot of other advantages available to its students. And in those she and Penny could take part.

Pam realised with a little inner start that Mike's arm was still around her shoulders, just as his other one was around Penny's. But it was such a brotherly gesture, she was able to enjoy the casual camaraderie it signified. Was this a start towards getting over her secret fancy for Mike, Pam wondered. Maybe, if she worked hard at it, he would begin to seem like a brother to her eventually . . .

Pam was going out that night with Randy. They went with Sue Farnsworth and Milton Martin to the drive-in movie. Pam had made a point without being too obvious about it, of not going out with Randy alone since that night when they had parked on the river bank. The evening was fun, not too exciting, just the show and then afterwards, hamburgers and malteds. Pam managed to avoid any prolonged talk after she and Randy had dropped the others off. She said good-night on the doorstep with a quick kiss and gave as an excuse for not lingering that she had to get up early the next morning to help in the shop.

Penny was still awake when Pam reached the bedroom. She was in bed, but when Pam switched on the shaded lamp, Penny threw an arm across her eyes to shut out the sudden brightness. When her eyes had grown accustomed to it she raised herself on one elbow to ask Pam, "Have fun?"

"Oh, sure," Pam said casually. She was half undressed by that time. "Did you?"

Penny nodded, her eyes shining, a little smile tilting her mouth.

"We went over to Mike's and played bridge with his mother and dad for a while. They're awfully nice and it was quite a game. Then, it was such a lovely night we walked all the way around the lake coming home. The moon made such a bright path across the water, it almost seemed as if it could hold you up." She laughed softly. "Mike threatened to try it, but I persuaded him not to."

There was no mistaking the rich happiness in her voice. Still Pam asked wonderingly, "And you really and truly enjoyed it? Just playing cards with Mike's parents and then taking a walk?"

Penny nodded. "I enjoyed it," she said and there was an undertone to the words—Pam sought to identify it. Could it be pity? But how absurd for Penny to pity her, who had had an infinitely more enjoyable evening!

Pam said, "We saw a pretty good show at the drive-in. Then we went out to that new place on the highway south of town. The food's good and it's quite expensive—" she broke off, not liking the petty, show-off way she was talking.

AFTER a moment Pam asked, buttoning her pyjamas slowly, "Penny, how can you have fun when Mike never has the money to take you to anything exciting? You just go on doing the same things—walks, going to museums and picnics, maybe once in a while to a movie. I'd be bored to death with that same old routine."

Penny said quietly, "I could never be bored with Mike. When you're with someone you care for a lot, it's not the places you go, the things you do, that are important. It's just being together, having the chance to talk and really get to know each other."

She asked then, her glance direct and questioning on Pam's face, "Don't you like Randy any more, Pam? He's such a fine person and awfully fond of you."

"Of course I like him," Pam said rather shortly. "I feel exactly the same way about him I always have. It's Randy who's changed. He gets so serious. But I want to keep things on a fun basis, just as we started out."

She proceeded to snap off the light and get into bed. The springs creaked under her as she wiggled around, trying to get settled. But although she shut her eyes tight against the darkness she knew she wasn't really sleepy.

Out of a stretching silence Penny said hesitantly, "Just—don't hurt him, Pam. Randy's sensitive."

"I know," Pam agreed, and the words came out in a sigh.

She did know. That was why she was on pins and needles lately, trying to sidestep any serious talk with him. She told Penny, "I don't want to hurt him. I like Randy a lot. If we could just go on being friends the rest of the summer I'd be happy. I think after that the situation would take care of itself. But Randy's got this sudden urge to play for keeps."

"Has he asked you to get engaged?" Penny queried.

"I've managed to avoid giving him the chance so far. But I'm sure that's what he has in mind."

"But—can't you just tell him the truth, Pam? You could be kind about it, but after all he'll have to know sometime that you don't like him well enough."

"If I come right out with it," Pam said frankly, "I'll have to stop going about with him. And you know how I love the country club and all the expensive places Randy takes me. Besides, I really like him better than any of the rest of the boys. So what's the harm if I just try to keep things from coming to a head until this summer's over?"

For a moment Penny didn't answer. Then she said gravely, "The only harm might be to Randy. If he realises you're just keeping him dangling because of the places he takes you—well, I should think that might hurt him more than anything."

"Then how would you handle it?" Pam pressed.

And she wasn't even aware of how absurd it was for her to be asking Penny's advice on such a matter. She, Pam, who had dealt easily with boys from her earliest teens, who had always had a dozen dates to Penny's one. But maybe it wasn't so absurd, after all.

There had always been a core of quiet strength in Penny, a seriousness and sense that bespoke character. And the relationship between Pam and Randy—well, Pam would be the first to admit that it had got rather out of hand for all her adeptness. It had gone beyond the realm of easy flirtation, of teasing and laughter, where Pam had meant to keep it.

Now it had become, at least from Randy's angle, something more than just the casual girl-and-boy game that Pam had played with so many others. And it might be, in such a situation, that Penny could give Pam advice.

"Well," Penny said thoughtfully, "I wouldn't just evade the issue. That doesn't settle anything."

"But how can I come right out and tell him the truth?" Pam demanded. "That would hurt him badly. And it would hurt him, too, if I stopped going about with him at all."

"I'm not so sure," Penny said stubbornly. "If he's going to be hurt it seems to me it had better be by honesty than deceit. But, of course," she added, "it's your own affair."

Which was true enough. But even though they left it at that Pam couldn't help wondering whether her sister might be right.

. . . . . .

The weeks that followed were busy ones for the twins. There were all the details of college enrolment to be taken care of, applications to be filled out, living quarters at the school to be arranged for.

As each matter was settled, college seemed to loom larger and more real in both girls' minds. Pam knew that her own rising excitement and sense of anticipation were shared by Penny. Pam had been hoping they wouldn't have to take part-time jobs. She felt the bright lustre of college would be dimmed a little by the need to work in free time that might otherwise have been spent in social activity.

But Mother assured them that this wouldn't be necessary.

"I can manage quite well," she insisted. "It'll be hard enough for you to keep up your studies the first year. And I want you both to have fun in the spare time you do have. Besides, Howard House is doing splendidly. In fact," she admitted with a little smile, "I've even decided to expand a bit."

"How expand?" Pam asked. And Penny, too, waited interestedly for Mother's answer.

"Ty Shelton," Mother explained, "has just about persuaded me to handle the Shelton line of furniture through Howard House. He doesn't want to enlarge his own plant and an outlet and show space are what he needs most. So it might work out very well for both of us."

Pam leaned over to confide in a clearly audible whisper to Penny, "That's why he hangs around so much and has to take her out to dinner so often."

And Penny nodded with mock gravity and whispered back, "Strictly business, of course!"

"All right, you two," Mother laughed. "And to think," Pam said, "it all began with a pair of love seats!"

Which was quite true. The first time Celia had met Ty Shelton she had driven out to the furniture company

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he owned, which was located in a small town on the Fox River, not too far from Glenhurst. Shelton's had a fine name for very good reproductions of period pieces, the sort which Celia often headed for decorating jobs. But her first encounter with Mr Tyrone Shelton had been a stormy one. She came home that evening quite annoyed, but full of fabulous details about the Shelton company and its unusual proprietor.

Pam and Penny heard all about her experiences over dinner. It seemed the factory was very old, having been founded almost a hundred years before.

"And I don't think it's been changed much since," Mother announced. "There's even an old mill-wheel sort of thing that they used for power before regular electricity was installed. Quite picturesque. It gives the whole place a kind of old-world charm. But really," Mother went on, a little smile lifting one corner of her mouth, "this man Shelton is a character! He's very laconic and droll—but stubborn!"

Mother had known exactly what she wanted that day she first met Ty Shelton. A pair of Victorian love seats in a particular shade of rose brocade. But she and Ty had got into a hot argument over proportion and back detail. And not until Mother had been ready to snatch up her sketches and samples and depart had a compromise been worked out.

"True, she had admitted later, Mr Shelton's arguments had been sound. He really knew his business. But that, she had supposed, would be the end of their association. Mr Shelton, it developed, had other ideas.

A few days later he had dropped in at Howard House. He was quite interested in the shop and much more agreeable than he had seemed at first contact. He was impressed with the job Celia had done in remodelling a run-down old house into a smart interior decorating set-up. And the upshot of it all had been Ty Shelton's invitation to Mother and the twins to have dinner with him.

"I was so flabbergasted," Mother admitted afterwards to Pam and Penny, "I couldn't think of a way to get out of it gracefully. And he was so nice. I didn't like to hurt his feelings. He wants to take us all out to some restaurant that used to be a farm. Next Sunday, he suggested. Will you mind awfully?"

"It sounds fun to me," Pam said.

And Penny nodded, "Why not?"

"Of course," Pam had added with a little teasing laugh, "we know we're only being included as chaperones."

The Sunday afternoon excursion proved to be a very pleasant one. The restaurant to which Ty Shelton drove them in his sleek grey sedan had a great deal of country charm and atmosphere in addition to serving perfectly fabulous food. But Ty Shelton himself was the real reason they all had so much fun.

He was, as Celia had told them, both droll and laconic. His thin, rather bony face under a greying shock of sandy hair, lit most attractively with his oddly boyish smile. He had an amusing fund of stories to tell, of colorful ancestors, ship captains, and workers in wood. One of the latter had been his grandfather, who came West when Chicago was only a village on the edge of a swamp, and was the founder of the Shelton company.

"In fact," Ty admitted, "Grandfather originally planned to start in business in Chicago. He was offered a chance to buy some property there, but he often told how it was low and soggy and grew nothing but swamp grass as high as a man on a horse, so he refused it. That particular plot of land is where the City Hall stands now." Ty chuckled. "But my grandfather never regretted that he went another fifty miles or so farther west and settled on the Fox River."

"He must have been a rugged individualist like you," Celia said dryly. "But just think, if he'd decided differently, you might have been a millionaire."

Ty said, "Maybe. Maybe not." There was an amused twinkle in his hazel eyes. "Anyway, millionaires are no longer the happy, carefree souls they used to be, so I guess it's just as well."

Pam and Penny thought Ty Shelton a most interesting person and lots of fun. They told Mother so later. And she had to agree he was likeable when you got to know him and that the afternoon had been a pleasant one.

Ty was a frequent visitor at Howard House after that. And now, only a few weeks later, Celia was telling the twins that she had decided to sell some of the Shelton furniture through Howard House.

"Would you be partners?" Penny asked interestedly.

"Oh, no." Mother shook her head. "Howard House is all ours. Ty wouldn't have a thing to do with it."

Pam nodded. She said then, her tone teasing, "We just wanted to be sure it was strictly a business deal. He hangs around so much we were beginning to wonder."

Before long it was hard for Pam and Penny to remember how it had been before Ty Shelton loomed on their horizon. Scarcely a week passed that they didn't see him once or twice. But his infiltration of their lives and Mother's was so gradual and easy they hardly noticed it. He was just Ty, coming and going, sometimes on a business errand, sometimes just stopping in for no special reason.

The twins' minds were too full of college plans to absorb much of anything else. They had already begun to assemble their clothes, and in this project Gran proved most helpful. She was a wonderful seamstress and loved to sew, which meant that Pam's and Penny's clothes expenditures could be held to a minimum.

Each of them already had a fine collection of hand-knit sweaters, thanks to Gran. And the skirts and suits she tailored for them, the dresses she fashioned so artfully, were the equal of those of any of their friends, purchased ready-made for a good deal more money.

"We're lucky having Gran," Penny said once. "We can get twice as many nice things as we could afford otherwise."

And Pam agreed. "Don't see how we'd manage without her."

They spent a good deal of time at Gran's and Henry's big, comfortable old house, for fittings and conferences as to style, and material. Gran was as enthusiastic about it all as the twins. And Henry, too, seemed to enjoy having them there. Afterwards, the girls talked about that marriage.

"They're so cute together, aren't they?" Pam said.

And Penny agreed. "You can tell they're happy. And they seem younger, somehow. Not that either of them ever was exactly decrepit, but now they're both even gayer and more full of pep. And they get such fun out of doing things together, even if it's only gardening or something perfectly ordinary."

Pam said, "Henry is like a new person. Remember the kind of wistful way he used to hang around here, as if he were warming his hands against being lonely? And he was so grateful to us for including him in things."

"Now he and Gran have a life of their own," Penny said. "I'm glad things worked out so that they have each other."

Pam found herself wondering, as she had occasionally wondered before, whether Mother too, would be happier if she re-married. Of course, Mother was busy and content. She had them and her work to keep her occupied. She had a lot of friends and was asked out frequently to parties and for bridge. And yet—

"You know what I sometimes wonder, Pam?" Penny's thoughtful voice broke into Pam's reflections.

Pam nodded. "Whether Mother ever gets lonely, too."

It wasn't unusual for their thoughts to travel a similar course and arrive simultaneously at the same destination. But they sat silent now, for neither of them knew the answer to the question that had come into both their minds.

. . . . .

One point about Harwood still rankled in Pam's mind, the fact that there were no sororities or fraternities there. She had known this when she agreed to go, but whenever she thought of it, disappointment welled up anew.

"I've always dreamed of joining a sorority," she mourned. "Rush Week and being pledged—it all sounds so heavenly."

"But there are lots of clubs at Harwood," Penny reminded her anxiously. "And everyone joins the one they're most interested in. It's really more democratic that way. And ever so many colleges don't permit secret societies any more."

"Ever so many still do," Pam sighed. "But I have to let myself be talked into going to one of the other kind."

Penny's grey eyes were troubled. "I suppose," she said, "if you don't like it there, you can transfer to another college next year—or we can—" her hesitation indicated she was feeling the cross-pull of two loyalties, one towards Pam and one towards Mike.

Pam's resentment over Mike's influence on Penny had dulled somewhat, at least enough for her to feel a twinge of sympathy for her twin. Still, she felt a bit sorry for herself, too. She said grumpily, "I'll try it this year. But I'm not making any rash promises to stay on if I don't like it."

"Of course not," Penny said. "I wouldn't expect you to. But I think we're all going to like it there, you and Mike and I."

"Optimist," Pam said dryly.

In a way the days seemed to fly and in another to drag. Pam was eager to start college, yet she clung to the familiarity of home, of known friends, of customary activities. The mid-summer weather was very warm and Pam went as often as she could to the country club with Randy and the crowd.

They played a little tennis, swam in the azure-lined pool and sunned themselves to a ripe golden tan. Or they might simply relax in comfortable chairs on the shaded terrace, drinking tall tinkling concoctions and talking lazily on any number of subjects. But eventually the talk always seemed to drift to college.

"Isn't it a fascinating prospect?" Laurie McGregor exclaimed one August afternoon. "It'll be so different!"

"Studying, you mean?" Mitch Martin cracked.

"That's not the part I'm looking forward to," Laurie laughed. "Although if I don't keep up my grades, my father will skin me. But when I think of getting up to New York to see the new plays and dance at all the famous

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places—" she broke off, turning her warm blue glance on Randy, who was sitting between her and Pam. "Will you look me up when you're at Cornell? It's quite close, you know, and we can keep each other from getting homesick."

"Why, sure," Randy said casually. "I'll do that."

"You won't mind, Pam?" Laurie's tone was honeyed. "He can't spend all his time just studying and writing to you."

"You have my blessing," Pam smiled. "Randy may not be planning to write to me at all."

"Oh, I thought I might waste a spare minute now and then," Randy said lightly, "just to keep in touch."

But his eyes said something much deeper, Pam realised, even as she laughed back. "And if I have a spare minute, I'll answer."

She wondered, though, as she spoke the casual words, whether they were true. Maybe it would be better to break up entirely when they separated to go to college. She hadn't looked ahead beyond this summer other than to imagine a sort of easy undemanding friendship continuing between them. But maybe such a relationship wasn't possible from Randy's angle.

Was it unfair to him, Pam wondered, to simply let things drift, as she was satisfied to do? Or did she owe it to Randy to be honest, as Penny had insisted?

The question was to rise in her mind many times as the summer slipped away. But Pam avoided trying to find an answer to it. Let things ride, she told herself, so long as Randy didn't demand a showdown. Have fun right now, this minute, and let the future take care of itself.

But on a brooding late-summer night, with storm clouds blacking out the moon like a dropped curtain, and thin, too-bright veins of lightning forking across the sky, Pam found herself confronted with the necessity of making a decision and letting Randy know exactly how things stood.

There had been one of the regular monthly dances at the country club that Saturday night and Pam had gone to it with Randy. This had been their first date in more than a week, since Pam had been letting Joe Henderson monopolise a bit more than his share of her time. Randy had seemed a bit hurt and sulky all evening.

A lot of the crowd were there and the dance had been fun, despite Randy's quietness. And yet, under the thin layer of Pam's pleasure, there was an uneasy awareness of Randy's dark gaze, brooding on her, of the insistently possessive touch of his hand on her arm, or close about her waist as they danced. By the time they were ready to start home the night had turned windy, and an occasional rumble of thunder sounded ominously.

"It's going to storm," Randy said, moving to raise his convertible's top.

But Pam demurred. "Leave it down till it starts."

Randy grinned, sliding in beside her. "Want to live dangerously? You may get drenched if it comes in a hurry."

Pam said, "My dress is cotton. It can take it."

As the car swung out of the curving country club drive on to the road, Randy informed her, "We're going for a drive!"

Pam had been avoiding long, solitary conversations with Randy. But tonight she didn't object. Something in his manner made it plain he wouldn't have listened.

He told her now, "We've been behaving like a pair of ostriches lately, burying our heads in the sand."

Pam couldn't deny it. "I suppose we have, Randy."

He drove on, not very fast, at a steady pace that made conversation safe and easy. Lightning cut a greenish streak down the black sky, and a moment later thunder rumbled. The trees along the road whipped and groaned in the wind and Pam snuggled deeper into the warmth of her light fleece jacket. But she liked the wind in her hair, the elements threatening. They were somehow akin to her mood.

Randy said, his voice low but firm, "I think it's time we had a straight talk, Pam. We've got to settle things between us."

Pam nodded. Maybe it would be better that way. Maybe then she could get rid of the sense of guilt she felt when she thought about Randy. She explained, "I hoped we could just drift through this summer and then things would settle themselves."

"I know," Randy said. "You were fairly obvious about it. Never see me alone for more than a few unavoidable minutes, not give me too much of your time, keep our conversations on a completely trivial level—that was your system, wasn't it?"

Pam felt warm color wash across her face. Randy was more perceptive than she had realised. But if he had been aware of her tactics, why had he appeared to let her get away with them?

As if sensing the question in her mind, he went on, "I told you I'd been playing ostrich, too. Even though I saw through you, I've been afraid of a showdown. If I dragged everything out into the open, it might mean I wouldn't be seeing you any more—" His husky voice stopped and the night was still, except for the rush of wind about the car, the more insistent thunder.

Then Pam said slowly and with complete honesty, "Randy, I like you so very much, I don't want to hurt you. I'm perfectly willing to go on being friends—but if our friendship has to be spoiled by you wanting it more serious and my trying to put you off all the time—well, it's no good, is it?"

"Not for me," Randy said. "I can't take it."

"It's no good for me, either," Pam's voice was gentle, grave. "Because then I begin to hate myself for—deceiving you, stringing you along. Friends shouldn't do that to each other, so I don't want to do it to you. It's different with the other boys. They're no more serious than I am."

RANDY was silent and, after a little pause, Pam said regretfully, "Oh, Randy, why couldn't we have been like that, too?"

"Kept it gay, you mean?" His mouth twisted a little. Pam saw the bitter set of it in a sudden flash of lightning. "Because I had to go and fall in love with you. Don't ask me why. I know eighteen's too young to fall in love, as well as you do. The only thing is, if you could give me some hope for later—" the pleading note in his voice touched her heart.

"Randy," Pam cried, "I'm sorry. But you want me to be honest, don't you? I'm ashamed of the way I've acted. I like you better than any other boy I know—but I'm not in love with you. I don't think I ever will be."

Randy argued, "Eighteen's too young for you to be sure. Just think about it once in a while. Wait till Christmas vacation—"

But Pam broke in, insisting, "Randy, I am sure! Waiting won't change anything. You mustn't keep on hoping."

Neither of them had been paying much attention to the impending storm. Now, abruptly, the heavens seemed to open and dump their burden of very wet contents over the world with complete abandon. Randy stopped the car and got the top raised in a minute, but not before Pam's hair was plastered around her face and his own white dinner jacket clung wetly to his shoulders.

"You see," Pam said with a rather shaky laugh. "I tell the truth and it brings on a cloudburst."

"Better watch that," Randy told her.

As he swung the car around and headed for home, Pam said seriously, "If you're going to think I'll change my mind, I'm not going out with you any more, Randy."

Not until then did Randy tell her, "This is our last date for a long time, anyway. I'm leaving tomorrow."

"For college?" Pam asked in surprise. "But it's too soon."

"Mother and Dad are going to drive with me," he explained. "We'll take our time, make a tour of it, stop in New York and Washington. And I'll end up at Cornell. They've been wanting to do that and just lately I've decided it might be a good thing."

"It's—quite a surprise," Pam admitted.

Weeks of the summer left and no Randy. She felt a sudden sense of loss—or was it just shock at the unexpectedness of his going? Pam wasn't sure. Her feelings were confused, mixed up.

"So you see," Randy said, "it'll be Christmas before we see each other again. And a lot of things can happen by Christmas."

They were rather quiet driving the rest of the way home.

"Kiss me good-bye?" Randy asked, as they lingered in the cool darkness of Howard House's little entrance porch.

"Oh, Randy," Pam said and went into his arms.

As their lips met, Pam thought, This is the last time.

And her throat felt queer and choky and her eyelids stung. And, perversely, Randy's kiss was more unsettling than it had been for a long, long time.

Everyone wanted to have a final party during those last, too-short days of the waning summer. The tempo of the twins' social life increased to a dizzy pace. And yet there were moments in between when Pam found herself thinking of Randy, missing him more than she had expected to. But she never admitted it aloud.

At every festivity, college was the main topic of conversation. But underneath all the gay anticipatory chatter a kind of nostalgic regret for the lost familiar pattern of high-school days lingered unvoiced and unacknowledged.

No one would have dreamed of admitting that he felt faint qualms of uneasiness over the drastic changes ahead. But all of them knew that life suddenly seemed quite wonderful, this moment, this second. And there was an instinct to cling to the present, to wish each day had more hours, each hour more minutes, even while they pretended that they could scarcely wait for the moment of their departure for college.

Celia Howard sensed this. And one evening, talking with Ty Shelton as they lingered over coffee after Pam and Penny had gone out, she tried to put some small part of this feeling into words.

She said, smiling a little, "They're just a shade apprehensive about the changes college will bring, even while they're rushing pell-mell to meet them."

"That's a very human attitude," Ty pointed out.

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"I suppose so," Celia said. "And yet this is one of the times when being a mother isn't much fun. You wish you could fend off the changes and keep things just as they have been, even while you realise that nothing is static, that new experiences like leaving home for college are a part of the pattern of growing up, of becoming an adult emotionally, as well as merely in the physical sense."

Thoughtfully Ty contemplated the glowing end of his cigarette. "I don't think you have to worry about Pam and Penny. They'll do all right."

"I think so, too," Celia smiled across the table at him, "but, of course, I could be prejudiced."

"Not me," Ty denied. "I'm just a crusty old bachelor looking on from the sidelines. But I never could get too worried about the younger generation. Sometimes I wonder if our contemporaries don't expect a bit too much of the kids. They haven't got an easy row to hoe, if you ask me. The boys with army service ahead, trying to fit their education in piecemeal, never being sure whether they'll make it, or if they'll be yanked out of school and put into uniform. And the girls are bound to be affected, too, by this uneasiness, this uncertainty. They don't know what they can count on any more. And unless they've got the right sense of values—well, they could get into a lot of trouble."

"A sense of values," Celia repeated. "That's what I hope I've helped Pam and Penny acquire. In the long run, I guess that's the most important thing parents can hand on to their children."

She went on, a faint smile touching her lips, "It's funny in a way. It used to be Penny I worried most about. She was so unsure of herself. But Penny's all right now. Maybe she was always all right in important ways. She has a kind of inner strength that I sometimes wonder if Pam lacks."

Ty told Celia, "I don't think you need to worry about Pam, either. She's more mature than Penny in some ways, but younger in others. She's growing up all the time, though. Maybe you're too close to see it, but I can."

"I hope you're right," Celia said. "She still seems so dazzled with fun and lots of beaus, all the surface glitter. Do you suppose she'll get over that at college?"

"Give her time," Ty chuckled. "Who was the sage who once said that there was nothing wrong with youth that growing older wouldn't cure?"

As she laughed with him, Celia felt a warm little glow of gratitude for Ty's friendship, his sound commonsense. Without him, she faced the fact that she would have dreaded the twins' imminent departure for college even more than she did.

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Those first days at college were at once an uprooting and a transplanting and it was hard to tell just when one stage stopped and the other began. There was the initial rush and jumble of enrolment in classes and assignment to rooms, of placement tests, of trying to get settled and learning to find one's way around.

Everything seemed strange and just a little forbidding. New classrooms. New teachers. New methods and procedures. And underneath it all the sharp pangs of homesickness, the longing for familiar faces, the sick surety deep down inside that you would never get used to all this.

Pam and Penny and Mike were grateful for each other to take the keen edge off all this newness, this strangeness. At first the three of them seemed like a small island battered by alien seas. But gradually, and almost without their realising what was happening, their horizons broadened, so that they no longer felt alone and lost when they were apart from each other. All of them made new acquaintances who quickly became friends. They found the campus and even the small town of Harwood growing as familiar as the streets of Glenhurst. And the nostalgia for their old surroundings faded imperceptibly until it was quite gone.

Home became for Pam a second-floor bedroom in Grace Kirkland Hall, one of the freshman girls' dormitories. A small room whose impersonal furnishings of bed and dressing-table and desk and chair were made warmer and more cheerful by Pam's choice of yellow spread and curtains, of white shag rugs and gay pictures.

Penny's room was just beyond, with a connecting door. All the bedrooms at Grace Kirkland were arranged in two-room suites and the twins were delighted to be able to share such close living quarters.

As they had in high school, each twin made her own special friends, among girls whose tastes and interests most closely matched her own. But the fact that these outside associations were with quite different types of girls in no way affected Pam's and Penny's closeness to each other.

Pam's best friend was Marylou Ritter, a slender, angelic-looking blonde who lived across the hall. Marylou's fragile appearance was deceptive and completely at variance with her boundless energy and enthusiasm.

Penny's particular crony was Ellen Carr, whom she met in English I and who shared her own avid interest in books and writing. Penny found Marylou quite flamboyant and shallow and Pam considered quiet, brown-haired Ellen dull. But both twins adopted a live-and-let-live attitude and refrained from derogatory comment.

"Maybe," Pam said once with a little laugh, "that's a sign of maturity. Do you suppose? Remember how I used to try to talk you into going with my crowd at high school? And they bored you stiff, but I still couldn't see why you preferred the friends you picked for yourself. And I couldn't keep my mouth shut about it, either."

Penny smiled, too, remembering. "I suppose it's always hard for twins to realise they're not as much alike on the inside as they are out."

"Since we do, we get along better," Pam said. And added then, quite frankly, "I resented it when you began thinking things out for yourself instead of just following my ideas. I even blamed Mike for a while—I figured in some crazy way that he'd come between us."

"Oh, Pam!" Penny exclaimed. "You don't any longer?"

Pam shook her head. "Now I know better. I've developed quite a sisterly attitude towards Mike. I like him as well as ever—but differently."

"I'm glad," Penny said. And her tone was light. Still, Pam sensed that she really meant it.

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The Harwood College buildings were an assortment of types, depending upon the period in which they had been constructed. There was Old Hall, erected in 1850, and, in sharpest contrast, there was the Music Building, finished less than a year ago, cleanly modern and functional in design. And in between the two the rest of the college buildings tried to adapt themselves to both without too much conflict.

Pam preferred the newer buildings. She was glad Old Hall was used only to house the school's historical treasures and early records.

She had exclaimed at her first glimpse of it, "What a relic! It looks haunted."

Penny had answered, smiling, "Only by the nicest, most gentle ghosts then. I think it just looks sort of sleepy and dreaming, as if it's living in the past."

"I'll take the present," Pam said dryly.

Harwood was proving more satisfactory than she had been willing to let herself expect. Of course, there was a lot of studying to do, but Pam didn't seem to mind studying so much any more. Her subjects were proving more interesting than they had in high school. The teachers were, for the most part, stimulating, and their give-and-take attitude towards the students made classes lively as well as informative. Not that Pam would ever be an outstanding student. Still, she felt she was doing quite well. Penny scarcely had to help her at all.

A new and more mature sense of responsibility grew in her. Knowing the effort Mother was making to see them both through college, Pam found herself sharing Penny's urge to take as full advantage of their opportunities as possible. Not, of course, that they didn't mean to have fun, too. Especially Pam.

Penny and Mike joined the Journalism Club, Pam the Drama Club. She found some of her fellow members much more congenial than others. Along with Marylou, Pam became an integral part of a small, exclusive group of girls, one in which she felt lucky to be included.

Most of the others had more money than she, their clothes bore the labels of expensive shops. Yet Pam was at ease with them, she fitted in, just as she had gravitated naturally to the top crowd at Glen High.

"They're probably the most popular crowd," Mike said one afternoon when he and Penny and Pam were walking together across campus towards the dormitory. "But they're certainly not the most intelligent. Or aren't brains fashionable this season?"

"Oh, I don't know," Pam said. "It takes brains to get by with as little studying as some of them do."

"All I hope," Mike told her, "is that their attitude isn't catching. You're so young and susceptible."

Pam made a face at him and Penny remarked, "She's doing well, Mike. Don't pick on her."

"Shhh!" Mike pretended to look around fearfully. "Some of her pals might hear you. And if they know she's keeping up her grades they'll probably have nothing more to do with her."

As usual, Pam had plenty of attention. She and the other girls in her crowd attracted the most popular and sought-after male students. In view of which, it was a rather curious circumstance that Pam should have met Cade Venner through Penny.

One day in late September Pam came out of her English class on to the sun-drenched campus where drifts of brown leaves skittered dryly underfoot. There was a faint tang of woodsmoke in the air and the sky was a clear bright blue. Pam felt a detaining hand on her elbow and a deep voice asked, "What's your rush?"

Pam turned in surprise to look up into a rather narrow dark face with a shock of close-cut black hair bristling above it. Bold brown eyes beneath strongly marked brows stared down into hers as the young man added, "Well, don't act so startled. I borrowed your text-book in Chemistry this morning. Doesn't that constitute an introduction, or are we going to be stuffy about it?"

Pam smiled then, denying, "Sorry, but I don't take Chemistry." Penny

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did, though, so she sensed the mistake he was making. And far be it from her to lose out on such a made-to-order opportunity to get acquainted with the most attractive man she had so far encountered at Harwood and one who had long intrigued her attention.

The dark young man's brows drew closer together and he glowered at her. "What is this, a brush-off? I sat next to you for an hour. I guess I ought to know."

Pam went on smiling in the face of his obvious disgruntlement. She said: "Could be it was my sister you sat next to. My twin sister."

"You kidding me?"

Pam shook her head. "If you check you'll find her name's Penny Howard. I'm Pam."

"I'm Cade Venner," the young man supplied.

He grinned then and Pam thought how different his face was in amusement: more open, younger looking, less tense. He said: "I never knew any twins before. You two sure look alike. A regular double feature."

"So we've been told," Pam agreed. "Although double feature is a new way of putting it. We've been called carbon copies, though, and a case of seeing double and things like that."

"How's a guy supposed to tell you apart?" Cade asked.

"It isn't so hard," Pam said, "when you get to know us. There are little differences."

"Maybe when I see you together," Cade nodded. "Have to arrange that. It'd be interesting." He added then, quite casually: "How about a coke at the Union?"

"Both of us?" Pam asked. "Or just me? I'm afraid Penny's at the library right now."

Cade Venner chuckled as they started to walk on together. "You'll do for this time. I'll take on the two of you later."

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Pam stood at her bedroom window, watching chill October rain sluice down over the campus. The sodden lawn and meandering white-gravelled path looked singularly deserted and uninviting. At the top of the Music Building steps a group of students huddled, waiting for the downpour to lessen. Above everything the clouds drooped in a grey velvet canopy, low and threatening.

"Dash it all!" she exclaimed aloud in sharp annoyance, although there was no one around to hear.

She had wanted to escape this afternoon before Penny got back from her final class of the day. Penny knew about the long Spanish translation that Pam had shrugged aside sleepily last night, murmuring, "I'll have time for it tomorrow afternoon." And while Penny might not say it in so many words, she'd feel Pam should have remembered it and taken it into her calculations instead of agreeing to meet Cade Venner at four o'clock at the Student Union.

The situation was complicated by the fact that Pam, with customary carelessness, had left her raincoat at the library. And now this sudden drenching downpour had her trapped and Penny would be coming in any minute and there would be explanations and further delay. And Cade wasn't. Pam knew with an excited little flutter in her throat, the type you kept waiting very long.

Footsteps sounded in the hall and Pam turned from the window, thinking it must be Penny. But through the open doorway she saw with relief that it was Marylou Ritter.

"Hi, honeychile," Marylou called, glimpsing Pam at the same moment. She stood there, her raincoat dripping water on to the hall floor as she added superfluously, "It's wet outside."

"Angel!" Pam exclaimed, her eyes lighting.

"Not I," Marylou denied. "Got no wings, got no halo."

"Got a raincoat, though," Pam moved towards her purposefully. "And that's more use to me right now. I'm supposed to be meeting Cade at the Union this minute. And here I am, stuck, and Penny's out and wearing her raincoat."

"Inconsiderate of her, isn't it?" Marylou chuckled. "Here, you're welcome to it." She slipped out of the pale green plastic coat and Pam took it and put it on, murmuring nasty thanks. "Don't say I ever stood in the way of a girl meeting Cade Venner. If you can't make 'em bat an eyelash yourself, help your friends snare 'em, that's my motto. Bless you, my child. Don't shoot till you can see the whites of his eyes and remember to keep your ammunition dry—with my raincoat." The light gay voice followed Pam as she ran down the hall.

She took the stairs in a quick swoop, hurried across the big entrance hall, and went out into the chill rain. As she hurried along she pulled the raincoat's loose hood up around her head so that it sealed her into a little quiet world of detached withdrawal. Her feet were light on the gravelled path, the cement sidewalk skirting the puddles automatically. Her thoughts were all of Cade. Would he still be waiting, she wondered?

Never before had Pam felt so deliciously unsure of a man, so uncertain as to how he might react to any situation. But then, never had she known a man like Cade. He was older, for one thing, than the boys Pam had previously gone about with.

Although a freshman, he had behind him a period of active service with the Marines, in which he had enlisted straight from high school. He had served in Japan and Korea, coming through it all without a scratch, affected only in inner ways not visible to the naked eye.

Cade was unpredictable, sometimes in Pam's opinion unfathomable. Just when you thought you had him figured out, he did something that upset all the conclusions you had arrived at so laboriously and you realised that you didn't actually know him at all.

THAT, Pam supposed, sloshing along towards the Student Union, was in part what made Cade Venner so fascinating. Practically every girl she knew would have jumped at the chance of a date with Cade. The fact that he could pick and choose made it all the more flattering when he singled you out for attention. And single her out was exactly what he had done, Pam thought with a little smile, from that day weeks ago when they'd met.

But even now, after a dozen dates and numerous casual encounters in class or at the Union, there were still moments when she realised with a small exciting sense of shock that Cade was still a stranger. There were inner depths in him, fastnesses not to be penetrated or explored in a few weeks' time.

He was an anomaly, inconsistent, unreasonable at times, given to quick, almost frightening rages, but gay and sweet when the spirit moved him. And always fascinating—

Pam's thoughts were interrupted by the sudden beep of a car horn beside her, a slow, drawling sort of voice calling out, "Want a lift, lady?"

She looked up and it was Jeff Moore, driving his disreputable-looking old panel truck. He had stopped at the kerb beside her and was holding the door open invitingly. Jeff was a friend of Mike Bradley's and Pam had gone out with him and Penny and Mike a couple of times. He was nice enough, but not exciting like Cade.

Jeff, too, was a veteran who had come to college a bit older than the average freshman. He didn't live there, but drove every day from the farm some twenty-five miles away, where he lived with his family. Jeff was a big young man, with a solid jaw and a way of looking out of half-closed hazel eyes, as though he found life vastly interesting in a quiet way, but wanted to appraise things before taking them too seriously. He had medium brown hair and a deep tan that almost matched it.

Pam liked him well enough, but now she found the sight of him and his messy old truck almost equally distasteful. Her mind had been so full of Cade, her every instinct had been propelling her so forcefully towards their meeting, that Jeff's amiable grin, his offer of a ride, seemed like nothing but untimely interruptions. Particularly with her destination looming a scant half a block ahead.

She called out, forcing an answering smile, "Oh, thanks, Jeff, but I'm only heading for the Union."

Jeff said, "Too bad I didn't catch up with you sooner." He lifted a big hand in cheerful farewell, shifted gears, and went on, the old truck lumbering noisily down the street.

Pam thought disdainfully, I'd rather walk in the rain than ride in that wreck. It probably smells of pigs.

She had gained the entry of the Union Building by that time. As she went in a wave of talk and laughter, of juke box music and the friendly clink of soft drink bottles, broke over her. Pam slipped out of Marylou's raincoat and moved forward eagerly, her glance sweeping the enormous, crowded lounge in expectant darts.

People spoke to her and she answered, yet there was a curious feeling of unfulfilment in her, a sense of desperate seeking. It was as if, until she found Cade in all this press of unimportant people, none of them had the power to penetrate her abstraction, to make any lasting impression on her.

As though, Pam thought with a queer little half-panicky feeling, I haven't any identity without Cade, as if I'm only half a person until I find him.

There was something disturbing in the thought. Never before had any man been so important to Pam. Always until now, she had been the vital part in any relationship, she had held the reins of any precious association firmly and competently in her own two hands. Now she seemed to have lost that firm control, which always before she had taken so casually for granted.

Cade, Cade, her heart cried out, where are you? Why didn't you wait for me?

He wasn't in their favorite corner booth where they usually met, although Pam's anxious glance returned to it again and again. He wasn't with the noisy, laughing crowd around the big circular counter and soda fountain. She couldn't see him in any of the shifting, chattering groups. He wasn't anywhere. And then Pam's heart lifted swiftly with relief and delight.

Across the intervening heads, the meaningless faces, her searching gaze found a tall, slumped figure, a brooding dark face, a cropped black head. Cade was standing at the juke box, morosely feeding a coin into it.

And as Pam flew towards him, she thought surely the rain outside must have ceased and the sun must have broken through the overhanging

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clouds, because it was as though the whole world brightened with her finding him.

"Cade," she said, coming up to him a trifle breathlessly and touching his arm, "I'm sorry I'm late."

He turned to glance at her without surprise, without even a gleam of welcome in his dark glance. "You late?"

Pam said, teasing, "Okay. If you're going to be like that I won't even apologise."

"Never apologise," Cade told her with polite gravity. "It puts you in the wrong. Lesson Number One in the Technique of Knocking a Guy for a Loop. You should have said, 'Cade, darling, you're early!' That would have taken the wind out of my sails before I had a chance to give you what for."

"So now are you going to?" Pam laughed up at him from under her eyelashes.

"Going to what?" Cade asked, his face still completely expressionless.

"Give me what for," Pam said.

"Save it, baby," Cade suggested. "All that soft talk and big-eye routine may go over with those infants who are your contemporaries. But I'm a big boy, remember? And when a girl says she'll meet me at four o'clock I expect her by four and no amount of very skilful female diplomacy is going to make me forget. See?" Cade asked.

Pam found herself explaining humbly, "I really couldn't help it, though. It was raining so hard and I was caught without a raincoat. I had to borrow Marylou's to get here."

"So I'm not worth getting pneumonia for?" Cade smiled at her at last. "Well, I'll forgive you this time. But don't let it happen again."

He put his arm behind her, his hand casually on her shoulder, and propelled her towards the corner booth. People spoke to them both as they passed, the usual friendly, stereotyped greetings: "Hi, there." "How's things?" "What's new?"

But in every girl's eye that lifted to Cade's, Pam saw a quick gleam of interest. And they looked at her with envy, hidden, of course, in the politely civilised manner. But it was there just the same. Pam saw it, sensed it and was pleased and proud.

There were several of their friends in the corner booth, and they moved over willingly to make room for Pam and Cade. Too great a show of enthusiasm was considered naive by this crowd. Their attitude of detached boredom set them distinctively apart from the majority of their fellow students. Yet they were tolerant of Pam's natural gaiety and vivacity. Having her in the crowd seemed to contribute to the general pleasure. Her knack for enjoying things fully tended to enliven the somewhat jaded tastes of the others.

Cade was easily the most jaded of them all. This, Pam suspected, was largely due to his background. The Venners, she had learned, were wealthy and lived in an enormous house. Cade's mother was dead and his father had re-married. His stepmother, whom Cade referred to as Dolores, was considerably younger than his father and had, Cade suspected and admitted quite frankly, married the elder Venner for his money.

"Why else?" Cade inquired, a bitter twist to his mouth, a supercilious slant to his eyebrows. "She's half his age and a very beautiful dish. But she's smart enough to keep him from realising she's got an adding machine for a heart, so he's satisfied. It's none of my funeral."

Cade spoke always as though he were making fun of himself, of her, of everyone and everything. As though nothing were worth taking seriously, or getting excited about. As though life were a kind of bitter joke. Cade found rules and traditions silly and childish. He wouldn't wear his freshman cap, he didn't bother with any of the clubs, or go out for any form of athletics. He bitterly resented the school regulation that banned cars among students living at the college.

Except in cases of necessity, where an exception was made, there was supposed to be no way to get around this rule. But Cade and a few others, more reckless of consequences than the rest, knew of angles whereby the car rule might be circumvented. If you were lucky and didn't get caught. So far Cade hadn't, in spite of the beautiful grey-and-red convertible he kept at a garage in Cleveland and used frequently after taking the bus in to that city.

WHY Cade had come to a college like Harwood instead of one of the big universities, Pam wasn't quite sure. She caught the impression, although Cade never admitted it, that his father had brought some pressure to bear on him. Perhaps he had felt that in a smaller, more conservative school, Cade would have to buckle down to things more, not run so free and wild.

But Cade resented every restriction on what he considered his personal liberty. And he delighted in finding ways and means to get away with anything he wanted to get away with. In Pam's eyes his recklessness, his unwillingness to be hemmed in or hampered in any way only added to his devil-may-care attractiveness. But Penny, she knew, was troubled by it and by Pam's association with Cade.

Pam had an idea that Penny's and Mike's promotion of Jeff Moore, their suggestions of outings for the four of them, were direct results of this uneasiness on Penny's part. The thought of Jeff, big and easy-going, offering her a lift in his old farm truck a few minutes ago brought a faint, indulgent smile to Pam's lips. He meant well, she supposed.

She sat there, sipping the malted Cade had bought for her, feeling his shoulder pressed against hers in a special intimate way. Everyone was talking away as usual, arguing and laughing and interrupting each other, waving the straws from their drinks for emphasis. Nothing vitally important was discussed. Teachers and subjects and the prospects of the Harwood football team in Saturday's game.

Cade said derisively, "They'll lose hands down. I've got a loose twenty to back up my opinion."

One of the other fellows took him up on the bet. Pam felt a furtive wish that Cade wouldn't belittle the Harwood team so devastatingly. True they often got beaten, but they did try. And she always felt a thrill of partisan pleasure seeing them lope out on to the field in their red jerseys and big white helmets, with the school band playing and the cheer leaders going through their routines. Cade scoffed at such enthusiasm as infantile. So, when she was with him Pam kept it to herself.

Time slipped past on the tide of talk and laughter. The crowd in the lounge began to thin out and someone in the corner booth glanced at a watch and to everyone's surprise it was almost dinner time.

A general exodus began now among Pam's crowd. Outside the Union in the blue dusk they went their various ways.

The rain had stopped and a chill wind at their backs pushed Pam and Cade along towards Grace Kirkland Hall. Cade's hand held Pam's close and warm in the pocket of his jacket. He was in one of his silent moods. Scarcely a word did he say all the way across the campus. Pam lapsed into quiet, too, since trying to get Cade to talk when he didn't feel like it was no use at all.

There was no closeness of spirit in their silence and Pam felt a queer little qualm of desolation, of loneliness. She wondered whether, if she spoke to him, he'd even hear.

"Cade?"

After a long moment, he said, "Huh?"

"I just wanted to be sure you were still there," Pam said softly. "We've walked more than a block without a word."

"I'm here." Cade squeezed her fingers. "I was just thinking."

"About what?" Pam asked, then wished she could snatch the words back.

Cade's voice was cold. "Didn't I ever tell you how I hate to be asked what I'm thinking?"

"I'm sorry," Pam murmured. "It was just—something to say."

"Well, don't say it again," Cade told her rudely. "I don't like to have people prying into my thoughts. What I think's my own business. Dames—you're all alike. Always wanting to take more of a guy than he wants to give you!"

"I don't," Pam said furiously, feeling her temper rise to meet the sudden upflaring of his. She tried to pull her hand away but his fingers closed on it crushingly. She felt tears of rage and pain start to her eyes. "Cade, you're hurting me," she gasped.

He pulled her close against him and she could feel the hard, muscular strength of his body, the quick beating of his heart. His arms went around her and his mouth came down on hers, hard, demandingly, although she tried to twist her face away. But after a moment she stopped struggling and gave herself over to the blazing thrill of his kiss. When it was over she felt shaken, weak, there in the close circle of his arms.

His cheek pressed against her hair with unaccustomed tenderness. "Sorry, baby," he said, his voice low, almost crooning. "I wouldn't hurt you for the world. It's my vile temper. It gets the best of me sometimes."

"You're telling me?" Pam said.

But she wasn't angry any more. She said faintly, "Let me go now. Someone will see us."

"Who cares?" Cade asked. "I don't. Do you? Don't tell me they've got a regulation against kissing on campus. I wouldn't put it past them, though."

But he let her go and Pam tucked her arm through his and they walked along through the windswept dimness. Lights were flowering in all the buildings roundabout, yellow against the greyness.

Pam said, "We'd better hurry. I'll be late for dinner and there's definitely a regulation against that."

"Who cares?" Cade asked again. "So I'm late, so I get a demerit. So do you know how I feel about the comparative importance of demerits in a world that's bowling along towards disaster at a merry clip?"

"I know exactly how you feel," Pam told him. "But whether you think demerits are important or not, if I pile up enough of them, I'll get my weekend privileges taken away."

"A fate worse than death," Cade said gravely. He asked then, "How about after dinner? Meet me then?"

Pam wanted to. She felt the urge to agree rise within her. But the memory of her deferred Spanish translation, of several other pressing tasks left undone held her back.

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"Oh, Cade," she exclaimed regretfully, "I just can't! I'd love to but there's this assignment I've been putting off and—"

"Never mind the excuses," Cade cut in coldly. "There are plenty of other girls."

"Don't be like that—" Pam began.

But he stalked off, leaving her standing there at the steps of Grace Kirkland.

Pam hated him in that moment. Resentment at his high-handed treatment burned in her. And there was no reason—no earthly reason!—Pam thought furiously, why she should put up with it.

But even as she ran up the steps, blinking hard to keep from crying, Pam knew that she would put up with it—from Cade. When he beckoned again she would go to him.

. . . . . .

Several days later, Penny came into Pam's bedroom with a letter in her hand. "From Randy," she said, tossing it to her twin.

Pam glanced at the square white envelope for a minute without interest, almost as though she didn't intend to open it. But then she ran her finger under the flap and took out the single sheet of paper, written all the way down to the bottom in Randy's rather small, concise hand. She read it through and it was much like Randy's other letters had been, informative as to his activities, not too interesting.

Neither she nor Randy were very good letter-writers, she thought, her mouth twisting in a rather wry smile. No doubt he found her infrequent letters as lifeless and dull as she found his.

"How are things with Randy?" Penny asked, as Pam laid the letter down on the window seat beside her.

"Oh, fine," Pam said casually. She resumed her staring out the window.

It was the week-end of Homecoming. Harwood was overrun with returning alumni, and there was much doubling up on sleeping arrangements, so as to accommodate the influx of old graduates. Penny had moved in with Pam from her adjoining room, and perhaps it was this closer, more intimate contact between them that made her so sharply aware of Pam's brooding unhappiness.

She asked now, sympathetically, "What is it, Pam? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Pam said, sitting hunched up on the window seat, her knees under her chin, and her arms clasped around them. She was wearing grey slacks and a scarlet blouse, but for all the bright color she looked sombre and out-of-sorts and her face seemed pale and pinched.

"Don't tell me that," Penny said. "I can tell. You've hung around the dorm for days. You wouldn't even go to the bonfire last night—and it was such fun!"

Penny had gone to the bonfire with Mike. They had tried to coax Pam into going along, too, but she had pleaded a headache. Practically everyone had gone to the Homecoming bonfire, she knew. Grace Kirkland had been deserted, there had been an echoing sort of hollowness about the empty rooms and halls. Pam knew because she had lain on her bed in the darkness and listened to the silence, willing the telephone to ring.

Cade wouldn't go to the bonfire, she had been quite sure. Bonfires were childish in Cade's estimation. It would be just like Cade, Pam had thought, to telephone some time during that particular evening, when everyone else was off watching the towering blaze consuming the great pile of paper and cardboard cartons and wooden crates that most of the students had been gathering and stacking up for days.

The phone would ring, Pam had told herself, sounding loud and startling in the stillness of the dorm. And she would answer it and it would be Cade. And he would say approvingly, "Not at the bonfire? You must be growing up, baby." And they would talk and then she would go out to meet him and they would walk somewhere, just the two of them.

But they would go to the Union afterwards, and everyone would see her with Cade, sitting there in the big corner booth. That sudden gleam of admiration would show in the girls' eyes when they looked at Cade, and they would try to conceal their envy of her, but Pam would detect it. And she and Cade would discuss their date for the Homecoming Dance, and everything would be just as it had been before Cade got so unreasonably angry with her, before he went stalking off into the dusk last Wednesday.

Only—Cade hadn't telephoned.

And Pam had lain there in the dark with the red glow of the distant bonfire flickering on the walls, with the faint sounds of the faraway revellers reaching her ears, try as she would to shut them out with the bunched-up covers. Everyone had got in quite late. Penny had tried to be quiet, thinking Pam was asleep. She had undressed considerately in the dark and had slipped into bed with Pam. There had been a slight scent of woodsmoke in her hair, and something warm and comforting about her nearness. But Pam had pretended to be asleep. She hadn't wanted to talk.

She didn't want to talk now. Or she thought she didn't. But suddenly her resistance melted in the face of Penny's wholehearted sympathy and interest, and she found herself pouring out all the pent-up resentment she felt against Cade, along with her own confusion as to her reactions to his conduct.

She told Penny, "It's as if I'm an altogether different person where Cade's concerned. You know how I've always been, Pen, with Randy and Joe and the rest of the boys I've known. I teased them, flirted with them, tormented them, made them do as I wanted. I came first, and it was my wishes that counted. It was selfish of me, but that's how it was. I figured that was the way it always would be. But now, with Cade—"

PAM shrugged and was silent, staring into space for a moment. "Well, it's as if the tables have turned. I—don't know how it happened, but I'm the one who's being manipulated, tormented, pushed around. He's rude and inconsiderate—and yet he can be awfully sweet, too, when he likes."

Penny said slowly, her hand on Pam's shoulder, her voice troubled. "I don't like him, Pam."

Pam's lips twisted. "You must be about the only girl around who doesn't," she said. "Marylou, Fran Drake, Tip Flanders—they were all dying to have him ask them to the dance tonight. But I was the one he asked—only—now that he's mad at me, I don't know how it stands. I suppose it's all off."

"It's mean of him to leave you up in the air," Penny said sympathetically. Then, after a thoughtful moment, she asked, "Is that why you're so keen on him, because so many others want him?"

Pam frowned. "Of course not. Don't be silly."

A faint smile touched Penny's lips. "Once when we were talking about Mike, you said that when a boy was interested in you, you began to lose interest, that it was when they were hard to get that you found them irresistible."

Color flamed in Pam's face. "That was pretty infantile of me. I'm past that stage now, believe me. I know what I want."

"And Cade Vanner's it?" Penny asked. "With all his moods and rages, his lack of consideration, his—" she groped for the right word. "his ugliness of outlook?"

Pam stared at her. "It isn't like you to talk so cruelly about anyone. You don't understand Cade. He went through a lot, in the marines at 18—all that fighting."

Penny's chin was stubborn. She said, "Other fellows have gone through it and it hasn't put them into an emotional tailspin. Jeff Moore saw a lot of active service, too. Mike says he's got a scar on his back six inches long, from a bayonet wound. But Jeff's not like Cade, bitter and mean, distrusting everyone."

"He's not half so attractive, either," Pam said.

"That's a matter of opinion," Penny argued.

"Oh, Pen, don't be silly," Pam said. "That big farmer—how can you even compare him with someone like Cade, who's so handsome that all the girls are gone on him—" her voice broke. Pain and disappointment welled up in her at the thought of all the lovely plans for the dance tonight being ended.

Penny said earnestly, "Pam, I don't think he's good for you. I wish you wouldn't concentrate on him so much. You never used to let one man monopolise your time."

"I played it smart, didn't I?" Pam murmured. "Had a lot of fun, a lot of laughs. I guess, though," she added, her mouth twisting, "you needn't worry about me seeing too much of Cade any more. He hasn't made the slightest effort to get in touch with me for days. Maybe he never will," she finished starkly.

"Pam," Penny's tone was gentle, "it's no use sitting here brooding. Come on to the game with Mike and me."

"And see Harwood get beaten?" Pam asked, her tone an unconscious echo of Cade's amused derision.

Penny said, frowning, "Maybe we'll get beaten, maybe we won't. You never used to be this way, Pam, supercilious, bored. He's made you that way, he and that super-smooth crowd you run around with. I don't like them and I don't like their effect on you. Please come with us."

Refusal rose to Pam's lips. But then, she thought, Why not? After all, it would be more fun than just hanging around the dorm, waiting without much hope for Cade to call. She'd had just about as much of that as she could take. And maybe, if she went out, she might encounter Cade somewhere on the campus. Hope flickered anew at the thought.

"All right," she said suddenly. "If you don't think Mike will mind."

. . . . . .

The day was crisp and sunny with a sharp enlivening nip in the air, perfect football weather. The stands were filling up fast and the crowd spoke and laughed and screeched all about as Penny and Pam and Mike found their seats and settled into them. The gaiety and enthusiasm were contagious.

Pam felt her spirits lift as she looked about. The breeze whipped fresh color into her cheeks and tossed her dark hair. It seemed, after her doldrums of the past few days, as if she had been lost in some dank cave and had only now found her way out into the sunshine. She tried to put the thought of Cade Vanner entirely from her, but it

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was still there, a dull ache under the thin veneer of carefree happiness.

Mike said, "Boy, we must have been living right! Weather like this for the Homecoming game."

Usually Mike worked on Saturdays in the school bookstore, but everyone had time off today. Mike waited tables in the senior dorm, too. As usual, he had as many jobs as he could handle. But he was doing well with his studies, despite all his jobs. And, just as it had been back at Glen High, everyone liked him. He was one of the freshmen recently elected to the Student Council, which was quite an honor.

Pam could see Penny's quiet pride in him shining from her grey eyes as people all about hailed him and he called good-naturedly back to them.

Pam felt rather proud of him herself, she realised. No longer was there the slightest undercurrent of jealousy in her feeling towards Penny. Pam liked Mike as well as ever, but there was a difference in her liking. She really felt towards him now as she supposed she might have felt towards a brother if she had had one.

"Hey, there's Jeff!" Mike exclaimed suddenly.

And Pam, following the direction of his glance, saw Jeff Moore's tall, easy-moving figure ascending the steps of the grandstand. Mike called to him and stood up, waving and beckoning. Jeff waved back and moved on towards them, grinning.

"We can squeeze him in, can't we?" Mike said, sliding closer to Penny.

And Penny said, "Of course," with equal enthusiasm.

Which left Pam with little choice other than to slide over, too, making room for Jeff beside her.

"Hi, characters," Jeff greeted them all. "Never thought I'd make it. I'm a fugitive from a mess of fence mending, but I couldn't miss the Homecoming game."

The band came marching on to the field then, resplendent in their red-and-white uniforms, trumpets blaring, drums booming, and Pam felt herself caught up in the general enthusiasm and excitement. But a part of her seemed to stand aside, scoffing, as Cade would have scoffed.

Where was he, Pam wondered? Even as she watched the game and talked and laughed with Penny and Mike and Jeff, her glance darted off frequently to search the stand on the off-chance that Cade might have come. But there was no sign of him, although she did see Tip Flanders' flaming red head and Marylou Ritter's blonde one. Tip was with Terry Morris and Marylou with Bill Heath, all members of Pam's special crowd.

She felt a faint embarrassment when they looked her way and waved, knowing that they would be amused to see her with Jeff Moore. If they told Cade, he would be amused, too, Pam supposed. Or he might be angry. Cade didn't like Jeff and Pam had a suspicion that the animosity was mutual.

After a while Jeff said, his tone quietly amused, "Somehow I have the feeling you haven't got your mind on the game."

"Oh I have," Pam denied. "The score's thirteen to seven, their favor. And it's the first quarter of the last half and—"

"Okay, you've convinced me." Jeff chuckled. "You just kept sort of looking around, as if you were expecting to see someone."

"I'm seeing a lot of people," Pam said airily, implying that she wasn't looking for anyone special. "There are more people here than I've ever seen at a Harwood game."

"Homecoming's big stuff," Jeff grinned. But there was no hint of superiority in his attitude. "The game, the bonfire last night, the big dance."

Pam nodded. "Yes, I know." She turned her glance squarely towards Jeff, asking, "I suppose you find it all rather childish and amusing?"

"Why should I?" Jeff inquired.

"Oh, being a bit older," Pam said, "having been at the war and all."

"I'm not as old as all that." Jeff chuckled. "If I'd gone straight into college from high school, I'd probably have been a senior by this time instead of a freshman. But I reckon I'd still have enjoyed a good football game."

Pam hadn't thought of it just like that before. Jeff's attitude was altogether different from Cade's. She asked, her face still turned towards him, "Doesn't it seem a little silly to you, though—I mean everyone taking it so seriously and the team with their do-or-die-for-dear-old-Harwood attitude.

JEFF'S hazel eyes narrowed quizzically, regarding Pam in silence for a few moments. Then he asked, "Does it seem silly to you?"

"Well, no," Pam admitted, "but then—"

"Because if it did," Jeff went on, "I'd feel sorry for you. Enthusiasm's a quality it's a shame to lose. It gives things a nice sparkle and makes life a lot more fun. And—" he added, with a little easy shrug of his broad shoulders, "I guess we have to be willing to do-or-die for something. And when you're in college, it might as well be victory in the Homecoming game as anything else."

The cheerleaders went into a series of cart-wheels then and Pam found herself telling Jeff, a little smile curving her mouth, "I used to do that when I was in high school."

"Cart-wheels and all?"

"Oh, definitely cart-wheels," Pam laughed.

The stands responded loudly to the cheerleaders' commands and gyrations. Pam cheered, too, and watched the game with heightened interest.

When Harwood scored a spectacular touchdown a few seconds before the end of the final quarter, she found herself on her feet, gripping Jeff's arm, and screaming with the others. When the ball soared between the goal posts for the kick that won the game, Jeff caught her up in a great bear hug and swung her off her feet in a burst of exuberance and elation.

"Boy, oh, boy, what a game!" he exclaimed, grinning down at Pam as he set her on the solid wood of the grandstand once more.

"It was wonderful." Pam laughed up at him.

She felt a little self-conscious, now that the mad frenzy of those last few seconds of play was over. She wondered if Tip or Fran or Marylou had seen her, being hugged like that by Jeff Moore. And would Cade hear that she had been at the game with Jeff, that she had appeared to be having a grand time?

It had been fun, Pam admitted to herself. She was glad she had let Penny persuade her to come, that Jeff had happened along and had sat with them. She didn't even mind his hugging her like that. His arms had been strong, yet gentle at the same time. Never had Pam felt herself lifted so effortlessly, as if she had been feather-light. It had given her a strange feeling, a sense of being helpless, yet protected, that was rather pleasant. She couldn't quite fathom her own reaction.

But she had little chance to dwell on it. She and Jeff and Penny and Mike made their way down from the grandstand and on to the field, swept along in a shouting, milling, hysterically enthusiastic mob of students and alumni bent on celebrating victory. Over the din, Pam could hear the mellow tone of the Old Hall bell, which sounded only on such special occasions as this.

A kind of thickness came up in her throat at the measured chiming. It was a link with the past, Pam thought, and the sense of continuity it signified formed a bridge between the faraway days when the school was first founded and the present. Students in queer old-fashioned clothes had listened to that bell, had been moved by its notes pealing out across the campus, just as she was moved now.

How amused Cade would have been with such thoughts, Pam reflected, a wry smile tugging at her lips.

Jeff told her, pressed close against her in the pushing, jubilant throng, "That makes the victory official." And there was something in his tone that made Pam sure the sound of the old bell had touched him, too.

"I know." She nodded. "It's the first time I've ever heard it ring, though."

"Harwood's been taking quite a shellacking this year," Jeff admitted. "That's the way it goes. Next season we'll probably have a winning streak."

"We could use one," Pam said.

By the time they had got out of the thickest of the crowd, they had lost Mike and Penny. After a few minutes of fruitless search, Jeff suggested, "Let's go to the Union and grab a bite. If we can fight our way in, that is. Penny and Mike will probably be there."

And so would all her closest friends, Pam thought wryly, ensconced as was their inalienable right and custom in the corner booth. Still, she reflected, they'd seen her at the game with Jeff, she might as well carry the situation through with a flourish.

"Okay," she said, smiling up at him, "let's."

The Union was more crowded than Pam had ever seen it. Jeff caught sight of Mike near the soda fountain, and he and Pam moved to join the other couple. From the corner of her eye, Pam saw that Cade wasn't in the usual booth with the rest of the crowd.

So what? she asked herself with a kind of bitter self-derision. She hadn't really thought he would be.

For the next half hour, Pam went through all the motions of a girl having a very enjoyable time in her present company. She seemed her old gay self and she sensed Penny's relief to have her so. Mike, too, looked upon her with beaming approval. She supposed he had been troubled over her close association with Cade Venner, just as Penny had been. Those two usually saw eye to eye on any matter.

During a brief moment of privacy, when Penny and Mike were engaged in conversation with the couple sitting beyond them at the circular counter, Jeff said to Pam, "I suppose you'll be wanting to get back to the dorm before long so you can get all pretted up for the dance."

Pam said lightly, "I'm not going to the dance. But if you're in a hurry—"

"All I have to rush home to," Jeff admitted, "are some neglected chores. I wasn't figuring on going to the dance, either. But—" he added, a note of surprise in his voice, "I was sure you'd be going. A popular girl like you."

"Thanks," Pam murmured. "Let's just blame it on a rather involved set of circumstances beyond my control, shall we?"

That covered the situation quite well, she thought. She had turned down several invitations to accept Cade's, then he had let her down and that was that.

"'The Lord hates a coward.'" Jeff quoted drily. "That used to be one of my grandmother's favorite sayings.

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Of course," he admitted with a little, not too confident grin, "she also used to say 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' Maybe that's what I'm doing right now, but I'm going to chance it just the same. How about going to the dance with me?"

Pam stared at him for a moment in genuine surprise. She hadn't expected that. Go to the dance with Jeff? She considered thoughtfully for a moment.

"Kind of short notice, I know," Jeff grinned apologetically. "But I thought you'd been invited weeks ago. Otherwise I'd have asked you sooner."

A little smile tugged at one corner of Pam's mouth. She thought, It would serve Cade right if I went with Jeff. Even if he's not there himself someone will be sure to tell him. And the way he feels about Jeff, he'd be furious.

The thought of Cade, really angry, sent little quivers of excited dread up and down her spine.

Jeff said, "If you're trying to think out a polite way to say 'no' without hurting my feelings, don't bother. Just let me have it and get it over with. But say something."

Pam stopped struggling with the smile and let it break through. "You know," she said, "I just might take you up on that—if you really mean it."

"Mean it?" Jeff repeated. "You don't think I'd joke about a thing like that! Will you go with me, Pam?"

She nodded and his answering grin was wide and wholehearted. He squeezed her elbow hard.

"Well, glory be!" Jeff said. He leaned over to tell Mike, "I've got me a date to take Pam to the Homecoming Dance."

"Good for you," Mike grinned back at him.

And Penny said, her eyes shining, "Oh, Pam, I'm glad. Shall we all go together?"

"That'd be swell," Mike said.

Jeff's questioning glance came back to Pam. "That okay with you?"

"Of course," she said. "It'll be like old times, double dating with Pen and Mike."

But in her mind's eye she wasn't seeing Jeff's pleased smile at all. She was seeing Cade, darkly scowling . . .

. . . . . .

"I wish," Pam mourned, brushing her dark hair with deft swirling strokes, "I'd known a little in advance that I'd be going tonight. My hair's a mess."

"No, it isn't," Penny said. "It looks fine." She came up to Pam then, asking, "Zip me up, will you?"

Pam turned around and did so. She told Penny, "You look wonderful. That shade of yellow's perfect for you."

"You look wonderful, too," Penny said, giving Pam an affectionate little hug. "And dressing in the same room like this—well, it's like being home again, isn't it?"

Pam chuckled. "Crowded, but cosy."

She turned back then to her reflection in the mirror. She could see the fitted bodice of her deep green dress, the beginning of the skirt's fullness, accenting her slim waist. Her grey eyes looked back at her rather quizzically and the expression of her mouth, not quite smiling, was faintly amused.

She said, "This is the most cock-eyed, spur-of-the-moment date I've ever had, I think."

"I know," Penny nodded. "But considering the way Cade acted I think things have really worked out almost better than you could expect."

Pam had to admit that this was so. Still, it seemed queer to her to think of attending the dance with Jeff Moore, after turning down Bill Heath and Terry Morris. But when Bill and Terry had asked her, she had been planning to go with Cade. Oh, well, Pam thought, Jeff's better than nobody.

A small quaim of inner shame followed in the wake of that unflattering reflection. Jeff was really quite attractive, Pam reminded herself, if you cared for big, easy-moving, drawling types. He was nice and agreeable and dependable. It wasn't his fault he was unable to drive the sardonic dark image of Cade Venner from her mind and heart. It was unreasonable to expect him to.

In almost every room in the dormitory, girls were getting ready for the dance, chattering and laughing in high-pitched tones, running back and forth in very scanty array to borrow nail polish or jewellery, to beg for help with recalcitrant fasteners, to ask advice on which accessory did the most for their ensembles. Excitement and anticipation were like an electric storm in the charged atmosphere. The Homecoming Dance was one of the big festivities of the year.

Penny had worked on the decorations, helping to transform the big gym into a red-and-white wonderland, which created the impression that the dancers would be moving under a giant striped canopy, held up by red-and-white poles like great peppermint sticks. Pam had been on the floor-show committee and she knew that quite an array of talent had been rounded up. It was going to be such fun!

She said to Penny, with a little laugh, "Wouldn't it be ghastly if Jeff turned up in that awful old truck he sometimes drives?"

"He won't," Penny said, giving Pam a slightly reproving look. "He's got a perfectly good sedan, or his family has. Anyway, we'll all be walking. It's only a step to the gym."

"I know," Pam said. "I was just fooling."

And she had been. Still, a queer, stifled feeling of foreboding seemed to lie heavily upon her, a hunch that something was to go wrong about the evening, although she couldn't imagine what.

About nine o'clock escorts began arriving. The rumble of male voices ascended from the lounge downstairs. The halls echoed with calls of, "Oh, Jane—Curt's here," "Sue, Hank's been waiting ages! Better step on it," and the like.

THEN Pam heard her own name called, but the message that followed it struck her with startling impact. "Pam—oh, Pam, Cade's here."

Pam stood perfectly still, staring at Penny. "Cade?" her lips formed the word almost soundlessly.

Penny said, her eyes flashing, "The nerve of him, just turning up like this without a word! What are you going to do?"

"That's a good question," Pam muttered automatically, her thoughts rushing off at crazy tangents, her heart hammering under her ribs. She told Penny, "I'll have to go down and talk to him—try to straighten it out. Oh, what a mess!"

"Pam!" Penny caught her wrists as she moved towards the door, swung her around to look into her face. "You wouldn't go with him after the way he's acted?"

Pam pulled away from her. "I don't know," she said in a queer, strained tone. "How do I know what I'll do till I see him, talk with him?"

Penny said accusingly, "Pam, Jeff and Mike will be here any minute. You can't just desert Jeff."

"Let me alone!" Pam cried. She caught up her coat and left, calling back to Penny from the doorway, "I'll work it out."

Cade was standing just inside the lounge. Pam saw as she entered the big crowded room, one shoulder leaned against the wall, dark and disturbingly handsome in his formal clothes. He had a carnation in his buttonhole, a cellophane box with an orchid in it under his elbow. He turned his head and saw her, and a pleased smile drew his lips back from his strong white teeth.

"Hi, gorgeous," he said in a low, intimate tone, his dark glance boldly admiring.

His arrogance, his apparent assumption that he had the situation completely in hand, infuriated Pam. A second before she hadn't been sure what she'd say to him.

Now the words that came through her lips in a low, angry tone, were, "What are you doing here?"

Cade's thick, black brows rose inquiringly. "What am I doing?" he repeated. "Why, calling for my girl, of course."

Pam's grey eyes were stormy. "And I suppose you thought I'd just be waiting around to see whether you decided to turn up or not!"

"Well," Cade appeared to consider the matter, his voice easy and good-natured, "I guess you haven't exactly been waiting around. I hear you went to the game today with Jeff Moore."

Despite the casual tone, something of tenseness, some hint of curbed resentment in his manner, gave Pam the key to the situation. Someone had told Cade of seeing her with Jeff, whom he disliked so intensely. His own imagination had probably led him to suspect she might be planning to go with Jeff to the dance as well.

Pam glared at Cade, accusing, "So you thought I might not sit around moping tonight, just because you let me down, and that you'd better turn up as though nothing had happened!"

His eyes told her that she had hit on the truth. But he lifted his shoulders in a little shrug, saying, "Ah, don't be like that, baby. We had a date, didn't we? Why wouldn't I come?"

He extended the orchid in its transparent box towards her ingratiatingly. But Pam wasn't looking anywhere except upwards into his face. And she steeled her heart against his charm.

She said, her voice still low so that the others all around wouldn't hear, but crackling with anger just the same, "You wouldn't come for the same reason you haven't come near me or phoned for days. And you didn't even have any excuse to be mad!"

"Who's mad?" Cade asked, grinning down at her.

"I am," Pam said, although something warm and weak within her tried to respond to his smile, his coaxing manner.

"Not any more, are you?" Cade coaxed, his voice low, husky, breaking up her anger into bits and pieces that Pam sought frantically to put back together. "Not if I'm sorry?"

Pam drew a deep, shaken breath. She wished she could withdraw her eyes from his, but it was as though she were drowning in the dark intensity of his glance.

And then a voice spoke behind her, a masculine voice, slow and rather drawling, but with a quiet positiveness and strength in it. "Hi, Pam," Jeff Moore said. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting."

Pam wasn't quite sure whether the indrawn breath she heard was Cade's or her own. She turned her head towards Jeff, smiling with not too steady lips. Behind him she saw Penny and Mike. And Penny's eyes were anxious and Mike's jaw rather grim.

Pam said, "Hi, Jeff," and felt new

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strength flow into her. It was as though he were a rock, close there beside her, something to cling to so that the dark current pulling her towards Cade, towards the weakness of capitulation, could not overpower her. She said, "You're not late—not really."

Above her head, she saw Cade's glance lock with Jeff's. And sheer hate looked out of Cade's eyes and Jeff's solid jaw grew even more firm, although no word passed between them.

Pam said, her voice low but firm, her eyes on Cade's face. "I'm going with Jeff, Cade. You should have known I would after—everything."

Cade's eyes were narrow dark slits looking down at her, and she could see a muscle tense along the angle of his cheek as his teeth bit hard together. But all he said, to Pam alone, ignoring the others, was "As you say."

Then he walked away from them, out of the lounge, and Pam caught her trembling lip hard between her teeth. "Well—that's that," she said huskily.

She felt Penny's arm, firm and approving, about her waist. It helped a little to curb the sense of desolation and loss that washed over her. But it didn't help very much, nor did the voices of Penny and Mike and Jeff, trying to smooth the situation over and drive Cade from her thoughts, trying to make her feel right again.

Jeff held her coat for her and she slipped her arms into it. She accepted the corsage of yellow rosebuds he handed her and exclaimed over it and thanked him. Then she went out with Penny and Mike and into the clear cool night. Their conversation wasn't exactly effervescent, but it was adequate. And Pam was grateful for it.

As they walked down the wide path, Pam saw a cellophane box with its fragile contents crushed almost beyond recognition on the white gravel. But Jeff brushed the ruin aside with his foot and none of them mentioned it.

. . . . . .

The Homecoming Dance, the first big dance the twins had attended at college, was always to remain somewhat vague in Pam's memory. It was like a dance in a dream, with a misty unreality about it, although the music was real enough, and the various partners with whom she danced, and the dazzling red-and-white decorations.

Pam's feet followed the rhythms of the big-name band with the ease of long practice. Pam's lips murmured just the right gay words to keep her partners amused and interested and coming back for more. But it was as though only a part of her did these things, while the other part stood aside and looked on at all as a spectator, having no immediate share in the proceedings.

This other self mourned, sure that by her actions tonight she had lost all chance of winning Cade back. His arrogance wouldn't countenance her decision to go with Jeff rather than him.

Rather to her surprise, Jeff proved to be an excellent dancer. Even better than Cade, she had to admit. Jeff's arm was firm and sure around her waist, but not too firm. She followed his lead easily, since his touch was not so unsettling as she found Cade's.

"Having fun?" he asked once, his hazel eyes looking directly into hers.

"Of course," Pam told him, and meant it.

After the dance, after a stop at the Union for hamburgers and a slow walk back to Grace Kirkland, Penny and Mike and Pam and Jeff lingered on the steps talking. They were not alone. The steps were crowded with other lingerers, the soft colors of the girls' dresses pale and ghostly in the moonlight, the men's clothes making a darker accent.

Everyone hated to end the evening, to go in, although only a few minutes more remained until the hour that had been set as the deadline. Mike's arm was around Penny. Jeff's arm was through Pam's. Their voices added to the faint murmur of voices all about.

Jeff said, his eye on the moon, "clear day tomorrow, it looks like."

"Why don't we have a picnic?" Mike exclaimed.

"You and your Boy Scout instincts," Pam said.

But Penny agreed. "Let's! We've been wanting to for ages and this fall weather's so perfect."

"Why don't I come by for you tomorrow and drive you out to the farm?" Jeff took it up. "Lots of good picnic spots around there."

"Oh, Pam, what fun!" Penny said enthusiastically. "You will, won't you?"

"Why—I guess so," Pam said.

THERE had been, it seemed, no valid reason for refusing. And when the next day proved to be one of those perfect days when the season appeared to be looking backwards coquettishly over its shoulder at the vanishing back of summer, Pam was glad she had agreed.

After chapel she and Penny got permission to pack a picnic basket of sandwiches and fruit and cake in the dormitory kitchen. Then they donned blue jeans and plaid flannel shirts and tied scarves gipsy-fashion around their hair.

Mike and Jeff called for them at a little before noon. Since Pam and Penny and Mike had car-riding privileges, which had had to be signed by their parents, and since Jeff had special permission to drive, no rules were being broken by their trip in Jeff's sedan.

Penny exclaimed, laughing, "I haven't been in a car for so long I actually get a kick out of it."

Pam nodded in agreement. But it wasn't because she hadn't had plenty of opportunity, she thought. So far she had managed to avoid riding in Cade's big grey-and-red convertible when they had gone by bus into Cleveland to a show or dancing. Nor was Cade the only one in their special crowd who had secret arrangements for keeping a car in some city garage and using it.

Pam had had to take a good deal of teasing for her determination not to break rules, when there was such small chance of being caught.

Jeff said, "I'm sorry my parents won't be home today. I'd like you to meet them. But they drove over to see my married sister."

"Maybe you wanted to go with them," Pam said.

But Jeff shook his head. "Somebody had to feed the stock. Besides, I like picnics."

They drove along, not taking the highway, but following less used roads. They passed neatly painted farmhouses with great red barns dwarfing them, saw cattle grazing, red-brown and sleek against the fading green of the fenced fields. There was a quiet peace about the day, the frost-touched countryside, that was at once soothing and uplifting.

Pam felt Cade slipping from her thoughts and made no effort to keep him uppermost in her mind. She would enjoy this day, the company of Jeff and Penny and Mike, and get back to the problem of Cade later if she must.

Maybe, Pam thought, I won't have to, maybe I'm free of him, after the hateful way he's acted. Maybe whatever it was that drew me to him is past and done with.

But in her heart she knew this wasn't so . . .

It was a day like many others Pam had spent, and yet, in some subtle, not easily identified way, different. Sprawled on a grassy knoll, looking out over a tumbling little creek and the trim pattern of ploughed fields stretching off into the distance, they ate their picnic lunch and drank the cold drinks the boys had bought. And they talked and laughed and were companionably silent as the spirit moved them.

Penny and Mike sat braced against a sloping tree-trunk, Mike's arm around Penny and her head on his shoulder. But now Pam felt no trace of resentment, of jealousy, as she had that day she had picnicked with Randy and Mike and Penny. Randy, she reflected. His letter yesterday had been the first in weeks. Neither of them wrote very often. He was busy, Pam supposed, as she had been. Maybe he had met someone else who attracted him. She rather hoped he had.

Jeff reached over and tickled the back of her hand with a long twig, bringing her back to the present. He leaned on his elbows, grinning up at her, and Pam found her eyes lingering on his face, noting the look of strength about it, liking the steady way his hazel eyes looked into hers.

She asked, smiling a little, "Is all this land yours, this where we're picnicking and over there, those ploughed fields beyond the brook?"

"It's my father's," Jeff told her, "three hundred and sixty acres of it. Some day it'll go to us kids, my brother and two sisters and me."

Pam asked him, "Have you always lived here?" Over to the left a considerable distance off she could see the red roof of the farmhouse Jeff had told her was his home, the great barn on beyond it.

Jeff nodded. "Always, except when I was away in the army. My father was born here, too."

"And you like farming?" Pam asked. "You'd be satisfied to stay on here?"

"Why not?" Jeff grinned. He turned over on his back then and lay there, staring up at the blue sky with the little soft-looking clouds drifting lazily across it.

"You know of a better way of life?" he asked. "I don't, and I've seen plenty of different ones while I was away. I've dreamed about this place on little islands in the Pacific and in big cities right here in the United States. You couldn't give me city life or a desk job. This is where I belong and I know it."

"Why do you bother with college then?" Pam asked.

Jeff told her, "You've got some kind of a cock-eyed city notion about farmers. You'll have to meet my people, so you can see how mistaken you are. My mother and father both went to college, and they mean to give us kids the same privilege, if we care to take it. Harwood's got a good agricultural course, and I'll take some of the subjects that are tied in with farming. But there's nothing wrong with a farmer knowing a little something about mathematics and literature and such, too. You should see my dad's library. I haven't even read all the books in it yet, and I started young, too."

Penny and Mike entered into the conversation then, and by the time they had all finished discussing the subject, Pam felt she knew quite a lot more about modern farms and farmers than she had before. She also felt considerably better acquainted with Jeff himself. And she liked what she learned about him, and felt a new respect for him growing within her.

When the shadows began to lengthen Jeff rose to his feet.

"I've got some chores to do." He grinned down at the others. "You can

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hike around and explore, or wait for me here. Or," he added, "you can come along with me, if you like. It might be novel for a bunch of city slickers like you."

"Are we going to let him get away with such insults?" Mike demanded, getting to his feet.

Pam and Penny followed suit, and the four of them walked across rolling fields and little gullies until they reached the great red barn. The house beyond it was tall and old-fashioned in architecture, but so well kept up, with its white-painted siding and dark green shutters, that its age didn't seem to matter, except to impart an effect of roomy comfort.

Jeff led the way into the barn, switched on lights to dispel the shadowy gloom. It was clean and well-ordered, smelling not at all unpleasantly of hay and animals. Tractors and other pieces of farm equipment, at the uses of which the twins and even Mike could only guess, were lined up at one side.

Pam and Penny wandered around examining them while Mike helped Jeff with his chores. Then, as cattle congregated in the barnyard, lowing plaintively as they waited to be fed and watered and milked, the twins went out and leaned on the fence to observe the animals and enjoy the novelty of it all.

When Jeff was through with his work they all walked back in the gathering dusk to where they had left the car near their picnic site.

"Hasn't this been fun?" Penny exclaimed.

And Pam nodded. She had come on the picnic with no particular enthusiasm, simply because it afforded a way to spend an otherwise empty day. But she had enjoyed herself more than she had expected to. Something of the quiet tranquillity of the bright autumn day seemed to have entered into her spirit, driving out the tension and unhappiness her difficulties with Cade had engendered. In fact, she realised now with some surprise, Cade had been absent from her thoughts for a much longer period than usual.

The four of them drove back to Harwood, stopping en route at a little roadside dining place for hamburgers and French fries and thick mugs of warming, delicious coffee. In front of Grace Kirkland they sat for a while in Jeff's car, talking, then said goodnight. Pam and Penny went up the steps to the entrance arm in arm as Mike and Jeff drove off.

"It's been a grand day," Pam said.

"Hasn't it?" Penny agreed, yawning. "I'm sleepy, though. All that fresh air."

They opened the door and went inside. Marylou Ritter was crossing the hall towards the lounge and she glanced up at the twins' entrance.

"Well, hi, you two," she greeted them. "Where have you been all day?"

"Picnicking," Pam said. "Why, did you miss us?"

"Somebody did," Marylou said dryly. "Or at least, he must have missed you?"

"He?" Pam's tone was questioning, but sudden awareness broke over her as to just who Marylou meant.

"Cade," her friend informed her with a little knowing smile. "He's been burning up the telephone wires all day. If he called once, he must have called five times."

Pam's heart quickened and happiness flowed through her in a rich tide. "Well, what do you know?" she murmured.

. . . . .

Now that she and Cade had made up again, the days seemed to overflow for Pam with a rich, sweet tide of delight, of satisfaction. Life followed a stimulating pattern, hard work on her studies, followed by the relaxation of fun and dates. She took a good deal of teasing from Cade over her efforts to keep her grades up. But she made the effort just the same.

"It's different for you," she told him. "Nobody's having to work hard to keep you in college. But even so—" she broke off, knowing Cade wouldn't like what she had been about to add.

"Even so what?" Cade asked, lifting a quizzical eyebrow.

"I was just going to say," Pam admitted, "that I should think you'd get some personal satisfaction out of accomplishing something at college, not just wasting your time."

"Please," Cade lifted a reproving hand, "no lectures. It's my time and if I prefer to waste it, that's my business."

But his tone remained casual, unruffled. He wasn't so prone to fly into unreasonable rages these days. His increased amiability, Pam realised, seemed to have stemmed from the night she had gone to the dance with Jeff.

Was it caused, she wondered, by Cade's realisation that he couldn't push her around as freely as he had supposed, that there was a point at which she wouldn't take any more? Or was the change in him due merely to the fact that he disliked Jeff too intensely to let him win over a girl in whom he, Cade, was still interested?

Whatever the cause, the results were highly satisfactory from Pam's viewpoint. She had had more dates than ever with Cade during the past few weeks. And her friends were outspoken in their envy.

Cade wasn't content with the unimpressive opportunities for amusement offered by the small, sleepy town of Harwood. Scarcely a Saturday night passed that she and Cade didn't take the bus in to Cleveland, to have dinner, or see a show, or dance at some nightclub, indulging in all the glittery glamorous excitement that Pam loved.

Sometimes they went alone, sometimes with other couples. And always Cade tried to beguile her into driving somewhere in his convertible. But Pam had managed so far to resist the lure of the forbidden and hold out for taxis to their destination.

ALMOST before Pam and Penny realised it, Thanksgiving was upon them. The short holiday didn't allow them enough time to go home and so, with a lot of others, they stayed on at school. Cade flew back to St. Louis, expense being of small importance to him. And Pam anticipated a rather lonely week-end without him. But Jeff Moore surprised her by inviting her, with Penny and Mike, to spend Thanksgiving Day at the farm.

"I've been wanting you to meet my family," he told Pam. "And this seems a made-to-order opportunity."

Pam didn't think she'd ever forget the friendliness and warmth of that day with the Moores. The big old farmhouse proved to be even more comfortable and homelike inside than its exterior had appeared to Pam that day of the picnic when she first saw it. The holiday table was loaded with marvellous country food. And Jeff's parents, his brother and sisters, did their best to make the visitors feel welcome and at ease.

Pam liked the Moores. She found them interesting and congenial, rather to her secret surprise. Maybe, she decided, Jeff had been right when he accused her of having mistaken city notions about farmers. Certainly Mr. Moore's library would have done credit to a professor, yet, according to his own dry words, his specialty was Poland China hogs, while books were just his hobby.

Jeff's pleasant, prematurely white-haired mother was charming and alert, active in the nearby town's civic affairs and a witty conversationalist. His pretty married sister and her good-humored young husband were renting an apartment in a small city some forty miles away while they saved their money to buy a farm of their own. And Jeff's younger brother and sister were lively, agreeable children.

The farmhouse had every convenience anyone could want. The cheerful kitchen was equipped with a big electric stove and a gleaming white refrigerator. The furnishings were old, but in good taste, some of them valuable antiques.

"Wouldn't Mother drool over this highboy?" Pam asked Penny, as they were getting into their wraps to go back to school.

Mrs. Moore laid her hand affectionately on the softly glowing wood.

"It's cherry," she told them. "And so's the four-poster. If your mother likes antiques, bring her out here when she visits you at school. I've got lots of things I'd like to show her."

And Pam and Penny promised to do so.

When Cade learned of the way Pam had spent the holiday, he scoffed, "I suppose it's all right if you like to hobnob with a bunch of hicks."

"They're not!" Pam denied hotly. "They're wonderful people, intelligent and friendly."

Cade chuckled. "When you get mad your eyes turn green. I never noticed that before."

Pam had to laugh with him. There had been a time when her defence of the Moores would have roused his anger. But something had changed Cade. She hoped it lasted.

. . . . .

The weeks before the Christmas holidays passed slowly, but at last they were over. Back at home, it seemed incredible that three months had elapsed since the twins had slept in these familiar maple beds, had wakened to bright winter sunshine filtering in between plaid gingham curtains.

It's as if we hadn't been away at all, Pam reflected wonderingly on their first morning back.

There had been quite a crowd for dinner, Gran and Henry, looking fit and hearty after a Caribbean cruise in November, Ty Shelton, Celia and the twins. And everyone had had so much to tell, so many questions to ask, that they had lingered long at the table, talking and laughing.

"Wouldn't it be splendid," Penny's voice broke into Pam's thoughts, "if Mother and Ty fell in love?"

Pam laughed, turning over on her stomach to contemplate her twin. "Mind reader! I was thinking exactly the same thing. They're on such nice easy terms with each other, and being associated in business and all. And Mother seemed so happy last night."

"That might have been because we were home. But just the same—" Penny's voice trailed off.

"You wish they would get married?" Pam finished for her.

Penny nodded, her eyes shining.

And Pam admitted, "I feel the same way about it."

"Do you, Pam?" There was a happy little note in Penny's voice. "I wasn't sure you would. Sometimes, when other men used to seem interested in her, you weren't very keen on it."

"I know, but Ty's different," Pam said. "Maybe," she went on honestly,

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"I'm different now, too. Before I could only see it from our angle, how it would have messed things up for us."

"I thought of that, too," Penny agreed. "But I want her to be happy."

"So do I." Pam nodded. "I guess I'm not as selfish as I used to be. Mother's got a right to a life of her own, just as you have, or I, or anybody else."

"Of course," Penny said. "But you weren't really selfish, Pam. I think it's just that we've both grown up enough to see names differently than we used to. We're more tolerant."

"Maybe that is it," Pam agreed.

Joe Henderson, back from the University of Wisconsin, called Pam up and asked for a date the very first day she was home. But Randy didn't phone or drop in and Pam, after a couple of days, began to feel a little hurt by his attitude.

Then, at the skating party her old crowd held one night she encountered Randy and the reason for his conduct became clear to her. He was with Laurie McGregor. And Laurie, Pam saw at once, must have taken full advantage of the fact that the college she and Randy were attending weren't too far apart.

There was just a touch of the proprietary in Laurie's manner, and the aura of happiness about her whenever Randy was near was almost dazzling.

Randy himself wasn't quite so simple to understand. He was as attentive to Laurie as any girl could wish and yet, once or twice, Pam thought his eyes lingered on her with a sort of quizzical intensity. As if, she thought, there were some unfinished business between them that was going to have to be settled one time or another.

She told herself, skating down the frozen lake with Joe Henderson's mittened hands holding hers: You could get Randy back if you liked. Even with Laurie looking at him with her heart in her eyes and acting as if she owns him.

But somehow there wasn't the old exciting challenge in the idea of winning a boy away from someone else, someone who wanted him as badly as Laurie had always wanted Randy. Let it ride, Pam told herself. And gave her full laughing attention to Joe as she dismissed the thought of Randy from her mind.

Not entirely to Pam's surprise, Randy dropped in the next afternoon to see her. Penny was off somewhere or other with Mike, and Pam had been helping Mother in the shop. But there was a mid-afternoon lull at the time of Randy's arrival, so Celia suggested that Pam take him upstairs and make him a cup of hot chocolate.

The two of them sat on the low couch facing the fireplace in which a log fire glowed. Mother's fragile old chocolate cups were set aside on the coffee table, and almost all the cookies on the plate had been eaten before Pam and Randy got around to anything very personal in the way of talk.

Randy asked rather abruptly, "How's your love life these days? Lots of new men, I suppose? Your letters never sounded as though you'd changed in that respect."

"I'm not so sure I haven't, though," Pam admitted with a faint smile. "I used to think the more the merrier. Now the field seems to have narrowed a bit."

She found herself telling Randy quite a bit about Cade, mentioning Jeff, too, in passing.

"It sounds," Randy said dryly, "as though you might be getting a dose of your own medicine with this Cade. You used to make life pretty miserable for a lot of us. Now I guess he's turned the tables."

Pam said, "I never meant to make you miserable, Randy. I like you a lot. I always did. I hope we're still friends."

"Oh, sure," Randy nodded. "We're friends. Why else would I be here?"

Pam told him and meant it: "I'm glad you and Laurie are going about together."

"Laurie's a grand kid," Randy nodded. "We've had a lot of fun this year while we were away at school. Sometimes," Randy's grin was a little crooked, "what you think is second best works into something pretty wonderful. With Laurie, I know where I stand, what I can count on. That's more than I ever did with you, Pam. You couldn't help it, I guess, any more than this new man of yours, this Cade, can help keeping you guessing. One thing you were absolutely right about, though."

"What was that?" Pam asked.

"A few months apart have given us a different perspective, just as you said they would. Or, at least, I can see things a lot straighter. I hope you get squared away with your problems, too, Pam. The main reason I dropped by today was to tell you I wasn't nursing any hard feelings or anything like that. I'll always be wishing you all the best. You know that."

"Thanks, Randy," Pam said a little thickly around the lump in her throat.

The holidays passed in a merry whirl for the twins. Penny and Mike went everywhere together. And Pam had more dates than she could keep up with. She didn't see much of Randy, except when they were thrown together at dances or parties. And on these occasions there was the ease of old friendship between them. Their talk before the fire had dissipated all strain and tension.

On Christmas morning there was a great box of red roses from Cade, and Pam's heart beat fast as she buried her face in their cool, fresh fragrance. "Miss you," the card that accompanied them said simply. But Pam read enough special deeper meaning into it to make her happy to start her counting the days until she and Cade would be together again.

SCARCELY were the twins back at college when they had to begin studying for examinations. Everyone was in the same boat, which helped a bit. The rule of evening study period was strictly enforced around Grace Kirkland and social activities were held to a minimum.

"Honestly," Marylou Ritter moaned. "After all the fun and excitement of the holidays and being home and everything, it's just like dropping straight out of heaven into you know where!"

"The timing is pretty fiendish," Pam agreed.

Still, she reminded herself, in a little while the exams would be over and things would settle down to normal once more. She wasn't, actually, too worried about her grades. She had been more conscientious about her work in college than she ever had in high school, nor had she required so much help from Penny.

During the past months a sense of personal responsibility, such as she had never experienced before, seemed to have developed in Pam. Maybe this feeling of being on her own, of having to succeed or fail by her own efforts, or the lack of them, was all a part of growing up. Maybe it was maturity, too, that made her look back on some of her more scatterbrained escapades at high school with wonder and shame.

Strange, the difference a few months' time could make in a person.

But there were other ways in which Pam hadn't changed so much. She still felt a quick thrill of pride to see other girls' eyes gleam with envy when she went out with Cade. She still loved to catch a note of resentment in Tip's or Marylou's voice as they told her, "I don't know what you've got that I haven't. How I'd love to have Cade give me that melting look he reserves for you!"

Once Marylou said, relaying the word to Pam that Cade had telephoned while she was out with Jeff and Mike and Penny, "I don't see why you waste time on Jeff Moore when Cade's chasing you."

"I like Jeff," Pam told her.

"But you like Cade better, don't you?" Marylou asked.

Pam smiled. "He's more distracting, shall we say? Jeff doesn't take my mind off my studying so completely. And with exams starting Monday—" she left it at that.

There were times when she wasn't sure herself why she kept on going out with Jeff when she knew how bitterly Cade resented him. And yet—Pam faced the fact honestly—she knew she would miss Jeff if she stopped seeing him. There was something between them that was strong and quiet. A bond of friendship, of liking, of mutual respect.

Examination week had no more days than any other. And as endless as it seemed, it was finally over. The sheets of test questions were no longer stacked on every professor's desk, confronting you as you came into class.

The atmosphere of uneasiness and foreboding lightened. Now that it was all over and too late to change an answer, a kind of giddy aftermath settled over the campus. Even the grey sleety weather had no power to dampen spirits, or quell a kind of infantile rowdiness that led to all sorts of crazy pranks and nonsense.

But the faculty proved forbearing. Long experience had taught them that the waves of silliness would pass. Besides, most of them were pretty busy correcting papers. So they ignored for the most part a rash of red hats on the dignified statue of Jonathon Harwood and the Iron deer that somehow made its way one night from the courthouse lawn to the middle of the athletic field.

The following Friday the grades were handed out. And Pam was surprised and pleased to see how well she had done. Not so well as Penny; still her grades were quite satisfactory.

"Aren't you proud of me?" she asked Penny.

And Penny answered, "I certainly am. And I can't take any credit, either."

"Well, a little," Pam conceded, laughing, "but not as much as usual."

Some of Pam's crowd decided to go in to the city that Saturday night and do all the gay spots by way of celebration. They would dine and dance and be merry, three couples including Pam and Cade.

"Not," Cade said wryly, "that I've got anything to celebrate. Two conditions to work off and barely passing my other subjects. But what do I care?"

As Pam was dressing that night, slipping into a black velveteen suit with glittery buttons and a fluff of white lace in the deep-scooped neckline, Penny said, frowning, "Pam, I wish you weren't going in to Cleveland tonight. The weather's so awful."

"Don't worry," Pam smiled at her. "We won't be out-of-doors much."

"But that long bus ride," Penny said. "And it's hard to get cabs in the city a night like this."

Pam felt a small guilty qualm at

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Penny's troubled tone. Against her own better judgment she had let Cade and the others persuade her that, in view of the weather and the fact that this was a very special occasion, it would be all right to use Cade's convertible and Bill Heath's coupe tonight.

"Just this once, though," Pam had insisted. "I'm not setting a precedent or anything."

But she knew now, looking into her twin's anxious face, that it wouldn't reassure Penny to know that she meant to break college rules by going in a car with a student who didn't have permission to keep one. So Pam contented herself with patting Penny's shoulder and telling her again not to worry.

"And you'll be back before one?" Penny asked. "You cut it so close last week-end, I never thought you'd make it."

"I'll do better this time," Pam promised . . . .

Everyone was in high spirits during the bus ride in to the city. The vehicle overflowed with students, all bent on celebrating in one way or another, and there was much fun and laughter. Even the middle-aged driver joined in.

"We'll really do the town tonight," Cade said, when they reached the bus terminal.

"Make it a night to remember," Bill Heath seconded.

And all the others agreed.

They picked up Cade's and Bill's cars from the nearby garage where they kept them and then went on to their first stop, a smart hotel supper club. From that point on, it seemed to Pam, the evening was like one of those movie montages, with bright lights and obsequious waiters and fast-paced floor shows and soft dance music all shifting and melting into each other. It was all very gay and noisy as usual.

From the big hotel clubs, they went on to dimlit, smoky little night spots, where no one seemed to worry very much whether they were old enough to be buying liquor. Cade's identification card indicated he was over twenty-one and that seemed to smooth things over for all of them.

Pam didn't drink much, she didn't care for it. But Tip Flanders got pretty silly. And Cade, Pam realised, was drinking more than any of the other fellows. She tried to get him to slow down, but that only made him worse. And his mood was getting ugly and morose.

Someone noticed the time finally and they realised they'd have to head for the bus terminal at once, if they were going to get back to college before the one o'clock deadline.

"And we've got to make that!" Pam exclaimed, feeling anxiety rise in her. She gathered up her coat and gloves and tried to hurry the others.

But Cade argued, "Let's be late. Live dangerously."

"I'd like to," Terry Morris said dryly, "but I can't risk another run-in with old Harrison. Step on it, kids."

The sleety rain had ended, they discovered when they reached the street. But it was slushy underfoot and a chill wind had risen.

Cade helped Pam into his car with exaggerated solicitude, then turned to Tip and Terry, who were standing just behind him. "Go with Bill, will you?" he coaxed. "I've got things I want to talk about to Pam."

"Cade, no—" Pam began.

But the other couple, not caring whose car they rode in and preferring not to argue the matter with Cade, were already heading for Bill Heath's coupe.

"That wasn't very nice," Pam admonished Cade as he climbed in beside her and switched on the ignition.

"I'm not very nice—sometimes," Cade chuckled, edging the car out from the kerb. "You should know that."

He seemed more cheerful now, his belligerence gone. And his driving seemed expert enough, Pam noticed. Still, remembering how heavily he'd been drinking, she felt a faint uneasiness. But it was only a couple of miles to the garage and traffic was light. She relaxed more easily into the cushions.

Deep down inside, Pam felt relieved to have the gay night almost over. Somehow, she hadn't enjoyed it as much as she had expected to. They had gone to all the glittering expensive places, but the customary sparkle seemed to have worn a little thin for Pam. Now why was that, she asked herself?

True, Cade had been glum part of the time, but that often happened. And certainly all the others had been gay enough. She had been gay herself. But had there been, Pam wondered, something just a bit forced and unreal about all the noise and laughter? Had they been like people pretending to have a terrific time, just going through the motions? Or was she the only one? The question hung unanswered in her mind.

A THOUGHT struck Pam then and she asked, with a little smile, "Didn't you tell Tip and Terry you wanted to talk to me? You've hardly said a word."

"We've got lots of time," Cade said dryly. "The night's a pup."

"But we haven't—" Pam began. And then she stopped, staring out the window, a frown wrinkling her forehead. She had been so intent on her own thoughts she hadn't been paying much attention to where Cade was driving. Now she exclaimed, "Cade, where are we? This doesn't look like the right street for the garage."

"Why should it?" Cade's tone was calm. "It isn't."

Uneasiness caught at Pam's throat. "But you've got to get your car back. We haven't much time to catch the bus."

"What would you say," Cade asked, "if I told you we're not going to take the bus. I feel like a drive tonight, a good long one. We're going to drive all the way back to college."

"Cade," Pam's voice was sharp with dismay, "you can't do that!"

"Can't I?" Cade said casually. He reached out to turn on the radio and dance music filtered softly into the car.

For a moment Pam said nothing, trying to think her way out of the nightmare situation, to decide what she could do.

Cade said, "If you're worried about what they'll say at college, we won't go back there. We'll just drive on and on and never come back."

"Cade, you're crazy!" Pam's voice shook.

"No, I'm not, baby," Cade denied, his tone almost crooning, but with a mounting excitement underneath. "I've just had the most terrific, star-spangled idea of my life! You know what we'll do? We'll stop somewhere and get married. And we'll never set foot inside Harwood again. Why should I stick around that crummy little joint working when I could be going on a honeymoon with you instead?"

In a way, Pam supposed, it was almost funny. If you could get your teeth to stop chattering and could shake off a sick sense of helplessness and revulsion, you might be able to appreciate the exquisitely horrible humor of the situation. Here was Cade, whom she had found so attractive, suggesting that they elope.

Wasn't marriage the logical step when you were in love, as she had been almost sure she was in love with Cade? Wasn't a proposal what most girls dreamed of? Well, she had just had a proposal.

True, it was on the casual side. "We'll stop somewhere and get married," Cade had said, almost as if he had been suggesting they stop somewhere and have a hamburger. But Cade was still Cade, good-looking, charming, when he cared to be, attractive and wealthy. And a little drunk, Pam's thoughts added. Half-hysterical laughter rose in her throat, but she choked it back.

She disciplined her voice to quiet reasonableness, addressing Cade as she might have spoken to a wilful child, instinctively sensing the danger of antagonising him. "I don't think that's such a terrific idea."

"Why not?" Cade demanded. "Don't you want to marry me?"

A voice inside Pam shouted, No!

Aloud she said: "Well— not right now. For one thing," she tried to keep her voice from trembling, "I'm not suitably dressed for a wedding. The bride wore black'—how would that sound in the society columns?"

Cade laughed so uproariously that she began to fear the liquor he had drunk had affected him more than she'd realised. The wind rushing outside the warm, little private world that was the car assumed an ominous sound in her ears. She wished he wouldn't drive so fast, but knew that if she asked him to slow down, pure perversity would make him speed faster.

Cade said, "Don't worry about your clothes. We'll buy you a wedding dress, white satin and lace, and a long veil——"

"At this hour of the night?" Pam asked. "No, I've got a better idea. We'll drive back to Harwood and——"

"No we won't," Cade said flatly. "I'm through with Harwood and so are you. Only one good thing ever happened to me there—I met you."

"Cade——" Pam's voice broke with the anxiety building up within her, "please listen to me."

"Sure, baby, sure," he said mildly. A crooner's voice broke into the music and Cade told him, "Shut up, you," and switched to another station.

Pam said, "Please take me back to college, Cade. After that—well, I wish you'd stay on, too, for your own sake, but if you don't want to, it's up to you."

Cade was silent for a while. Pam hoped that meant he was seriously considering what she had said. If she could just persuade him——. She heard her voice, talking on and on, so sensibly and reasonably, and it was as if she listened from somewhere outside of herself, as if she were at once spectator and participant in the scene.

This can't be happening, Pam thought, not to me, Pam Howard. I can't be sitting in a speeding car with Cade Venner, trying to talk sense into him, while the miles slip away outside and we leave the city and the suburbs behind and the houses get farther and farther apart.

Finally her voice ran down and she sat there, still and tense, her hands twisted together in her lap.

"Nothing doing," Cade said firmly. "I told you before, we're all washed up with college. Both of us."

"I'm not!" Pam said, forgetting to be quietly reasonable, unable any longer to keep the urgency of fear from sounding through her voice. "You've got to take me back! My sister will be worried sick—I'll be in such a jam——"

"Forget it," Cade told her. "We'll send Penny a wire in the morning and she can tell 'em all we're married and not coming back to their little two-bit college."

Tears spilled from beneath Pam's eyelids. Somehow, until this moment,

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her predicament hadn't seemed quite real. It had been like a bad dream, from which she felt she must surely waken, to find it all untrue and her fears unfounded.

But now she knew it was no dream. Cade's shoulder was solid against hers as they swung around a curve in the road. Pam shivered at the contact and pushed herself away from him. A sob caught in her throat, and Cade glanced towards her briefly in surprise.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"I won't marry you," Pam cried, "whatever you say, or wherever you take me! You haven't any right to treat me like this! I want to go back to college."

Cade murmured soothingly, "Take it easy, baby. You're getting yourself all upset. We can't have that."

He slowed the car gradually, pulled over on to the hard shoulder of the road and stopped. "Come here," he said, his voice husky, his arms reaching out for Pam.

"No!" she gasped. And tried to twist away from him, to turn her face from his seeking lips. She braced her hands against his chest and pushed hard. But his mouth found hers despite her struggles and his kiss hurt her lips.

Pam's only response to his caress was sick revulsion. And when he let her go, her hand came up instinctively and struck him hard across the cheek.

She heard the sharp, furious intake of Cade's breath, his enraged voice growling, "Why you—"

Pam reached for the door handle, turned it. But Cade's hand jerked it shut again. And he held her there, squirming and helpless, as he told her, "Don't be a fool! You can't get out 'way out here in the country."

"I don't care where we are," Pam sobbed. "I hate you! Let me go!"

The car swerved back on to the road again before the hard grip of Cade's arm loosened. He said between set teeth, "I'll let you go all right, but not out here in the middle of nowhere. The next open filling station we pass, you're on you're own. You can telephone your precious sister from there. You can yell to the college authorities. I'll be too far away for it to matter!"

Relief welled up in Pam at the finality of his voice.

. . . . . .

"If you want some hot coffee," the middle-aged station attendant told Pam, "I got some in my vacuum flask. My missus alwaays fixes plenty for me these chilly nights."

"That would be good," Pam said dully.

She took the thick cup the man handed her and sipped the warm, too-sweet liquid gratefully. The crowded little room where she sat on an upturned crate was littered with odds and ends and garish with placards advertising oil and inner tubes and soft drinks. But it was warm and safe and the telephone booth in the corner had seemed an answer to Pam's prayers.

The attendant hovered solicitously near her, his leathery face under a pushed-back cap anxious and mystified.

He said, not for the first time, "If I'd a known what it was all about when you got outa that car, I wouldn't'a just let him drive off and leave you that way."

"I wanted him to go," Pam answered again, as she had the other times. "It's all right. I just wanted him to let me out where there was a phone, where I could call someone and wait. Please don't worry."

She had already explained as much as she had felt was necessary. She appreciated the man's kindness, but she didn't want to talk about it all any more. Her head ached and she felt dull and drowsy in the overheated room. If only Jeff would come—

Thinking of Jeff, a feeling of relief and gratitude rose in Pam. After Cade's car had roared off into the night, she had stumbled into the phone booth and then stood or a moment, hesitant, not knowing whom to call.

Penny would have no way to get to her. She would have to explain Pam's predicament to the house mother at Grace Kirkland and there would be all sorts of upheaval. And the strange part, Pam had realised, staring at her watch, was that she wasn't even late yet. It had been only twenty minutes after twelve.

Maybe, Pam had thought, the college authorities wouldn't have to know all that had happened, if she handled the situation the right way. This filling station, she estimated, couldn't be more than a few miles from Jeff's farm, where they had picnicked that Sunday. If she could get hold of Jeff, and he would take her back to Harwood, she might still be able to make it by one o'clock.

And so she put through a call to the Moore farm and luckily it had been Jeff's sleepy voice that answered.

Pam had said simply, "Jeff, this is Pam. I'm in a spot. Will you help me?"

And Jeff had answered, "Of course," without a second's hesitation.

Nor had he bawled her out, or asked a lot of time-consuming questions, as she explained as briefly as possible what had happened. He had just told her, "Be there in ten minutes. We'll get you back on time."

PAM finished her coffee and set the thick cup down. She glanced at her watch for the hundredth time. If Jeff hadn't underestimated — Her thought broke at the sound of a car stopping outside. She got up quickly and followed the attendant to the door. It was Jeff's old sedan and Jeff's familiar face, anxiously looking out.

Pam hurried towards him, her own face alight. Jeff opened the car door and she climbed in beside him, thanking the station man again for all his kindness. Jeff thanked him, too, and they started off.

Pam's breath went out in a long sigh of relief.

Jeff's jaw was grim as he reached down and gave her hand a hard squeeze. "If I ever get hold of that guy Venner —"

But Pam wouldn't let him finish. She begged, "Let's not talk about him, Jeff, please? Sometime I'll tell you all that happened. You deserve that, you've been so good about—everything. But right now I don't even want to think about it—" Her breath caught in a little choked sob as she said shakily, "Oh, Jeff, I was so scared!"

"Of course you were," Jeff comforted. "But you're okay now."

His arm went around her shoulders in a brief, wonderfully heartening hug. Strength seemed to flow in some miraculous way from him to her, so that Pam straightened a little and her lips curved into an unsteady smile.

"Yes, I know," Pam murmured . . .

. . . . . .

She was in her own room at Grace Kirkland at two minutes before one. After all that had happened, Pam could scarcely believe it was true. She had encountered Marylou briefly in the hall, but they had had only a chance for a whispered word or two.

"Where were you?" Marylou had asked. "Miss the bus?"

And Pam had whispered in reply, "Cade drove back. I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

"Oh, boy!" Marylou's brows had risen. "Fireworks!"

Pam had been glad there was not time then for further details. She got ready for bed in the dark, her fingers numb and clumsy with weariness, with the abrupt let-down of tension after the hectic hours just past.

For a time she stood hesitant in the middle of the floor. Penny was asleep, of course, but Pam felt an irresistible urge to be near her just the same.

She moved quietly to the adjoining bedroom, feeling her way around the furniture to Penny's bed. She stared down at the sleeping form of her twin and presently Penny stirred, as though the finger of Pam's need had reached out and touched her.

"Pam?" Penny's voice was thick with sleep. "Is it you?"

Pam leaned down, whispering in her most coaxing tone, "Mind if I crawl in with you? I'm cold."

It was an old excuse, familiar from their childhood. Penny moved over and Pam slipped in with her. They lay there close together, as they had lain many times before, the mere nearness of their bodies a comfort to each other.

Penny yawned audibly, then murmured, still sounding more asleep than awake, "Pam, nothing's wrong, is there?"

"No," Pam reassured her softly. "Go to sleep."

She didn't want to go into it all now. She was too tired, too spent for detailed explanations. And Penny's bed, with Penny warm beside her, was too exquisitely relaxing to stay awake in. She'd tell Penny all about everything tomorrow.

She'd have a lot of explaining to do tomorrow, Pam realised, when it was discovered that Cade had left school. But even if the Dean had her up on the carpet, her only offence had been to ride with Cade in a car she had known was forbidden. She could be punished for that, still it could have been worse. Pam thought gratefully, so very much worse.

She realised that her friends were going to misunderstand her reason for turning towards Jeff from now on. Tip and Marylou and the others would think it was because Cade had gone. They would assume that Jeff was just second choice. But Pam found that she was no longer so concerned over what the others thought. She knew now what Jeff was. Tonight had taught her.

He was all the things Cade never could be, for all his devil-may-care attractiveness, his facile charm. Jeff was a rock to cling to, strength when you needed it, understanding with no questions asked. Jeff was someone quite wonderful, Pam told herself, when your eyes got over being dazzled by Cade and could see Jeff clearly, his full stature and maturity.

Maybe, she thought, I had to grow up a bit more to realise that, to really appreciate him.

Penny pressed, anxious despite her drowsiness, so closely attuned to Pam that she sensed some of her turmoil of spirit, "Pam, everything is all right, isn't it? You weren't late?"

"Everything's fine," Pam said soothingly. "Jeff got me back in time."

"Jeff?" Penny yawned again. "You mean Cade."

"Ummm," Pam murmured ambiguously, settling herself deeper into the pillow, closing her eyes as waves of sleep washed up around her.

There would be time enough tomorrow for Penny to find out exactly what she did mean.

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